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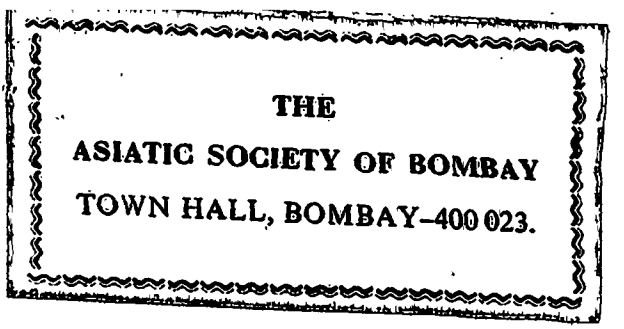

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THE

ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

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THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Of Count Orlando of the damsel bland
Who loves Zerbino, hears the piteous woes.
Next puts to death the felons with his hand
Who pent her there. Duke Aymon's daughter goes,
Seeking Rogero, where so large a band
The old Atlantes' magic walls enclose.
Her he impounds, deceived by fictious vow.
Agramant ranks his army for review.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XIII.

I.

THOSE ancient cavaliers right happy were,
Born in an age, when, in the gloomy wood,
In valley, and in cave, wherein the bear,
Serpent, or lion, hid their savage brood,
They could find that, which now in palace rare
Is hardly found by judges proved and good;
Women, to wit, who in their freshest days
Of beauty worthily deserve the praise.

II.

Above I told you how a gentle maid
Orlando had discovered under ground,
And asked, 'by whom she thither was conveyed?'
Pursuing now my tale, I tell, how drowned
In grief (her speech by many a sob delayed),
The damsel fair, in sweet and softest sound,
Summing them with what brevity she might,
Her ills recounted to Anglantes' knight.

III.

" Though I am sure," she said, " O cavalier,
" To suffer punishment for what I say;
" Because I know, to him who pens me here,
" This woman quickly will the fact display;
" I would not but thou shouldst the story hear.
" —And let my wretched life the forfeit pay!
" For what can wait me better than that he,
" My gaoler, should one day my death decree?

IV.

" I, I am Isabel, who once was styled
" The daughter of Gallicia's hapless king:
" I said aright who *was;* but now the child
" (No longer *his*) of care and suffering:
" The fault of Love, by whom I was beguiled;
" For against him alone this charge I bring,
" Who sweetly, at the first, our wish applauds,
" And weaves in secret but deceit and frauds.

V.

" Whilom I lived, content in Fortune's smile,
" Rich, blameless, fair, and young; to sad reverse
" Condemned, I now am wretched, poor, and vile,
" And in worse case, if any yet be worse.
" But it is fitting, I to thee this while
" From their first root my troubles should rehearse.
" And it will soothe me, though of thee I borrow
" No help, that thou compassionate my sorrow.

VI.

" My father in his city of Bayonne,
" (To-day will be twelve months) a tourney dight[1];
" Hence, led by spreading rumour to our town,
" To joust, from different lands came many a knight;
" Mid these (was it his manifest renown,
" Or was it love which so deceived my sight)
" Praise in my eyes alone Zerbino won,
" Who was the mighty king of Scotland's son.

VII.

" When him I after in the field espied,
" Performing wondrous feats of chivalry,
" I was surprised by Love, ere I descried
" That freedom was for ever lost to me.
" Yet, following in my Love, so rash a guide,
" I lay this unction to my phantasy,
" That no unseemly place my heart possest,
" Fixed on the worthiest in the world and best.

VIII.

In beauty and in valour's boast above
" Those other lords the Scottish prince stood high.
" He showed me, and, I think, he bore me love,
" And felt no less an ardent flame than I.
" Nor lacked there one who did between us move,
" To speak our common wishes frequently,
" So could we still in heart and mind unite,
" Although disjoined from one another's sight.

IX.

" Hence, when concluded was the festal show,
" And to his home Zerbino was returned,
" If thou know'st what is love, thou well may'st know
" How night and day I for the warrior yearned;
" And was assured, no less on him did prey
" The flame, that in his constant bosom burned.
" He, save a way to have me with him, nought
" For solace of his restless passion sought.

X.

" For different faith forbade him (on my side
" I was a saracen, a christian he)
" To ask me of my father as a bride,
" By stealth he purposed to elope with me.
" Amid green fields, our wealthy town beside,
" I had a garden, seated by the sea,
" Upon the pleasant shore; from whence the eye
" Might ocean and the hills about descry.

XI.

" A fitting place to effect what different creed
" And law forbade us, he esteemed this site,
" And showed the order taken for the deed,
" Which was to make our future life's delight;
" And how, near Santa Martha, for our need,
" A bark was with arm'd men in ambush dight,
" Under Sir Odoric of Biscay's command;
" A leader he, approved by sea and land!

XII.

" Unable in his person this to do,
" For by his father he was forced to wend
" In succour of the king of France, in lieu
" This Odoric for the purpose he would send;
" Chosen, of all his faithful friends and true,
" As his most faithful and his truest friend:
" And such had been, if benefits could bind
" And goodly deeds the friendship of mankind.

XIII.

" At the time fixed to bear me thence away,
" This chief would anchor on the destined ground.
" —And thus it was arrived the wished-for day,
" When I of them was in my garden found.
" Sir Odoric, at night, with fair array
" Of valiant men, by land and sea renowned,
" In the near river from his bark descends,
" And thence in silence to my garden wends.

XIV.

" To the pitched bark with me his party sped,
" Before the city knew what was at hand;
" Some of the house, disarmed and naked, fled,
" And some were slain; while of the helpless band,
" With me, another part was captive led.
" So was I severed from my native land,
" Hoping in brief Zerbino to possess,
" I cannot tell thee with what happiness.

XV.

" Scarcely was Mongia by our galley doubled[2],
" Ere a squall took us on the larboard side,
" Which round about the clear horizon troubled,
" And stirred and tost heaven-high the foaming tide.
" Smote with a north-west wind, next, ocean bubbled,
" Which on her other beam the vessel plied:
" This evermore increases, with such force,
" Starboard or larboard, boots not which our course.

XVI.

" It steads not to strike sail, nor lash the mast,
" Lowered on the gang-board, nor our castles fell[3];
" The bark, in our despite, is hurried fast
" Towards the pointed rocks about Rochelle:
" Save HE, above, assist us at the last,
" The cruel storm will us ashore impel;
" Driven thither by ill wind with mightier speed
" Than ever bow-string gave to whistling reed.

XVII.

" Our peril well does the Biscayan note,
" And tries what often has an evil end;
" Lowers down the galley's skiff, and, when afloat,
" Descends into it, and makes me descend:
" Two follow, and a troop would throng the boat,
" Did not the first prevent them, and defend
" The entrance with their naked faulchions; we
" Sever the rope forthwith, and put to sea[4].

XVIII.

" Driven landward, on the shore we safely light
" Who in the skiff embarked; while of our band
" The rest in the split vessel sink outright;
" Our goods sea-swallowed all. Upon the strand
" To ETERNAL LOVE, to GOODNESS INFINITE,
" I offer up my thanks, with outstretched hand,
" That I was doomed not 'mid the watery roar
" To perish, nor behold Zerbino more.

XIX.

" Though I had left on shipboard matters rare,
" And precious in their nature, gem and vest,
" So I might hope Zerbino's lot to share,
" I was content the sea should have the rest.
" No dwelling on the beach appears, nor there
" Is any pathway seen, by footsteps pressed;
" Only a hill, whose woody top is beat
" By ceaseless winds, the waters bathe its feet.

XX.

" Here the fell tyrant Love, aye prompt to range,
" And faithless to his every promise still,
" Who watches ever how he may derange
" And mar our every reasonable will,
" Converts, with woeful and disastrous change,
" My comfort to despair, my good to ill:
" For he, in whom Zerbino put his trust,
" Cooled in his loyal faith, and burned with lust.

XXI.

" Whether he this desire had nursed at sea,
" And had not dared exhibit it before;
" Or that it sprung from opportunity,
" Suggested by that solitary shore;
" Without more pause, in that lone desert, he
" Would sate his greedy passion; but forbore
" Till he of one could rid him, of the twain,
" Who in the boat with us had scaped the main.

XXII.

" A [illegible] of Scotland he, Almonio hight,
" Who to Zerbino seemed great faith to bear;
" And as a perfect warrior by the knight,
" Praised, when to Odoric given, his trust to share:
" To him (the Spaniard said) it were a slight
" If I unto Rochelle afoot should fare;
" And prayed, that he before would thither speed,
" And forward thence some hackney, for my need.

XXIII.

" Almonio, who in this suspects no ill,
" Forthwith, before our party, wends his way
" To the town, hidden by the wooded hill,
" And which not more than six miles distant lay.
" To the other finally his wicked will
" Sir Odoric took courage to display;
" As well because he could not rid him thence,
" As that in him he had great confidence.

XXIV.

" He that remained with us, of whom I said
" Before, Corebo was of Bilbao hight,
" Who with him under the same roof was bred
" From infancy, and the ungrateful wight
" Deemed that the thought he harboured in his head,
" He could impart in safety to the knight,
" Who would prefer, neglectful of his trust,
" The pleasure of his friend to what was just.

XXV.

" Not without high disdain Corebo heard
" (Who kind and courteous was) the Biscayneer
" And termed him traitor; and by deed and word
" Withstood the purpose of his foul compeer.
" This mighty wrath in either warrior stirred;
" In sign whereof their naked brands they rear.
" At sight of their drawn swords, in panic, I
" Turn shortly through the gloomy wood to fly.

XXVI.

" Sir Odoric in war well taught and bred,
" Gained in few blows such vantage in the fray,
" He left Corebo on the field for dead,
" And, following in my steps, pursued my way.
" Love lent to him (unless I am misled)
" Pinions, that he might overtake his prey;
" And many a prayer and glozing flattery taught,
" Wherewith I to compliance might be wrought.

XXVII.

" But all in vain, for I was fixed and bent,
" Rather than sate his ill desire, to die.
" When menace had by him been vainly spent,
" And every prayer and every flattery,
" He would by open force his will content;
" Nor boots it aught that I entreaties try;—
" Of his lord's faith in him the wretch remind,
" And how myself I to his hands resigned.

XXVIII.

" When I perceived that fruitless was my prayer,
" And that I could not hope for other aid;
" For he assailed me like a famished bear,
" With hands and feet I fierce resistance made,
" As he more brutal waxed, and plucked his hair,
" And with my teeth and nails his visage flayed:
" This while I vent such lamentable cries,
" The clamour echoes to the starry skies.

XXIX.

" Were they by chance conducted, or my shriek,
" Which might have well been heard a league around,
" (Or, was it they were wont the shore to seek,
" When any vessel split or ran aground)
" I saw a crowd appear upon the peak,
" Which, to the sea descending, towards us wound.
" Them the Biscayan saw, and at the sight
" Abandoned his design, and turned to flight.

XXX.

" This rabble, sir, against that treacherous man
" Comes to my aid; but in such guise, that I
" The homely saw, of falling from the pan
" Into the fire beneath, but verify.
" 'Tis true so lost I was not, nor that clan
" Accursed with minds of such iniquity,
" That they to violate my person sought;
" Though nothing good or virtuous on them wrought:

XXXI.

" But that they knew, for me preserved a maid,
" As yet I am, they higher price might crave.
" Eight months are past, the ninth arrived, since, stayed
" By them, alive I languish in this grave.
" All hope is lost of my Zerbino's aid:
" For from their speech I gather, as a slave,
" I am bartered to a merchant for his gold;
" By whom I to the sultan shall be sold."

XXXII.

The gentle damsel so her tale pursues,
While sobs and sighs oft interposing break
Her soft angelic voice, which might infuse
Compassion into asp, or venomed snake.
What time she so her piteous grief renews,
Or haply does her bitter anguish slake,
Some twenty men the gloomy cavern fill;
This armed with hunting-spear, and that with bill.

XXXIII.

With squinting look and dark, and but one eye,
The leader of the troop, of brutish cheer
Was he, the foremost of the company;
By a blow blinded, which from nose to ear
Had cleft his jaw: when he did so descry
Seated beside the maid, that cavalier,
He turned about and said; "Lo! in the net
Another bird for whom it was not set!"

XXXIV.

Then to the county cried; "I never knew
"A man more opportune my wants to stead;
" I know not whether any one to you
" Perchance may have announced my pressing need
" Of such fair arms,—or you conjectured true,—
" As well as of that goodly sable weed.
" You verily arrived in season are
" My needs (pursued the losel) to repair."

XXXV.

With bitter smile, upstarting on his feet,
Orlando to the ruffian made reply:
" Thou at a price at which no chapmen treat,
"Unmarked in merchant's books, these arms shalt buy:"
With that he snatched a brand, which, full of heat
And smoke, was smouldering in the chimney nigh,
Threw it, and smote by chance the knave half blind,
Where with the nose the meeting brows confined.

XXXVI.

The brand discharged by him, hit either brow,
But most severely on the left did smite;
For that ill feature perished by the blow,
Which was the thief's sole minister of light.
Nor is the stroke content to blind the foe;
Unsated, save it register his sprite
Among those damned souls, whom Charon keeps[5],
With their companions, plunged in boiling deeps.

XXXVII.

A spacious table in mid cavern stood,
Two palms in thickness, in its figure square;
Propt on one huge, ill-fashioned foot and rude,
Which held the thief and all who harboured there.
Even with such freedom as his dart of wood
We mark the nimble Spaniard launch through air,
The heavy table Roland seized and threw,
Where, crowded close together, stood the crew.

XXXVIII.

One had his belly crushed, and one his breast;
Another head or arm, or leg and thigh.
Whence some were slain outright, and maimed the rest,
While he who was least injured sought to fly.
'Tis so sometimes, with heavy stone oppressed,
A knot of slimy snakes is seen to lie,
With battered heads and loins, where, winter done,
They lick their scales, rejoicing in the sun.

XXXIX.

I could not say what mischiefs these offend;
One dies, and one departs without its tail;
Another crippled cannot move an-end,
And wriggling wreathes its length without avail:
While this, whom more propitious saints befriend,
Safe through the grass drags off its slimy trail.
Dire was the stroke; yet should no wonder breed,
Since good Orlando's arm achieved the deed.

XL.

Those whom the board had little maimed or nought,
(Turpin[6] says there were seven) in craven wise,
Their safety in their feet, yet vainly, sought;
For to the cavern's door Orlando hies.
And having them without resistance caught,
Fast with a rope their hands behind them ties;
A rope, which in the cavern on the ground,
Convenient for his purpose he had found.

XLI.

He after drags them bound without the cave,
Where an old service-tree its shadow throws.
Orlando lops the branches with his glaive,
And hangs the thieves, a banquet for the crows:
Nor chain and crook for such a deed did crave:
For ready hooks the tree itself bestows,
To purge the world; where by the chin up-hung,
These, on the branches, bold Orlando strung.

XLII.

The ancient woman, the assassin's friend,
Escapes when she perceives that all are dead,
And, threading that green labyrinth without end,
Laments, and plucks the hair from off her head,
By fear impelled, through paths which sore offend
Her feet, till she, beside a river's bed,
Encounters with a warrior: but to say
Who was the stranger champion I delay;

XLIII.

And turn to her, who to the count applied,
Praying he would not leave her there alone,
And vowed to follow whither he would guide.
Orlando her consoles in courteous tone:
And thence, when, with a wreath of roses tied
About her brows, and robed in purple gown,
On wonted journey white Aurora starts,
The paladin with Isabel departs.

XLIV.

Without encountering aught that might appear
Worthy of note, they wended many a day;
And finally the twain a cavalier,
As prisoner led, encountered by the way.
Who shall be told; but, tale to you as dear
Now calls me from the beaten path away;
—Of Aymon's daughter,—whom I left above,
Languid and lost in all the pains of love.

XLV.

The beauteous lady who desires in vain,
Rogero should not his return delay,
Lies in Marseilles, from whence the paynim train
She harasses, nigh each returning day;
(What time they robbing aye, by hill and plain,
Scower fruitful Languedoc and Provence gay)
And the true duty executes aright
Of a sage leader and a valiant knight.

XLVI.

The time long past, she, lying in that place,
Had hoped that her Rogero would appear,
She, not beholding him in all that space,
Of many evil chances lived in fear.
One day, mid others that her woeful case
The lady wept alone, to her drew near
The dame, who with that healing ring made sound
The bosom rankling with Alcina's wound.

XLVII.

When her she saw, without her love returned,
(Such time elapsed, her mission incomplete),
Sore trembling, faint, and pale, her heart so yearned,
She scarce had strength to stand upon her feet.
But the enchantress kind, when she discerned
Her fear, advanced with smiles the maid to meet;
And to console her such glad visage wore
As messenger who joyful tidings bore.

XLVIII.

" Fear not for thy Rogero; he is well
" And safe (she cried), and ever worships thee,
" As wonted; but thy foe, that wizard fell,
" Him yet again deprives of liberty.
" And it behoves thee now to climb the sell,
" Would'st thou possess him, and to follow me;
" For if thou wendest with me, I will lead
" Whither, by thee Rogero shall be freed."

XLIX.

And next pursued, relating to her all
The frauds and magic of Atlantes hoar,
' That wearing her fair face, who seemed the thrall
' Of an ill giant, him had through the door
' Of gold, enticed into the enchanted hall,
' And after disappeared, the youth before;
' And told how dames and cavaliers he cheats
' Who thither make resort, with like deceits.

L.

" Seeing the sage, all think they see a squire,
" Companion, lady-love, or absent friend;
" Whatever is each several wight's desire:
" Since to one scope our wishes never tend.
" Hence searching every where, themselves they tire
" With labour sore, and frustrate of their end;
" And cannot, (so Desire and Hope deceive),
" Without the missing good, that palace leave.

LI.

" As soon as thou (pursued the dame) art near
" The place where he has built the magic seat,
" Resembling thy Rogero in his cheer
" And every look, Atlantes thee shall meet,
" And make himself by his ill art appear
" As suffering from some stronger arm defeat;
" That thou may'st aid him in the peril feigned,
" And thus among those others be detained.

LII.

" To the end thou may'st escape his ambush, where
" So many and so many, thus betrayed,
" Have fallen; though he Rogero seem, beware
" To lend him faith, who will demand thine aid:
" Nor, when the sage presents himself, forbear
" To take his worthless life with lifted blade.
" Nor think to slay Rogero with the blow,
" But him who works thee still such cruel woe.

LIII.

" Hard will it seem to slay, full well I know,
" The wight, in whom Rogero you descry;
" But, for truth is not in the lying show,
" Trust not to sight where magic blears the eye.
" Fix, ere with me you to the forest go,
" To change not when the traiterous foe is nigh:
" For never shall with you Rogero wive,
" If weakly you the wizard leave alive."

LIV.

The valorous maid with the intent to slay
The false enchanter, on her plan decides,
Snatches her arms, and follows on her way
Melissa sage, in whom she so confides.
And thus, by fruitful field or forest gray,
Her by forced journeys that enchantress guides;
And studies to beguile their weary course
Ever, as best she may, with sweet discourse:

LV.

And as the fairest topic of all those
Which might be grateful to the damsel's ear,
Her future offspring and Rogero's chose
(A race of demigods) in prince and peer.
For as Melissa all the secrets knows
Of the eternal gods who rule our sphere,
The good enchantress can discover all
Which should in many ages hence befall.

LVI.

"Oh! my best guide," exclaimed the damsel bold
To the weird-woman that to aid her came,
"As thou hast many years before foretold
"Men who shall glorify my race and name,
"So now I pray thee, lady, to unfold
"The praise and virtues of some noble dame,
"If from my lineage any such shall rise."
To whom Melissa courteously replies:

LVII.

" Chaste dames of thee descended I survey,
" Mothers of those who wear imperial crown,
" And mighty kings; the column and the stay
" Of glorious realms and houses of renown.
" And as thy sons will shine in arms, so they
" Will no less fame deserve in female gown,
" With piety and sovereign prudence graced,
" And noble hearts, incomparably chaste.

LVIII.

" And if at length I should relate to thee
" The praise of all who from thy root ascend,
" Too long my tale would hold, nor do I see
" Whom I could pass, where all to fame pretend.
" But from a thousand I some two or three
" Will choose, because my tale may have an end.
" Why was not in the cave thy wish made known,
" Where I their shadows might as well have shown?

LIX.

" To hear of one of thy famed race prepare,
" Whom liberal studies and good works engage;
" Of whom, I know not well, if she more fair
" May be entitled, or more chaste and sage;
" The noble-minded Isabel[7], who, where
" It stands on Minciu's bank, in other age
" Shall gild the town, of Ocnus' mother hight,
" With her own glorious rays by day and night;

LX.

" Where, with her worthiest consort she will strain,
" In honoured and in splendid rivalry,
" Which best shall prize the virtues' goodly train,
" And widest ope the gates to courtesy.
" If he by Taro, and in Naples' reign,
" ('Tis said), from Gauls delivered Italy[8],
" 'Twill be replied, Penelope the chaste,
" As such, was not beneath Ulysses placed.

LXI.

" Great things and many thus I sum in few
" Of this brave dame, and others leave behind
" Which when I from the vulgar herd withdrew,
" Sage Merlin from the hollow stone divined.
" For I should leave old Typhis[9] out of view,
" If on such sea I launched before the wind:
" And with this finish my prophetic strain,
" —All blessings on her head the skies will rain.

LXII.

" With her shall be her sister Beatrice[10],
" Whose fortunes well shall with her name accord;
" Who, while she lives, not only shall not miss
" What good the heavens to those below afford,
" But make, with her, partaker of her bliss,
" First among wealthy dukes, her cherished lord;
" Who shall, when she from hence receives her call,
" Into the lowest depth of misery fall.

LXIII.

" Viscontis' serpents will be held in dread[11],
" And Moro and Sforza, while this dame shall be,
" From Hyperborean snows to billows red;
" From Ind to hills, which to a double sea
" Afford a passage[12]; and, the lady dead,
" To the sore mischief of all Italy,
" Will with the Insubri into slavery fall;
" And men shall sovereign wisdom fortune call.

LXIV.

" Others the same illustrious name will bear[13],
" And who will flourish many years before.
" Pannonia's garland one of these shall wear.
" Another matron on the Ausonian shore,
" When she shall be released from earthly care,
" Men will among the blessed saints adore;
" With incense will approach the dame divine,
" And hang with votive images her shrine.

LXV.

" The others I shall pass in silence by,
" For 'twere too much (as said before) to sound
" Their fame; though each might well deserve, that high
" Heroic trump should in her praise be wound.
" Hence the Biancas and Lucretias I
" And Constances and more reserve; who found,
" Or else repair, upon Italian land,
" Illustrious houses with supporting hand.

LXVI.

" Thy race, which shall all else in this excel,
" In the rare fortune of its women thrives;
" Nor of its daughters' honour more I tell
" Than of the lofty virtue of its wives:
" And that thou may'st take note of this as well,
" Which Merlin said of thy descendants' lives,
" (Haply that I the story might narrate)
" This I no little covet to relate.

LXVII.

" Of good Richarda first shall be my strain[14],
" Mirror of chastity and fortitude,
" Who, young, remains a widow, in disdain
" Of fortune: (that which oft awaits the good)
" Exiles, and cheated of their father's reign,
" She shall behold the children of her blood
" Wandering into the clutches of their foe;
" Yet find at last a quittance for her woe.

LXVIII.

" Nor sprung from the ancient root of Aragon,
" I of the gorgeous queen will silent be;
" Than whom more prudent or more chaste is none,
" Renowned in Greek or Latin history;
" Nor who so fortunate a course will run,
" After that, by divine election, she
" Shall with the goodly race of princes swell,
" Alphonso, Hyppolite, and Isabel.

LXIX.

" The prudent Eleanour is this; a spray[15]
" Which will be grafted on thy happy tree.
" What of the fruitful stepchild shall I say,
" Who in succession next to her I see,
" Lucretia Borgia[16]? who, from day to day,
" Shall wax in beauty, virtue, chastity,
" And fortune, that like youthful plant will shoot,
" Which into yielding soil has struck its root.

LXX.

" As tin by silver, brass by gold, as Corn-
" Poppy beside the deeply-crimsoning rose,
" Willow by laurel evergreen, as shorn
" Of light, stained glass by gem that richly glows,
" —So by this dame I honour yet unborn,
" Each hitherto distinguished matron shows;
" For beauty and for prudence claiming place,
" And all praise-worthy excellence and grace.

LXXI.

" And above every other noble praise,
" Which shall distinguish her alive or dead,
" Is that by her shall be, through kingly ways,
" Her Hercules and other children led;
" Who thus the seeds of worth in early days,
" To bloom in council and in camp, will shed.
" For long wine's savour lingers in the wood
" Of the new vessel, whether bad or good.

LXXII.

" Nor the step-daughter of this noble dame,
" Will I, Renata [17], hight of France, forget,
" Of Louis born, twelfth monarch of his name,
" And Bretagne's pride; all virtues ever yet
" Bestowed on woman, since the ruddy flame
" Has warmed, or water had the power to wet,
" Or overhead the circling heavens have rolled,
" United in Renata I behold.

LXXIII.

" 'Twere long to tell of Alda de Sansogna'
" Or of Celano's countess in this string,
" Or Blanche Maria, stiled of Catalonia
" Or her, the daughter of Sicilia's king,
" Or of the beauteous Lippa de Bologna,
" Or more, with whose renown the world shall ring,
" To speak whose separate praise with fitting lore,
" Were to attempt a sea without a shore."

LXXIV.

When of the larger portion of her seed
The kind enchantress at full ease had told,
And oft and oft rehearsed, amid the rede,
What arts Rogero to the wizard's hold
Had drawn, Melissa halted near the mead
Where stood the mansion of Atlantes old,
Nor would approach the magic dome more nigh,
Lest her the false magician should espy.

LXXV.

And yet again advised the martial maid,
(Counsel she had a thousand times bestowed)
Then left. Nor Bradamant through greenwood shade
More than two miles in narrow path had rode,
Before, by two fierce giants overlaid,
She saw a knight, who like Rogero showed,
So closely pressed, and labouring sore for breath,
That he appeared well nigh reduced to death.

LXXVI.

When she beheld him in such perilous strait,
Who of Rogero all the tokens wore,
She quickly lost the faith she nourished late,
Quickly her every fair design forbore.
She weens Melissa bears Rogero hate,
For some new injury unheard before;
And with unheard-of hate and wrong, her foe
Would by her hand destroy who loves him so.

LXXVII.

She cried, "And is not this Rogero, who
"Aye present to my heart, is now to sight?
"If 'tis not him whom I agnize and view,
"Whom e'er shall I agnize or view aright?
"Why should I other's judgment deem more true
"Than the belief that 's warranted by sight?
"Even without eyes, and by my heart alone,
"If he were near or distant, would be shown."

LXXVIII.

While so the damsel thinks, a voice she hears,
Which, like Rogero's, seems for aid to cry;
At the same time, the worsted knight appears
To slack the bridle and the rowels ply;
While at full speed the goaded courser clears
His ground, pursued by either enemy.
Nor paused the dame, in following them who sought
His life, till to the enchanted palace brought.

LXXIX.

Of which no sooner has she past the door,
Than she is cheated by the common show,
Each crooked way or straight her feet explore
Within it and without, above, below;
Nor rests she night or day, so strong the lore
Of the enchanter, who has ordered so,
She (though they still encounter and confer)
Knows not Rogero, nor Rogero her.

LXXX.

But leave we Bradamant, nor grieve, O ye
Who hear, that she is prisoned by the spell,
Since her in fitting time I shall set free,
And good Rogero, from the dome as well.
As taste is quickened by variety,
So it appears that, in the things I tell,
The wider here and there my story ranges,
It will be found less tedious for its changes.

LXXXI.

Mescems that I have many threads to clear
In the great web I labour evermore;
And therefore be ye not displeased to hear
How, all dislodged, the squadrons of the Moor,
Threatening the golden lilies loud, appear
In arms, the royal Agramant before:
Who bids for a review his army post,
Willing to know the numbers of his host.

LXXXII.

For besides horse and foot, in the campaign
Sore thinned, whose numbers were to be supplied,
Had many captains, and those good, of Spain,
Of Libya, and of Æthiopia, died;
And thus the nations, and the various train,
Wandered without a ruler or a guide.
To give to each its head and order due,
The ample camp is mustered in review.

LXXXIII.

To fill the squadrons ravaged by the sword,
In those fierce battles and those conflicts dread,
This to his Spain, to his Africa *that* lord,
Sent to recruit, where well their files they fed;
And next distributed the paynim horde
Under their proper captains, ranged and led.
I, with your leave, till other strain, delay
The order of the muster to display.

NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

1.

My father in his city of Bayonne
(To-day will be twelve months) a tourney dight, &c.
Stanza vi. lines 1 and 2.

It may perhaps be necessary to remark that the poet does not mean Bayonne of Gascony, but Bayonne of Galicia, the capital of his kingdom who made the jousts.

2.

Scarcely was Mongia by our galley doubled.
Stanza xv. line

Mongia or Mogia is a sea-port town of Galicia.

3.

It steads not to strike sail, nor lash the mast,
Lowered on the gang-board, nor our castles fell.
Stanza xvi. lines 1 and 2.

In the original,

Non giova calar vele, e l' arbor sopra
Corsìa * legar, nè ruinar castella, &c.

* In a foot-note to Isòla's edition of the *Furioso*, published for the benefit of English students of Italian, I find *coursey* given as the equivalent of *corsìa*.

Corsìa is the same as the French word *coursier*, and among other meanings signifies the gang-board, that in a galley is laid fore and aft, and on which the rowers pass from stem to stern, or *vice versâ;* a very natural place for securing the mast when unshipped.

The castles, used for warlike purposes, were wooden imitations of the buildings whose names they bear, and may be seen in the tapestry of the house of lords representiug the defeat of the Spanish armada, a memorial of which is still preserved in our term of fore-castle.

The cutting away such top-lumber would of course tend materially to lighten a vessel in a storm.

4.

' *Our peril well does the Biscayan note,*
" *And tries what often has an evil end;*
" *Lowers down the galley's skiff, and, when afloat,*
" *Descends into it, and makes me descend:*
" *Two follow; and a troop would throng the boat,*
" *Did not the first prevent them, and defend*
" *The entrance with their naked faulchions; we*
" *Sever the rope forthwith, and put to sea.*

Stanza xvii.

Strange as this manœuvre (however qualified by the observation in the second line) may appear in the eyes of an English seaman, I read not very long ago, in the records of a court of justice, the statement of a proceeding nearly similar in its circumstances. A Mediterranean vessel (I think a *polacca*) finding herself under the necessity of bearing up, wore and ran away before the sea, though the land was under her lee-bow. On nearing this, the crew anchored her, and made for the shore in their boat. They reached it safely, and from thence saw their vessel founder. Circumstances peculiar to this sea may serve to explain such conduct: but I do not know that any traveller except Roger North, amid all the Italian travels and Mediterranean voyages with which our press

overflows, has ever noticed so remarkable a phenomenon. He observes of this sea, "that when you have a handsome gale in the offing, drawing near the land, you shall find the gale wear away." For the wind, when violent at sea, does not, as the sailors say, always *blow home* in the Mediterranean; but often lulls, on approaching the land, where its figure and height produce the effect of a wall built across a gully, which, by stopping the current of air, produces a calm even on its weather-side. The sea, moreover, from there being a less extent of water, soon goes down; and there is therefore less danger in running for the land.

An effect somewhat similar to what I have mentioned, I mean that of a lee-shore being disarmed of its terrors, may be witnessed at home on approaching the high cliffs at the back of the Isle of Wight; though the calm is uncertain, and very confined in its extent. Something of the same kind also may be witnessed off the Dorsetshire coast, though arising out of a different cause. Thus vessels may be seen riding at anchor, not only in perfect safety, but with stern to wind, in Studland-bay, when both wind and sea are dead on shore. The reason of this seems to be found in the strength of the *under-tow* or lower outset of the sea, which restores the redundant quantity of water forced into the bay, and which is from some local circumstances stronger, or at least acts nearer the surface, in the place of anchorage.

The reader will recollect the sailors resorting to the manœuvre mentioned in the text, in the story of St. Paul's shipwreck, which may show how common was the practice attributed to the Biscayneer. While I am upon this subject I cannot resist the temptation of relating a story arising out of this; because it will show how local experience removes difficulties, and of a graver nature than those which I have here attempted to explain. It happened that the lesson, which made part of one Sunday morning's service, read on board a king's ship in the Mediterranean, was that in which St. Paul gives a description of this shipwreck; and some of the men were observed to exchange significant glances at the idea of

anchoring from the stern in the situation he described. A few days afterwards the ship arrived at the very island which is the supposed scene of the catastrophe, and moored in the port of La Valletta, in which lay some Greek vessels, whose high sterns might have preserved them from the danger incidental to anchoring from such a part. Many of the sailors were observing these, whose construction was new to them, and one was heard to say to a comrade: "You see, Jemmy, the saint was no such lubber as we took him for."

5.

Among those damned souls, whom Charon keeps,
With their companions, plunged in boiling deeps.

Stanza xxxvi. lines 7 and 8.

In the original,

Tra quelli spirti che con suoi compagni
Fà star Caron dentro a i bollenti stagni.

I have preserved the most popular reading; but it seems (if we are to believe Fornari) that the old editions read Chiron instead of *Charon:* and it must be observed, that the old Italians would have preserved the *h* in both these words. And, though Ariosto would seem to have been a man to have addressed what he wrote rather to the mob of readers than to the learned, we must recollect that the *reading public* of Ariosto's age was very different from that of our own, and that some learning at least was its characteristic. With this before our eyes, we may suspect *Chiron* to have been intended by the poet: for it was not the business of Charon, the ferryman of hell, to keep damned souls in the *boiling deeps*, but to transport such across them; whereas this is the office assigned by Dante to Chiron, with the centaurs, his companions, who in the seventh circle of hell watch over lakes of boiling blood, in which are immersed sinners of the description of him in the text. See Dante's Inferno, canto xii.

Now Dante was probably as familiar to Ariosto's readers in his century, as Shakespeare is to us.

I would not however disturb the more general reading of the text, upon the strength of a plausible conjecture, though it is supported by the assertion of Fornari.

6.

Turpin says there were seven, &c.

Stanza xl. line 2.

"The fabulous history of these wars (Charlemagne's) was written probably towards the close of the eleventh century, by a monk, who thinking it would add dignity to his work to embellish it with a cotemporary name, boldly ascribed it to Turpin, who was archbishop of Rheims about the year 773. This is the book so frequently quoted by Ariosto."—*Ellis's preface to Way's Fabliaux.*

7.

The noble-minded Isabel, &c.

Stanza lix. line 5.

Isabella, a lady eminent for her many virtues, daughter of Hercules, duke of Ferrara, sister of Alfonso and Ippolito, and wife of Francisco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, the city situated on the Mincius 'of Ocnus, mother hight,' to wit of Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, otherwise called Bianor, who, after the destruction of Thebes, is said to have fled to Italy, and established herself among the swamps of the Mincius, a place which she found favourable to the prosecution of the arts, in which she had been initiated by her father. Here her son Ocnus is said, after his mother's death, to have founded a small city which he called Mantua, in honour of her memory.

Dante's account of the wanderings and settlement of Manto, which, however, says nothing of Ocnus, and makes Manto a virgin, affords so good a specimen of his powers of precise and picturesque local description that I willingly profit by this opportunity to assign it a place among my notes.

Dante meets a female phantom in hell, and Virgil informs him that this

> Manto fu, che cercò per terre molte,
> Poscia si pose là dove nacqui io:
> Onde un poco mi piace, che m' ascolte.

Poscia che 'l padre suo di vita uscìo,
E venne serva la città di Baco,
Questa gran tempo per lo mondo giò.

Suso in Italia bella giace un laco
Appiè de l'Alpe, che serra Lamagua,
Sovra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco:

Per mille fonti, credo, e più si bagna,
Tra Garda, e val Camonica e Apennino,
De l'acqua, che nel detto lago stagna:

Luogo è nel mezzo, là dove 'l Trentino
Pastore, e quel di Brescia, e'l Veronese
Segnar potria, se fesse quel cammino.

Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese,
Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,
Onde la riva intorno più discese.

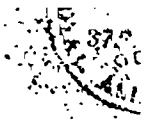
Ivi convien che tutto quanto caschi
Ciò che'n grembo a Benaco star non può;
E fassi fiume giù pe' verdi paschi.

Tosto che l'acqua a correr mette cò,
Non più Benaco, ma Mincio si chiama,
Fino à Governo, dove cade in Pò.

Non molto ha corso che trova una lama,
Ne la qual si distende e l'ampaluda,
E suol di state talora esser grama.

Quindi passando, la vergine cruda
Ristette co' suoi servi, a far su' arti,
E visse, e vi lasciò suo corpo vano.

Gli uomini poi che 'ntorno erano sparti,
S' accolsero in quel luogo, ch' era forte,
Per lo pantan, ch' avea da tutte parti.



Fer la città sovra quell' ossa morte,
E per colei che 'l luogo prima elesse,
Mantova l' appellar', senza' altra sorte.

L'Inferno, canto xx.

—— Was Manto; she who searched
Through many regions, and at length her seat
Fixed in my native land; whence a short space
My words detain thy audience. When her sire
From life departed, and in servitude
The city, dedicate to Bacchus, mourned,
Long time she went a wanderer through the world.
Aloft in Italy's delightful land,
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp,
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
Its name Benacus; which a thousand rills,
Methinks, and more, water, between the vale
Camonica and Garda and the height
Of Apennine remote. There is a spot
At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia and the Véronese might each
Passing that way, his benediction give.
A garrison of goodly sight and strong,
Peschiera stands, to awe with front opposed
The Bergamese and Brescian: whence the shore
More slope, each way descends. There whatsoe'er
Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling o'er
Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath,
Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course
The stream makes head, Benacus then no more
They call the name, but Mincius, till at last
Reaching Governo into Po he falls.
Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat
It finds, which overstretching, as a marsh
It covers, pestilent in summer oft.
Hence journeying the savage maiden saw
'Midst of the fen, a territory waste

And naked of inhabitants. To shun
All human converse, here she with her slaves
Plying her arts remained, and lived, and left
Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes
Who round were scattered, gathering to that place,
Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed
On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones
They reared themselves a city for her sake,
Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,
Nor asked another omen for the name.

Cary's Translation.

Manto is usually called a fairy by Ariosto and the old Italian writers, and this is quite in the spirit of the middle ages, when not only a supernatural race of females, like the Persian peries, but women, supposed to be versed in the occult arts, were so denominated. Thus we are told in the Mort Arthur, how that king's sister *was a fairy*, who was brought up in a nunnery, where she learned so much that she became a great clerk in necromancy.

8.

" *If he by Taro, and in Naples' reign,*
" (*'Tis said*), *from Gauls delivered Italy.*

Stanza lx. lines 5 and 6.

Ariosto alludes to the victory gained by Gonzaga, duke of Mantua, upon the river Taro, over Charles VII. of France, and the expulsion of the French from the kingdom of Naples. I need hardly add, he means to say, in the concluding lines, that the domestic are not less praiseworthy than the more active and brilliant virtues.

9.

For I should leave old Typhis out of view,
If on such sea I launched before the wind.

Stanza lxi. lines 5 and 6.

i. e. I should embark on a more immeasurable sea than that traversed by the Argonauts: for Typhis was the pilot of the Argo.

10.

With her shall be her sister Beatrice, &c.

Stanza lxii. line 1.

This was Beatrice, the wife of Ludovico Sforza, who lost his dukedom soon after her death; a circumstance which explains the remainder of the stanza.

11.

Viscontis' serpents shall be held in dread,
And Moro and Sforza, &c.

Stanza lxiii. lines 1 and 2.

In the original,

E Moro e Sforza e i Viscontei Colubri.

Which *Viscontei Colubri* Mr. Hoole translates *Calabria's earls* (Calabrian viscounts would not come into his verse). He was evidently confusing Calabrians with colubri (snakes), and the Viscontis with viscounts; and but for this, I should hardly have thought it necessary to state that the Viscontis were lords of Milan, and the snake was the armorial bearing of the Viscontis and the Milanese.

La vipera che i Milanesi accampa.

DANTE

The viper, standard of the Milanese.

The Insubri mentioned in this stanza, I have already remarked, were the inhabitants of a district of Lombardy.

Two lines in a preceding stanza, in which there is mention of Louis's exploits in *Italy*, which have been already commented on, that is to say,

S'un narrarà ch' al Taro *e nel reame*
Fu a liberar da' Galli Italia forte.

Hoole renders,

'In *Rheims* and Taro's land;
While Gauls repulsed confessed his conquering hand—'

supposing that *Rheims*, the capital of Champagne, was the translation of *reame*, that is, the kingdom; meaning the kingdom of Naples. I am induced to point out these additional

blunders, to show how entirely unfit Hoole was for the discharge of the duties of an editor, for the happy execution of which he is praised by one who has spoken of him with sovereign contempt as a translator.

12.

From Ind to hills which to a double sea
Afford a passage.

Stanza lxiii. lines 4 and 5.

From India to the straits of Gibraltar.

13.

Others the same illustrious name will bear, &c.

Stanza lxiv. line 1.

That is to say, shall bear the same name of Beatrice. The one who was to wreathe her hair with Pannonia's crown was Beatrice, daughter of Ferdinand, king of Naples, sister of Leonora, duchess of Ferrara, and wife of Mathias Corvinus, king of Hungary, *i. e.* Pannonia. The other lady alluded to was Beatrice of Este, canonized at Rome.

14.

Of good Richarda first shall be my strain, &c.

Stanza lxvii. line 1.

Richarda, wife of Nicholas of Este, found herself in the situation ascribed to her in the text. Her son Hercules, dispossessed of his lordship by Lionello and Borso, was obliged to go into exile, and take refuge with Alphonso of Arragon, but in the end fully recovered his inheritance.

15.

The prudent Eleanour is this, &c.

Stanza lxix. line 1.

The Hercules, mentioned in the preceding note, took to wife Leonora, daughter of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, with whom he had taken refuge, which Leonora brought him the Alphonso, Ippolito, and Isabella, celebrated by the poet.

16.

Lucretia Borgia, &c.

Stanza lxix. line 5.

Lucretia Borgia was a daughter of Pope Alexander VI. who was three times married, and took for her third husband Alphonso, duke of Ferrara.

17.

Nor the step-daughter of this noble dame,
Will I, Renata, hight of France, forget, &c.

Stanza lxxii. lines 1 and 2.

Renata was daughter of Louis XII. of France, and Anne of Bretagne, and daughter-in-law of Lucretia Borgia, since she was married to Hercules the Second, her son, who was lord of Ferrara after the death of his father.

18.

'Twere long to tell of Alda de Sansogna, &c.

Stanza lxxiii. line 1.

Alda was the daughter of Otho, whom we read of as given in wedlock to Albertazo in the third canto, in which the other ladies mentioned in this stanza are also commemorated. I refer the reader thither, if he has any pleasure in the chase, and has patience to *run the heel* upon this stale scent.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Two squadrons lack of those which muster under
King Agramant, by single Roland slain;
Hence furious Mandricardo, full of wonder
And envy, seeks the count by hill and plain:
Next joys himself with Doralice; such plunder,
Aided by heaven, his valiant arms obtain.
Rinaldo comes, with the angel-guide before,
To Paris, now assaulted by the Moor.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XIV.

I.

In many a fierce assault and conflict dread,
'Twixt Spain and Afric and their Gallic foe,
Countless had been the slain, whose bodies fed
The ravening eagle, wolf, and greedy crow;
But though the Franks had worse in warfare sped,
Forced all the champaigne country to forego,
This had the paynims purchased at the cost
Of more good princes and bold barons lost.

II.

So bloody was the price of victory,
Small ground was left them triumphs to prepare;
And if, unconquered Duke Alphonso[1], we
May modern things with ancient deeds compare,
The battle, whose illustrious palm may be
Well worthily assigned to you to wear,
At whose remembrance sad Ravenna trembles,
And aye shall weep her loss, this field resembles.

III.

When the Calesians and the Picards yielding,
And troops of Normandy and Aquitaine,
You, with your valiant arm their squadrons shielding,
Stormed the almost victorious flags of Spain;
And those bold youths their trenchant weapons wielding,
Through parted squadrons, followed in your train;
Who on that day deserved you should accord,
For honoured gifts, the gilded spur and sword[2].

IV.

You, with such glorious hearts, who were not slow
To follow, nor far off, the gorgeous oak
Seized, and shook down the golden acorns so,
And so the red and yellow truncheon broke,
That we to you our festive laurels owe,
And the fair lily, rescued from its stroke;
Another wreath may round your temples bloom,
In that Fabricius you preserved to Rome[3].

V.

Rome's mighty column, by your valiant hand
Taken and kept entire[4], more praise has shed
On you, than if the predatory band
Had routed by your single valour bled,
Of all who flocked to fat Ravenna's land,
Or masterless, without a banner fled,
Of Arragon, Castile, or of Navarre;
When vain was lance or cannon's thundering car.

VI.

This dear-bought victory brought more relief
Than joy, by its event too much outweighed,
The loss of that French captain and our chief[5],
Whom dead we on the fatal field surveyed;
And swallowed in one storm, for further grief,
So many glorious princes, who, arrayed
For safeguard of their own, or neighbouring lands,
Had poured through frozen Alps their friendly bands.

VII.

Our present safety, and life held in fear,
We see assured us by this victory;
That saved us from the wintry tempest drear,
Which would have whelmed us from Jove's angry sky[6].
But ill can we rejoice, while yet the tear
Is standing in full many a widow's eye,
Who weeping and attired in sable, vents,
Throughout all grieving France, her loud laments.

VIII.

'Tis meet King Lewis should find new supplies
Of chiefs by whom his troops may be arrayed,
Who for the lilies' honour shall chastise
The hands which so rapaciously have preyed;
Who brethren, black and white, in shameful wise,
Have outraged, sister, mother, wife, and maid,
And cast on earth Christ's sacrament divine,
With the intent to thieve his silver shrine.

IX.

Hadst thou not made resistance to thy foe,
Better, Ravenna, had it been for thee,
And thou been warned by Brescia's fate, than so
Thine should Faenza warn and Rimini.
O Lewis, bid good old Trivulzio go
With thine, and to thy bands example be,
And tell what ills such license still has bred,
Heaping our ample Italy with dead[7].

X.

As the illustrious King of France has need
Of captains to supply his leaders lost,
So the two kings who Spain and Afric lead,
To give new order to the double host,
Resolve their bands should muster on the mead,
From winter lodgings moved and various post;
That they may furnish, as their wants demand,
A guide and government to every band.

XI.

Marsilius first, and after Agramant[8],
Passing it troop by troop their army scan.
The Catalonians, who their captain vaunt
In Doriphœbus, muster in the van;
And next, without their monarch Fulvirant,
Erst killed by good Rinaldo, comes the clan
Of bold Navarre; whose guideless band to steer
The King of Spain appoints Sir Isolier.

XII.

With Balugantes Leon's race comes on,
The Algarbi governed by Grandonio wheel.
The brother of Marsilius, Falsiron,
Brings up with him the powers of Less Castile.
They follow Madarasso's gonfalon,
Who have left Malaga and fair Seville,
'Twixt fruitful Cordova and Cadiz-bay,
Where through green banks the Betis winds its way.

XIII.

Stordilane, Tessira, and Baricond,
After each other, next their forces stirred;
This in Grenada, that in Lisbon crowned;
Majorca was obedient to the third.
Larbino *had* Lisbon ruled, whose golden round
Was at his death on Tessira conferred;
His kinsman he: Gallicia came in guide
Of Serpentine, who Mericold supplied.

XIV.

They of Toledo and of Calatrave,
Who erst with Sinnagon's broad banner spread,
Marched, and the multitude who drink and lave
Their limbs in chrystal Guadiana's bed,
Came thither, under Matalista brave;
Beneath Bianzardin, their common head,
Astorga, Salamanca, and Placenza,
With Avila, Zamorra, and Palenza.

XV.

The household-troops which guard Marsilius' state,
And Saragossa's men, Ferrau commands;
And in this force, well-sheathed in mail and plate,
Bold Malgarine and Balinverno stands;
Morgant and Malzarise, whom common fate
Had both condemned to dwell in foreign lands;
Who, when dethroned, had to Marsilius' court
(There hospitably harboured) made resort.

XVI.

Follicon, King Marsilius' bastard, hies
With valiant Doricont; amid this horde,
Bavartes, Analard, and Argalise,
And Archidantes, the Saguntine lord.
Here, Malagur, in ready cunning wise,
And Ammirant and Langhiran the sword
Unsheath, and march; of whom I shall endite,
When it is time, their prowess to recite.

XVII.

When so had filed the warlike host of Spain
In fair review before King Agramant,
Appeared King Oran with his martial train,
Who might almost a giant's stature vaunt;
Next they who weep their Martasino, slain
By the avenging sword of Bradamant,
King of the Garamantes, and lament
That woman triumphs in their monarch spent.

XVIII.

Marmonda's men next past the royal Moor,
Who left Argosto dead on Gascon meads;
And this unguided band, like that before,
As well as the fourth troop, a captain needs.
Although King Agramant has little store
Of chiefs, he feigns a choice, and thinks; next speeds
Buraldo, Ormida, and Arganio tried,
Where needing, the unordered troops to guide.

XIX.

He gives Arganio charge of Libicane,
Who wept the sable Dudrinasso dead.
Brunello guides the men of Tingitane,
With cloudy countenance and drooping head;
Who since he in the wooded mountain-chain
(Nigh where Atlantes dwelt), to her he led,
Fair Bradamant, had lost the virtuous ring,
Had lived in the displeasure of his king;

XX.

And but that Ferrau's brother Isolier,
Who fastened to a stem had found him there,
Made to King Agramant the truth appear,
He from the gallows-tree had swung in air:
Already fastened was the noose, and near
The caitiff's fate, when at the many's prayer
The king bade loose him; but reprieving, swore,
For his first fault to hang, offending more.

XXI.

Thus, not without a cause, Brunello pined,
And showed a mournful face, and hung his head.
Next Farurantes; to whose care consigned,
Maurina's valiant horse and footmen tread.
The new-made king Libanio comes behind,
By whom are Constantina's people led:
Since Agramant the crown and staff of gold,
Once Pinador's, had given to him to hold.

XXII.

Hesperia's people come with Soridan,
With Dorilon the men of Setta ride;
The Nasamonians troop with Pulian,
And Agricaltes is Ammonia's guide.
Malabupherso rules o'er Fezzan's clan,
And Finaduro leads the band supplied
By the Canary Islands and Morocco:
Balastro fills the place of king Tardocco.

XXIII.

Next Mulga and Arzilla's legions two.
The first beneath their ancient captains wend;
The second troop without a leader, who
Are given to Corineus, the sovereign's friend.
So (late Tanphirion's) Almonsilla's crew,
To a new monarch in Caïchus bend.
Gœtulia is bestowed on Rhimedont,
And Cosca comes in charge of Balinfront.

XXIV.

Ruled by Clarindo, Bolga's people go,
Who fills the valiant Mirabaldo's post:
Him Baliverso, whom I'd have you know
For the worst ribald in that ample host,
Succeeded next. I think not, 'mid that show,
The bannered camp a firmer troop could boast
Than that which followed in Sobrino's care;
Nor Saracen than him more wise and ware.

XXV.

Gualciotto dead, Bellamarina's crew,
(His vassals) serve, the sovereign of Algiers,
King Rodomont, of Sarza; that anew
Brought up a band of foot and cavaliers:
Whom, when the cloudy sun his rays withdrew
Beneath the Centaur and the Goat[9], his spears
There to recruit, was sent to the Afric shore
By Agramant, returned three days before.

XXVI.

There was no Saracen of bolder strain,
Of all the chiefs who Moorish squadrons led;
And Paris-town (nor is the terror vain)
More of the puissant warrior stands in dread
Than of King Agramant and all the train,
Which he, or the renowned Marsilius head;
And amid all that mighty muster, more
Than others, hatred to our faith he bore.

XXVII.

Prusion is the Alvaracchia's king: below
King Dardinello's nag Zumara's power
Is ranged. I wot not, I, if owl or crow,
Or other bird ill-omened, which from tower
Or tree croaks future evil, did foreshow
To one or to the other, that the hour
Was fixed in heaven, when on the following day
Either should perish in this deadly fray.

XXVIII.

Noritia's men and Tremisene's alone
Were wanting to complete the paynim host;
But in the martial muster sign was none,
Nor tale, nor tiding of the squadrons lost;
To wondering Agramant alike unknown,
What kept the slothful warriors from their post,
When of King Tremisene's a squire was brought
Before him, who at large the mischief taught;

XXIX.

—Who taught how Manilardo was laid low,
Alzirdo, and many others, on the plain.
—" Sir," said the bearer of the news, " the foe
" Who slew our troop, would all thy camp have slain,
" If thine assembled host had been more slow
" Than me, who, as it was, escaped with pain.
" This man slays horse and foot, as in the cote,
" The wolf makes easy waste of sheep and goat."

XXX.

Where the bold Africans their standards plant,
A warrior had arrived some days before;
Nor was there in the west, or whole Levant,
A knight, with heart or prowess gifted more.
To him much grace was done by Agramant,
As successor of Agrican, who wore
The crown of Tartary, a warrior wight;
The son the famous Mandricardo hight.

XXXI.

Renowned he was for many a glorious quest
Atchieved, and through the world his fame was blown.
But him had glorified above the rest
Worth in the Syrian fairy's castle shown[10]:
Where mail, which cased the Trojan Hector's breast
A thousand years before, he made his own.
And finished that adventure, strange and fell;
A story which breeds terror but to tell.

XXXII.

When the squire told his news amid that show
Of troops, was present Agrican's bold son,
Who raised his daring face, resolved to go
And find the warrior who the deed had done;
But the design he hatched, forebore to show;
As making small account of any one,
Or fearing lest, should he reveal his thought,
The quest by other champion might be sought.

XXXIII.

He of the squire demanded what the vest
And bearings, which the valiant stranger wore;
Who answered, 'that he went without a crest,
'And sable shield and sable surcoat bore.'
—And, sir, 'twas true; for so was Roland drest;
The old device renounced he had before:
For as he mourned within, so he without,
The symbols of his grief would bear about.

XXXIV.

Marsilius had to Mandricardo sped,
As gift, a courser of a chesnut stain,
Whose legs and mane were sable; he was bred
Between a Friesland mare and nag of Spain.
King Mandricardo, armed from foot to head,
Leapt on the steed and galloped o'er the plain,
And swore upon the camp to turn his back
Till he should find the champion clad in black.

XXXV.

The king encounters many of the crew
Whom good Orlando's arm had put to flight;
And some a son, and some a brother rue,
Who in the rout had perished in their sight;
And in the coward's cheek of pallid hue
Is *yet* pourtrayed the sad and craven sprite:
—*Yet*, through the fear endured, they far and nigh,
Pallid, and silent, and insensate fly.

XXXVI.

Nor he long way had rode, ere he descried
A passing-cruel spectacle and sore;
But which the wonderous feats well testified,
That were recounted Agramant before.
Now on *this* hand, now *that*, the dead he eyed,
Measured their wounds, and turned their bodies o'er;
Moved by strange envy of the knight whose hand
Had strown the champaign with the slaughtered band.

XXXVII.

As wolf or mastiff-dog, who comes the last
Where the remains of slaughtered bullock lie,
And finds but horn and bones, where rich repast
Had fed the ravening hound and vulture nigh,
Glares vainly on the scull, unsmacked; so passed
The barbarous Tartar king those bodies by;
And grudged, lamenting, like the hungry beast,
To have come too late for such a sumptuous feast.

XXXVIII.

That day, and half the next, in search he strayed
Of him who wore the sable vest and shield.
When lo! he saw a mead, o'ertopt with shade,
Where a deep river wound about the field,
With narrow space between the turns it made,
Where'er from side to side the water wheeled.
Even such a spot as this with circling waves
Below Otricoli the Tyber laves.

XXXIX.

Where this deep stream was fordable, he scanned
A crowd of cavaliers that armour bore:
And these the paynim questioned, 'Who had manned,
'With such a troop, and to what end, the shore?'
To him replied the captain of the band,
Moved by his lordly air, and arms he wore,
Glittering with gold and jewels,—costly gear,
Which showed him an illustrious cavalier.

XL.

"In charge" (he said) "we of the daughter go
"Of him our king, who fills Granada's throne,
"Espoused by Rodomont of Sarza, though
"To fame the tidings are as yet unknown.
"And we, departing when the sun is low,
"And the cicala hushed, which now alone
"Is heard, shall bring her where her father keeps
"I' the Spanish camp; meanwhile the lady sleeps."

XLI.

He who for scorn had daffed the world aside,
Designs to see at once, how able were
Those horsemen to defend the royal bride,
Committed by their sovereign to their care.
"The maid, by what I hear, is fair:" (he cried)
"Fain would I now be certified, how fair:
"Then me to her, or her to me convey,
"For I must quickly wend another way."

XLII.

" Thou needs art raving mad," replied in few
The chief,—nor more. But with his lance in rest,
The Tartar monarch at the speaker flew,
And with the levelled spear transfixed his breast.
For the point pierced the yielding corslet through,
And lifeless he, perforce, the champaign prest.
The son of Agrican his lance regained,
Who weaponless without the spear remained.

XLIII.

Nor sword nor club the warlike Tartar bore,
Since, when the Trojan Hector's plate and chain
He gained, because the faulchion lacked, he swore
(To this obliged), nor swore the king in vain,
That save he won the blade Orlando wore,
He would no other grasp,—that Durindane,
Held in high value by Almontes bold,
Which Roland bears, and Hector bore of old.

XLIV.

Great is the Tartar monarch's daring, those
At such a disadvantage to assay.
He pricks, with levelled lance, among his foes,
Shouting, in fury,—" Who shall bar my way?"—
Round and about him suddenly they close;
These draw the faulchion, and those others lay
The spear in rest: a multitude he slew,
Before his lance was broke upon the crew.

XLV.

When this he saw was broke, the truncheon sound
And yet entire, he took, both hands between,
And with so many bodies strewed the ground,
That direr havoc never yet was seen:
And as with that jaw-bone, by hazard found,
The Hebrew Samson slew the Philistine,
Crushed helm and shield; and often side by side,
Slain by the truncheon, horse and rider died.

XLVI.

In running to their death the wretches vie,
Nor cease because their comrades perish near:
Yet bitterer in such a mode to die,
Than death itself, does to the troop appear.
They grudge to forfeit precious life, and lie
Crushed by the fragment of a broken spear;
And think foul scorn beneath the pounding stake
Strangely to die the death of frog or snake.

XLVII.

But after they at their expense had read
That it was ill to die in any way,
And near two thirds were now already dead,
The rest began to fly in disarray.
As if with what was his the vanquished fled,
The cruel paynim, cheated of his prey,
Ill bore that any, from the murderous strife
Of that scared rabble, should escape with life.

XLVIII.

As in the well-dried fen or stubble-land,
Short time the stalk endures, or stridulous reed,
Against the flames, which careful rustic's hand
Scatters when Boreas blows the fires to feed;
What time they take, and by the north-wind fanned,
Crackle and snap, and through the furrow speed;
No otherwise, with little profit, those
King Mandricardo's kindled wrath oppose.

XLIX.

When afterwards he marks the entrance free,
Left ill-secured, and without sentinel,
He, following prints (which had been recently
Marked on the mead), proceeds, amid the swell
Of loud laments, Granada's dame to see,
If she as beauteous were as what they tell.
He wound his way 'mid corpses, where the wave,
Winding from side to side, a passage gave:

L.

And in the middle of the mead surveyed
Doralice (such the gentle lady's name)[11],
Who, at the root of an old ash-tree laid,
Bemoaned her: fast her lamentations came,
And tears, like plenteous vein of water, strayed
Into the beauteous bosom of the dame;
Who, (so it from her lovely face appeared,)
For others mourned, while for herself she feared.

LI.

Her fear increased when she approaching spied
Him foul with blood, and marked his felon cheer;
And piercing shrieks the very sky divide
Raised by herself and followers, in their fear.
For over and above the troop who guide
The fair infanta, squire and cavalier,
Came ancient men and matrons in her train,
And maids, the fairest of Granada's reign.

LII.

When that fair face by him of Tartary
Is seen, which has no paragon in Spain,
Where amid tears (in laughter what were she?)
Is twisted Love's inextricable chain,
He knows not if in heaven or earth he be;
Nor from his victory reaps other gain,
Than yielding up himself a thrall to her,
(He knows not why) who was his prisoner.

LIII.

Yet not so far his courtesy he strained,
That he would lose his labour's fruit, although
The royal damsel showed, who sorely plained,
Such grief as women in despair can show.
He, who the hope within him entertained
To turn to sovereign joy her present woe,
Would wholly bear her off; whom having placed
On a white jennet, he his way retraced.

LIV.

He dames, maids, ancient men, and others, who
Had from Granada with the damsel fared,
Kindly dismissed, their journey to pursue;
Saying, " My care suffices; I of guard,
" Of guide, of handmaid will the office do,
" To serve her in her every need prepared.
" Farewell!" and thus unable to withstand
The wrong, with tears and sighs withdrew the band,

LV.

Saying, " How woe-begone will be her sire,
" When he the miserable case shall hear!
" What grief will be the bridegroom's! what his ire!
" How dread the vengeance of that cavalier!
" When so the lady's needs such help require,
" Alas! and why is not the champion near,
" To save the illustrious blood of Stordilane,
" Ere the thief bears her farther hence, from stain?"

LVI.

The Tartar, joying in the prize possest,
Which he by chance and valour won and wore;
To find the warrior of the sable vest
Seemed not to have the haste he had before,
And stopp'd and loitered, where he whilom prest;
And cast about and studied evermore
To find some fitting shelter; with desire,
In quiet to exhale such amorous fire.

LVII.

Doralice he consoled this while, whose eyes
And cheek were wetted with the frequent tear,
And many matters feigned and flattering lies;
'—How, known by fame, he long had held her dear,
'And how his country and glad realm, whose size
'Shamed others, praised for grandeur far and near,
'He quitted, not for sight of France or Spain;
'But to behold that cheek of lovely grain.'

LVIII.

"If a man merits love by loving, I
" Yours by my love deserve; if it is won
" By birth,—who boasts a genealogy
" Like me, the puissant Agricano's son?
" By riches,—who with me in wealth can vie,
" That in dominion yield to God alone?
" By courage,—I to-day (I ween) have proved
" That I for courage merit to be loved."

LIX.

These words, and many others on his part,
Love frames and dictates to the Tartar knight,
Which sweetly tend to cheer the afflicted heart
Of the unhappy maid, disturbed with fright.
By these fear first was laid, and next the smart
Sheathed of that woe, which had nigh pierced her sprite;
And with more patience thence the maid began
To hear, and her new lover's reasons scan.

LX.

Next much more affable, with courteous lore
Seasoning her answers to his suit, replies;
Nor looking at the king, sometimes forbore
To fix upon his face her pitying eyes.
The paynim thence, whom Love had smote before,
Not hopeful now, but certain, of his prize,
Deemed that the lovely damsel would not still,
As late, be found rebellious to his will.

LXI.

Riding in her glad company a-field,
Which so rejoiced his soul, so satisfied;
And being near the time, when to their bield,
Warned by the chilly night, all creatures hied,
Seeing the sun now low and half concealed,
The warrior 'gan in greater hurry ride;
Until he heard reed-pipe and whistle sound,
And next saw farm and cabin smoking round.

LXII.

Pastoral lodgings were the dwellings near,
Less formed for show, than for conveniency;
And the young damsel and the cavalier
The herdsman welcomed with such courtesy,
That both were pleasured by his kindly cheer.
For not alone dwells Hospitality
In court and city; but ofttimes we find
In loft and cottage men of gentle kind.

LXIII.

What afterwards was done at close of day
Between the damsel and the Tartar lord,
I will not take upon myself to say;
So leave to each, at pleasure, to award.
But as they rose the following morn more gay,
It would appear they were of fair accord:
And on the swain who them such honour showed,
Her thanks at parting Doralice bestowed.

LXIV.

Thence from one place to the other wandering, they
Find themselves by a river, as they go,
Which to the sea in silence winds its way,
And ill could be pronounced to stand or flow.
So clear and limpid, that the cheerful day,
With nought to intercept it, pierced below.
Upon its bank, beneath a cooling shade,
They found two warriors and a damsel laid.

LXV.

Now lofty Fancy, which one course to run
Permits not, calls me hence in sudden wise;
And thither I return, where paynims stun
Fair France with hostile din and angry cries,
About the tent, wherein Troyano's son
The holy empire in his wrath defies,
And boastful Rodomont, with vengeful doom,
Gives Paris to the flames, and levels Rome.

LXVI.

Tidings had reached the Moorish sovereign's ear
That the English had already passed the sea;
And he bade Garbo's aged king appear,
Marsilius, and his heads of chivalry:
Who all advised the monarch to prepare
For the assault of Paris. 'They may be
Assured they in the storm will never thrive,
Unless 'tis made before the aids arrive.'

LXVII.

Innumerable ladders for the scale
Had been collected upon every hand,
And plank and beam, and hurdle's twisted mail,
For different uses, at the king's command;
And bridge and boat; and, what might more avail
Than all the rest, a first and second band
For the assault (so bids the monarch) form;
Who will himself go forth with them that storm.

LXVIII.

The emperor, on the vigil of the day
Of battle, within Paris, everywhere,
By priest and friar of orders black and gray,
And white, bade celebrate mass-rite and prayer;
And those who had confessed, a fair array,
And from the Stygian demons rescued were,
Communicated in such fashion, all,
As if they were the ensuing day to fall.

LXIX.

At the high church, he, girt with paladine
And preachers of the word, and barons brave,
With much devotion at those acts divine
Assisted, and a fair example gave;
And there with folded hands and face supine,
Exclaimed, " O Lord! although my sins be grave,
" Permit not, that, in this their utmost need,
" Thy people suffer for their king's misdeed!

LXX.

" And if that they should suffer is thy will,
" And that they should due penance undergo,
" At least delay thy purpose to fulfil;
" So that thine enemies deal not the blow.
" For, when 'tis given him in his wrath to kill
" Us who are deemed thy friends, the paynim foe,
" That thou art without power to save, will cry,
" Because thou lett'st thy faithful people die:

LXXI.

" And, for one faithless found, against thy sway
" A hundred shall throughout the world rebel;
" So that false Babel's law will have its way,
" And thus thy blessed faith put down and quell.
" Defend thy suffering people, who are they
" That purged thy tomb from heathen hounds and fell,
" And many times and oft, by foes offended,
" Thy holy church and vicars have defended.

LXXII.

" That our deserts unfitting are to place
" I' the scale against our mighty debt, I know;
" Nor pardon can we hope, if we retrace
" Our sinful lives: but if thou shouldst bestow
" In aid, the gift of thy redeeming grace,
" The account is quit and balanced, that we owe;
" Nor can we of thy succour, Lord, despair,
" While we in mind thy saving mercy bear."

LXXIII.

So spake the holy emperor aloud,
In humbleness of heart and deep contrition;
And added other prayers withal, and vowed
What fitted his great needs and high condition.
Nor was his supplication disallowed;
For his good genius hears the king's petition,
Best of the seraphs he; who spreads his wings,
And to the Saviour's feet this offering brings.

LXXIV.

Infinite other prayers as well preferred,
Were, by like couriers, to the Godhead's ear
So borne; which when the blessed spirits heard,
They all together gazed, with pitying cheer,
On their eternal, loving Lord, and, stirred
With one desire, besought that he would hear
The just petition, to his ears conveyed,
Of this his Christian people, seeking aid.

LXXV.

And the ineffable Goodness, who in vain
Was never sought by faithful heart, an eye,
Full of compassion, raised; and from the train
Waved Michael, and to the arch-angel; "Hie,
"To seek the Christian host that crost the main,
"And lately furled their sails in Picardy:
"These so conduct to Paris, that their tramp
"And noise be heard not in the hostile camp.

LXXVI.

"Find Silence first, and bid him, on my part,
"On this emprize attend thee, at thy side;
"Since he for such a quest, with happiest art
"Will know what is most fitting to provide.
"Next, where she sojourns, instantly impart
"To Discord my command, that she, supplied
"With steel and tinder, 'mid the paynims go,
"And fire and flame in their encampment blow;

LXXVII.

"And throughout those among them, who are said
"To be the mightiest, spread such strife, that they
"Together may contend, and that some dead
"Remain, some hurt, some taken in the fray;
"And some to leave the camp, by wrath, be led;
"So that they yield their sovereign little stay."
Nothing the blessed winged-one replies,
But swoops descending from the starry skies.

LXXVIII.

Where'er the angel Michael turns his wing,
The clouds are scattered and the sky turns bright;
About his person forms a golden ring,
As we see summer-lightning gleam at night.
This while the courier of the heavenly king
Thinks, on his way, where he may best alight,
With the intent to find that foe to speech,
To whom he first his high behest would teach.

LXXIX.

Upon the thought the posting angel brooded,
Where he, for whom he sought was used to dwell;
Who after thinking much, at last concluded
Him he should find in church or convent-cell;
Where social speech is in such mode excluded,
That SILENCE, where the cloistered brethren swell
Their anthems, where they sleep, and where they sit
At meat; and everywhere in fine is writ.

LXXX.

Weening that he shall find him here, he plies
With greater speed his plumes of gilded scale,
And deems as well that Peace, here guested, lies,
And Charity and Quiet, without fail.
But finds he is deceived in his surmise,
As soon as he has past the cloister's pale.
Here Silence is not; nor ('tis said) is found
Longer, except in writing, on this ground.

LXXXI.

Nor here he Love, nor here he Peace surveys,
Piety, Quiet, or Humility.
Here dwelt they once; but 'twas in ancient days;
Chased hence by Avarice, Anger, Gluttony,
Pride, Envy, Sloth, and Cruelty. In amaze
The angel mused upon such novelty:
He narrowly the hideous squadron eyed,
And Discord too amid the rest espied;

LXXXII.

Even her, to whom the eternal Sire as well,
Having found Silence, bade him to repair.
He had believed he to Avernus' cell,
Where she was harboured with the damned, must fare,
And now discerned her in this other hell
(Who would believe it?) amid mass and prayer.
Strange Michael thought to see her there enshrined,
Whom he believed he must go far to find.

LXXXIII.

Her by her party-coloured vest he knew.
Unequal strips and many formed the gown,
Which, opening with her walk, or wind that blew,
Now showed, now hid her; for they were unsown.
Her hair appeared to be at strife; in hue
Like silver and like gold, and black and brown;
Part in a tress, in riband part comprest,
Some on her shoulders flowed, some on her breast.

LXXXIV.

Examination, summons, and a store
Of writs and letters of attorney, she,
And hearings, in her hands and bosom bore,
And consultation, and authority:
Weapons, from which the substance of the poor
Can never safe in walled city be.
Before, behind her, and about her, wait
Attorney, notary, and advocate.

LXXXV.

Her Michael calls to him, and gives command
"That she among the strongest paynims go;
"And find occasion whence amid the band
"Warfare and memorable scathe may grow."
He next from her of Silence makes demand,
Who of his motions easily might know;
As one who from one land to the other hied,
Kindling and scattering fire on either side.

LXXXVI.

"I recollect not ever to have viewed
"Him anywhere," quoth Discord in reply;
"But oft have heard him mentioned, and for shrewd
"Greatly commended by the general cry:
"But Fraud, who makes one of this multitude,
"And who has sometimes kept him company,
"I think, can furnish news of him to thee,
"And (pointing with her finger) *that is she*."

LXXXVII.

With pleasing mien, grave walk, and decent vest,
Fraud rolled her eye-balls humbly in her head;
And such benign and modest speech possest,
She might a Gabriel seem who *Ave* said.[12]
Foul was she and deformed, in all the rest;
But with a mantle, long and widely spread,
Concealed her hideous parts; and evermore
Beneath the stole a poisoned dagger wore.

LXXXVIII.

Of her the good archangel made demand
What way in search of Silence to pursue:
Who said; "He with the Virtues once was scanned,
"Nor dwelt elsewhere; aye guested by the crew
"Of Benedict, or blest Elias' band,
"When abbeys and when convent-cells were new;
"And whilom in the schools long time did pass,
"With sage Archytas and Pythagoras[13].

LXXXIX.

"But those philosophers and saints of yore
"Extinguished, who had been his former stay,
"From the good habits he had used before
"He passed to evil ones; began to stray,
"Changing his life, at night with lovers, bore
"Thieves company, and sinned in every way:
"He oftentimes consorts with Treason; further,
"I even have beheld him leagued with Murther.

XC.

" With coiners him you oftentimes may see
" Harbour in some obscure and close repair.
" So oft he changes home and company,
" To light on him would be a fortune rare:
" Yet have I hope to point him out to thee:
" If to Sleep's house thou wilt at midnight fare,
" Him wilt thou surely find; for to repose
" At night he ever to that harbour goes."

XCI.

Though Fraud was alway wont to deal in lies,
So like the simple truth appears her say,
The angel yields the tale belief; and flies
Forth from the monastery without delay,
Tempers his speed, and schemes withal in wise
To finish at the appointed time his way,
That at the house of Sleep (the mansion blind
Full well he knew) this Silence he may find.

XCII.

In blest Arabia lies a pleasant vale[14],
Removed from village and from city's reach.
By two fair hills o'ershadowed is the dale,
And full of ancient fir and sturdy beech.
Thither the circling sun without avail
Conveys the cheerful daylight: for no breach
The rays can make through boughs spread thickly round;
And it is here a cave runs under ground.

XCIII.

Beneath the shadow of this forest deep,
Into the rock there runs a grotto wide.
Here widely wandering, ivy-suckers creep,
About the cavern's entrance multiplied.
Harboured within this grot lies heavy Sleep.
Ease, corpulent and gross, upon *this* side,
Upon *that*, Sloth, on earth has made her seat;
Who cannot go, and hardly keeps her feet.

XCIV.

Madless Oblivion at the gate is found,
Who lets none enter, and agnizes none;
Nor message hears or bears, and from that ground
Without distinction chases every one;
While Silence plays the scout and walks his round,
Equipt with shoes of felt and mantle brown,
And motions from a distance all who meet
Him on his circuit, from the dim retreat.

XCV.

The angel him approaches quietly,
And, "'Tis God's bidding" (whispers in his ear)
"That thou Rinaldo and his company,
"Brought in his sovereign's aid, to Paris steer:
"But that thou do the deed so silently,
"That not a Saracen their cry shall hear;
"So that their army come upon the foe,
"Ere he from Fame of their arrival know."

XCVI.

Silence to him no otherwise replied
Than signing with his head that he obeyed:
(And took his post behind the heavenly guide)
Both at one flight to Picardy conveyed.
The angel moved those bands of valour tried,
And short to them a tedious distance made:
Whom he to Paris safe transports; while none
Is conscious that a miracle is done.

XCVII.

Silence the advancing troop kept skirting round,
In front, and flank, and rear of the array;
Above the band he spread a mist profound,
And everywhere beside 'twas lightsome day;
Nor through the impeding fog the shrilling sound
Of horn was heard, without, or trumpet's bray.
He next the hostile paynims went to find,
And with I know not what made deaf and blind.

XCVIII.

While with such haste his band Rinaldo led,
That him an angel well might seem to guide,
And in such silence moved, that nought was said
Or heard of this upon the paynim side;
King Agramant his infantry had spread
Throughout fair Paris' suburbs, and beside
The foss, and underneath the walls; that day
To make upon the place his worst assay.

XCIX.

He who the Moorish monarch's force would tell,
Which Charlemagne this day will have to meet,
In wooded Apennine might count as well
The trees upon its back, or waves that beat
(What time the troubled waters highest swell)
Against the Mauritanian Atlas' feet;
Or watch at midnight with how many eyes
The furtive works of lovers Heaven espies[15].

C.

The larum-bells, loud-sounding through the air,
Stricken with frequent blows[16], the town affray;
And in the crowded temples every where
Movement of lips and hands upraised to pray
Are seen: if treasure seemed to God so fair
As to our foolish thoughts, upon this day
The holy consistory had bid mould
Their every statue upon earth in gold.

CI.

Lamenting may be heard the aged just,
In that they were reserved for such a woe;
Calling those happy that in sacred dust
Were buried many and many a year ago.
But the bold youths, who, valiant and robust,
Small thought upon the approaching ills bestow,
Scorning their elders' counsel, here and there
Hurrying, in fury, to the walls repair.

CII.

Here might you paladin and baron ken,
King, duke, and marquis, count and chivalry,
And soldier, foreigner or citizen,
Ready for honour and for Christ to die;
Who, eager to assail the Saracen,
On Charlemagne to lower the bridges cry.
He witnesses with joy their martial heat,
But to permit their sally deems not meet.

CIII.

And them he ordered in convenient post,
The advance of the barbarians to impede:
For *this* would ill suffice a numerous host,
To *that* he was content that few should speed.
Some worked at the machines, some wild-fire tost,
All ranged according to the separate need.
Charles, never in one place, with restless care
Provides defence and succour every where.

CIV.

Paris is seated on a spacious plain,
I' the midst—the heart of France, more justly say.
A stream flows into it, and forth again;
But first, the passing waters, as they stray,
An island form, and so secure the main
And better part, dividing on their way.
The other two (three separate quarters note),
Within the river girds, without the moat.

CV.

The town, whose walls for miles in circuit run,
Might well have been attacked from many a side;
Yet, for he would assail it but on one,
Nor willingly his scattered troops divide,
Westward beyond the stream Troyano's son
Retired, from thence the assailing bands to guide.
In that, he neither city had nor plain
Behind, but what was his, as far as Spain.

CVI.

Where'er the walls of Paris wound about,
Large ammunition had king Charles purveyed;
Strengthening with dyke each quarter held in doubt;
And had within trench, drain, and casemate made:
And where the river entered and went out,
Had thickest chains across the channel laid.
But most of all, his prudent cares appear
Where there is greatest cause for present fear.

CVII.

With eyes of Argus, Pepin's valiant son,
Where Agramant was bent to storm foresaw,
And every thing forestalled, ere yet begun
By the bold followers of Mahound's law.
With Isolier, Grandonio, Falsiron,
Serpentin, Balugantes, and Ferrau,
And what beside he out of Spain had led,
Marsilius was in arms, their valiant head.

CVIII.

With old Sobrino, on the left of Seine,
Pulian and Dardinel d'Almontes meet,
With Oran's giant king, to swell the train:
Six cubits is the prince, from head to feet.
But why move I my pen with greater pain
Than these men move their arms? for in his heat
King Rodomont exclaims, blaspheming sore,
Nor can contain his furious spirit more.

CIX.

As swarming to assail the pastoral bowl[17],
With sound of stridulous wing, through summer sky,
Or relics of a feast, their luscious dole,
Repair the ready numbers of the fly;
As starlings to the vineyard's crimsoning pole
With the ripe clusters charged,—heaven's concave high
Filling, as they advanced, with noise and shout,
Fast hurried to the storm the Moorish rout.

CX.

Upon their walls the Christians in array,
With lance, sword, axe, and stone and wild-fire tost,
The assaulted city guard without dismay,
And little reck the proud barbarian's boast:
Nor when death snatches this or that away,
Does any one in fear refuse his post.
Into the fosse below the paynim foes
Return, amid a storm of strokes and blows.

CXI.

Nor in this war is iron plied alone,
But mighty masses and whole bulwarks fall,
And top of tower, huge piece of bastion,
And with much toil disrupted, solid wall;
While streams of boiling water pouring down,
Insufferably the advancing paynims gall:
An ill-resisted rain, which, in despite
Of helmet, makes its way, and blinds the sight.

CXII.

And this than iron spear offended more:
Then how much more the mist of lime-dust fine!
Then how the emptied vessel, burning sore
With nitre, sulphur, pitch, and turpentine!
Nor idle lie the fiery hoops in store[18],
Which, wreathed about with flaming tresses, shine.
These at the foemen scaled, upon all hands,
Form cruel garlands for the paynim bands.

CXIII.

Meanwhile, up to the walls the second crew
Fierce Sarza's king has driven, accompanied
By bold Ormida and Buraldo, who
The Garamantes and Marmonda guide;
Clarindo and Loridano; nor from view,
It seems, will Setta's valiant monarch hide:
Morocco's king and he of Cosca go
With these, that men their martial worth may know.

CXIV.

With crimson Rodomont his banner stains,
And in the vermeil field a lion shows;
Who, bitted by a maid, to curb and reins
His savage mouth disdains not to unclose.
Himself in the submissive lion feigns
The haughty Rodomont, and would suppose
In her who curbs him with the bit and string,
Doralice, daughter to Grenada's king;

CXV.

Whom Mandricardo took, as I before
Related, and from whom, and in what wise.
Even she it was, whom Sarza's monarch more
Loved than his realm,—beyond his very eyes:
And valour showed for her and courteous lore,
Not knowing yet she was another's prize.
If he had,—then,—then first,—the story known,
Even what he did that day, he would have done.

CXVI.

At once the foes a thousand ladders rear,
Against the wall by the assailants shored,
Two manned each round; the second, in the rear,
Urged on the first; the third the second gored.
One mounts the wall through valour, one through fear,
And all attempt perforce the dangerous ford;
For cruel Rodomont, of Argier, slays
Or smites the wretched laggard who delays.

CXVII.

'Tis thus, 'mid fire and ruin, all assay
To mount the wall; but others to assure
Themselves, some safer passage seek, where they
Will have least pain and peril to endure.
Rodomont only scorns by any way
To wend, except by what is least secure;
And in that desperate case, where others made
Their offerings, cursed the god to whom they prayed.

CXVIII.

He in a cuirass, hard and strong, was drest;
A dragon-skin it was with scaly quilt,
Which erst secured the manly back and breast
Of his bold ancestor, that Babel built;
Who hoped the rule of heaven from God to wrest,
And him would from his golden dome have spilt.
Perfect, and for this end alone, were made
Helmet and shield as well as trenchant blade.

CXIX.

Nor Rodomont to Nimrod yields in might,
Proud and untamed; and who would not forbear
To scale the lofty firmament till night,
Could he in this wide world descry the stair [19].
He stood not, he, to mark the bulwark's plight,
Nor if the fosse of certain bottom were.
He past, ran,—rather flew across the moat,
Plunging in filth and water to his throat.

CXX.

Dripping and foul with water and with weeds,
'Mid fire and stone, and arbalests, and bows,
On drives the chief; as through the marshy reeds,
The wild-swine of our own Mallea[20] goes;
Who makes large day-light wheresoe'er he speeds,
Parting the sedge with breast and tusk and nose.
The paynim, safe in buckler lifted high,
Scorns not the wall alone, but braves the sky.

CXXI.

Rodomont has no sooner gained the shore,
Than on the wooden bartizan he stands,
Within the city walls, a bridge that bore
(Roomy and large) king Charles's Christian bands[21].
Here many a scull is riven, here men take more
Than monkish tonsure at the warrior's hands:
Heads fly and arms; and to the ditch a flood
Runs streaming from the wall of crimson blood.

CXXII.

He drops the shield; and with two-handed sway
Wielding his sword, duke Arnulph he offends,
Who came from whence, into the briny bay,
The water of the rapid Rhine descends.
No better than the sulphur keeps away
The advancing flame, the wretch his life defends.
He his last shudder gives, and tumbles dead;
Cleft downwards, a full palm from neck and head.

CXXIII.

At one back-stroke sir Spineloccio true,
Anselmo, Prando, and Oldrado fell;
The narrow place and thickly-swarming crew
Make the wide-circling blow so fully tell.
The first half Flemings were, the residue
Are Normans, who the list of slaughter swell.
Orghetto of Maganza, he from brow
To breast divides, and thence to paunch below.

CXXIV.

Down from the wall Andropono and Moschine
He cast into the ditch: a priest the first;
The second, but a worshipper of wine,
Drained, at a draught, whole runlets in his thirst;
Aye wonted simple water to decline,
Like viper's blood or venom: now immersed,
In this, he perishes amid that slaughter;
And, what breeds most affliction, dies by water.

CXXV.

Lewis the Provencal is cleft in two;
Arnold of Thoulouse through the breast before;
Hubert of Tours, sir Dionysius, Hugh,
And Claud, pour forth their ghosts in reeking gore.
Odo, Ambaldo, Satallon ensue,
And Walter next; of Paris are the four—
With others, that by me unmentioned fall,
Who cannot tell the name and land of all.

CXXVI.

The crowd, by Rodomont of Sarza led[22],
The ladders lift, and many places scale.
Here the Parisians make no further head,
Who find their first defence of small avail.
Full well they know that danger more to dread
Within awaits the foemen who assail;
Because between the wall and second mound
A fosse descends, wide, horrid, and profound.

CXXVII.

Besides, that ours, with those upon the height,
War from below, like valiant men and stout,
New files succeed to those who fall in fight,
Where, on the interior summit, stand the rout,
Who gall with lances, and a whistling flight
Of darts, the mighty multitude without;
Many of whom, I ween, that post would shun,
If it were not for royal Ulien's son*.

CXXVIII.

But he still heartened some, and chid the rest,
And forced them forward to their sore alarm.
One paynim's head he cleft, and other's breast,
Who turned about to fly; and of the swarm
Some shoved and pushed and to the encounter prest,
Close-grappled by the collar, hair, or arm;
And downwards from the wall such numbers threw,
The ditch was all too narrow for the crew.

* Rodomont.

CXXIX.

While so the foes descend, or rather fling
Themselves into the perilous *profound;*
And thence by many ladders try *to spring*
Upon the summit of the second mound,
King Rodomont, as if he had a *wing*
Upon his every member, *from the ground*
Upraised his weight, and vaulted clean across,
Loaded with all his arms, the yawning fosse.

CXXX.

The moat of thirty feet, not less, he cleared,
As dexterously as leaps the greyhound fleet,
Nor at his lighting louder noise was heard
Than if he had worn felt beneath his feet.
He now of *this*, now *that*, the mantle sheared;
As though of pewter, not of iron beat,
Or rather of soft rind their arms had been:
So matchless was his force and sword so keen!

CXXXI.

This while, not idle, those of ours had laid
Snares in the inner moat, a well-charged mine:
Where broom and thick fascines, all over paid
With swarthy pitch, in plenty intertwine.
Yet is not this by any eye surveyed,
Though they from bank to bank that hollow line,
Filling the bottom well-nigh to the brink;
And countless vessels the defenders sink,

CXXXII.

Charged with salt-petre, oil, or sulphur pale,
One and the other, or with such like gear;
While ours, intent the paynims that assail
The town, should pay their daring folly dear,
(Who from the ditch on different parts would scale
The inner bulwark's platform) when they hear
The appointed signal which their comrades raise,
Set, at fit points, the wildfire in a blaze.

CXXXIII.

For that the moat was full from side to side,
The scattered flames united into one,
And mounted to such height, they well-nigh dried
The watery bosom of the moon; a dun
And dismal cloud above extending wide,
Dimmed every glimpse of light, and hid the sun:
A fearful crash, with a continued sound,
Like a long peal of thunder, shook the ground.

CXXXIV.

A horrid concert, a rude harmony
Of deep lament, and yell and shriek, which came
From those poor wretches in extremity,
Perishing through their furious leader's blame,
Was heard, as in strange concord, to agree
With the fierce crackling of the murderous flame.
No more of this, no more!—Here, sir, I close
My canto, hoarse, and needing short repose.

NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

1.

And if unconquered Duke Alphonso, &c.

Stanza ii. line 3.

Alphonso of Este, duke of Ferrara; to whom the poet attributes the victory and subsequent capture of Ravenna, held for the pope by Fabrizio Colonna, the struggle being between French and Italians under this leader, and Spaniards and Italians under the command of Gaston de Foix; for, the French troops having given way, Alphonso coming up with a band of gentlemen, again turned the fortune of the field.

2.

Who on that day deserved you should accord,
For honoured gifts, the gilded spurs and sword.

Stanza iii. lines 7 and 8.

The insignia of knighthood conferred by Alphonso upon many of his young followers on the field of battle. 'To win his spurs' was almost a proverbial expression; how applied to the Black Prince by our Edward III. every one will remember.

3.

You, with such glorious hearts, who were not slow
To follow, nor far off, the gorgeous oak
Seized, and shook down the golden acorns so,
And so the red and yellow truncheon broke,
That we to you our festive laurels owe,
And the fair lily, rescued from its stroke;
Another wreath may round your temples bloom,
In that Fabricius you preserved to Rome.

Stanza iv.

The golden oak was the bearing of Pope Julius II. who lost Ravenna; and the red and yellow truncheon, we are told, is to be considered as the symbol of Spain.

Fabrizio Colonna surrendered to Alphonso on condition he should not be delivered up to his enemies the French; Alphonso resisted their solicitations to consign him to them, and afterwards set him free and restored him to the pope.

4.

Rome's mighty column, by your valiant hand
Taken and kept entire, &c.

Stanza v. lines 1 and 2.

In the original,

La gran colonna del nome Romano
Che voi prendeste e che serbaste intera,

a play upon the name of Fabrizio Colonna, which is necessarily sacrificed in an English translation.

5.

The loss of that French captain and our chief.

Stanza vi. line 3.

Of Gaston de Foix, the French general, who perished in the field.

6.

That saved us from that wintry tempest drear,
Which would have whelmed us from Jove's angry sky.
Stanza vii. lines 3 and 4.

The allied Spanish and papal army, if victorious, would probably have turned their arms against the dukedom of Ferrara.

7.

Hadst thou not made resistance to thy foe,
Better, Ravenna, had it been for thee,
And thou been warned by Brescia's fate, than so
Thine should Faenza warn and Rimini.
O Lewis, bid good old Trivulzio go
With thine, and to thy bands example be,
And tell what ills such license still has bred,
Heaping our ample Italy with dead.
Stanza ix.

Brescia was sacked a short time before Ravenna. The fate of this last city terrified Faenza and Rimini into a surrender.

Trivulzio may have been well fitted to restrain the excesses of others, but was not himself free from a similar reproach. He was a native of Milan, and banished from thence for his adherence to the Guelph party. He entered the service of France, and obtained great distinction in the wars of Charles VIII. Louis XII. and Francis I. He was made governor of Milan in 1500, and of Genoa in 1504. But he is accused of a rapacious administration of power, and of a haughty, ungovernable temper, and on this account forfeited the favour of Francis; which is said to have occasioned his death in 1518. His epitaph speaks his character.

'QUI NUNQUAM REQUIEVIT, HIC TANDEM QUIESCIT.'

Ariosto's wish to see him at the head of the French troops might be founded on the maxim, 'Nemo nisi Romanus Romanum feriat.'

8.

Marsilius first, and after Agramant, &c.

Stanza xi. line 1.

Ariosto is not more successful than Homer in this catalogue, and the same observation may be made on the review of Tasso, which is only animated by his apostrophe to the Greeks. He has done much better, it is true, in his second catalogue, the production of his riper age (see canto xvi. of the Jerusalem Delivered); but a modern author has succeeded yet better, and the description of the Scottish troops in Marmion, in my opinion, ranks above every attempt of this description.

As a key to the present catalogue, I should observe that Ariosto uses ancient and modern names indiscriminately, as serves his purpose best. Such is, indeed, his usual practice, as may have been already observed, and an example of it occurs in the third stanza of this very canto.

Quando cedendo *Morini* e *Piccardi*
L'esercito *Normanno* e l' *Aquitano*.

9.

Whom when the cloudy sun his rays withdrew
Beneath the Centaur and the Goat, &c.

Stanza xxv. lines 5 and 6.

In the original,

Che mentre il sol fu nubiloso sotto
Il gran Centauro e i corni orridi e fieri.

It is hardly necessary to observe that Sagittarius is the sign into which Chiron is said to have been translated, and is, therefore, always represented by a Centaur. "I corni orridi e fieri," Mr. Huggins, the most accurate of Ariosto's translators, imagines to be those of the Bull, but he is certainly wrong. The poet, wishing to mark the stormy season of November, says that Rodomont went to Africa when the sun was under Sagittarius; and 'the fierce and horrid horns,' by which he evidently meant to indicate those of Capricorn or the Goat, the sign into which the sun passes on quitting Sagittarius, indicating thus a part of November, all December, and the greatest part of January.

10.

But him had glorified above the rest
Worth in the Syrian fairy's castle shown.
Stanza xxxi. lines 3 and 4.

The account of the conquest of the arms of Hector in the Syrian fairy's castle is to be found in the Innamorato, where Mandricardo takes the oath specified in the text.

11.

And in the middle of the mead surveyed
Doralice (such the gentle lady's name), &c.
Stanza l. lines 1 and 2.

Ariosto would appear to have sometimes inserted anecdotes of his age in the Furioso; but these are usually so altered that they are scarcely to be recognised. This is not the case with the present story, the rape of Doralice; in which the poet appears to have figured a similar atrocity and of recent occurrence, perpetrated by Cæsar Borgia, near Cesenna, on the shore of the Adriatic, upon an illustrious lady espoused to a Venetian captain, to whom she was journeying, under the escort of a train of nobles and ladies, who were attacked with the same violence that is described in the text. Fornari cites many circumstances in support of Ariosto's having meant to designate the crime of Borgia in that of Mandricardo. Some of these, such as the resemblance of the place where the scene of the catastrophe is laid, are strongly corroborative of the supposition, and others again seem to savour of the perverse and wearisome subtleties of an Italian commentator.

12.

She might a Gabriel seem who Ave *said.*
Stanza lxxxvii. line 4.

Dante says of this angel, whose figure is represented as sculptured in purgatory,

'Guirato si saria ch' ei dicesse *Ave.*'

Probably as saluting the Virgin, a favourite subject with the Italian masters.

13.

And whilom in the schools long time did past,
With sage Archytas and Pythagoras.
Stanza lxxxviii. lines 7 and 8.

Archytas was a native of Tarentum, and friend and cotemporary of Plato.

14.

In blest Arabia lies a pleasant vale.
Stanza xcii. line 1.

Ariosto had probably an eye to Ovid's description:

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu, &c.

15.

Or watch at midnight with how many eyes
The furtive works of lovers Heaven espies.
Stanza xcix. lines 7 and 8.

Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores.
CATULLUS.

16.

The larum-bells, loud-sounding through the air,
Stricken with frequent blows, the town affray.
Stanza c. lines 1 and 2.

Bells were all formerly stricken, as even small bells still are in shops, in some parts of the continent.

17.

As swarming to assail the pastoral bowl, &c.
Stanza cix. line 3.

Ariosto, who was no Greek scholar, would, however, seem to have derived this simile from Homer; probably through the

medium of a Latin versified abridgment of the Iliad, which was in his time popular in Italy.

18.

Nor idle lie the fiery hoops in store, &c.

Stanza cxii. line 5.

Vertot describes the Maltese as casting hoops charged with wild-fire among the Turks at the famous siege: it is said, without any authority for the fact, for which he was perhaps indebted to Ariosto.

19.

Nor Rodomont to Nimrod yields in might,
Proud and untamed; and who would not forbear
To scale the lofty firmament till night,
Could he in this wide world descry the stair.

Stanza cxix. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

In the original,

Rodomonte non già men di Nembrotte,
Indomito, superbo, e furibondo;
Chè d'ire al ciel non tarderebbe a notte,
Quando la strada si trovasse al mondo, &c.

Meaning that Rodomont was of so daring a character that he would not wait for night to cover such a mad enterprise, but would achieve it in the face of day.

20.

The wild-swine of our own Mallea goes, &c.

Stanza cxx. line 4.

A marshy place in the Ferrarese.

21.

Rodomont has no sooner gained the shore,
Than on the wooden bartizan he stands,
Within the city walls, a bridge that bore
(Roomy and large) king Charles's Christian bands.
Stanza cxxi. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

In the original,

Non si tosto a l' asciutto è Rodomonte
Che giunto si sentì su le *bertesche*
Che dentro a la muraglia facean ponte,
Capace e largo, a le squadre Francesche, &c.

As Ariosto, no doubt, took his details from the sieges of his day, I should wish, if possible, to illustrate whatever appears to require explanation in the present narrative. The *bertesca*, or *bertrescha*, in question, appears to have different meanings in different places, and is usually accompanied with different interpretations in the dictionaries. Its best definition would seem to be a wooden and moveable *bartizan*, not confined, like our stone-bartizans, to the platform between the towers of a gateway, but placed occasionally between towers or battlements of any description or extent; and one of the explanations of the term to be found in dictionaries will show its precise meaning in this place; *to wit*, that it was a stage, moving upon hinges, within the wall of a fortification, which being raised to a horizontal position, served as a mean of communication between the towers, and made the bridge spoken of by Ariosto.

The perishable nature of this *bertesca*, though it would explain its not being to be found in any of our old castles, does not account for its not being mentioned (and it is *not*, as far as I am informed) by any of the French or English chroniclers. Can we explain this, by supposing the Italians to have been better engineers than their northern neighbours, and to have resorted to means of defence unknown to them? Perhaps this may be the solution of the difficulty.

Referring to Grassi's Military Dictionary, I find *bertresca* with *bertesca* defined in a mode which will not accord with the present use of it. But though his Dictionary is a very useful work, he is not to be implicitly relied on, for he does not cite his authorities*; which, indeed, would not always have given much weight to his assertions; he often borrowing terms from modern authors who were the inventors of these Italian equivalents for French or German modes of expression. Thus he gives *caval'armato* for a heavy horse, and *pernottare* for to bivouac; yet he could, I believe, cite no earlier writer as the user of these words than Foscolo, in his translation of the Memoirs of Montecucoli. In point of fact,

* This, indeed, was impossible, as many of the materials were orally communicated, and the mode in which this work was in part compiled (or at least intended to be compiled) may explain the difficulties of such an undertaking, and throw some light upon those which even the provincial Italians have to encounter in learning Italian. I was living in the house of a literary man in Florence, when the Signor Grassi, a Piedmontese, arrived for the first time in that city; and he having much intercourse with mine host, I heard him develope the scheme for his dictionary. "I shall go," he said, among other things, "into gunsmiths' shops, and ask them the proper terms for the different parts of a musquet, beginning at the croisa," or some such word, evidently a corruption of the French word *croisée*. I did not venture to tell him, that I could at least, though then new to Italy, inform him upon that point; though I might have softened the appearance of presumption by citing the example of his countryman Baretti, who learned Italian, in which he became so distinguished a writer, in London. As a proof of this, let any one compare the first edition of his grammar, filled with Gallicisms and provincialisms, with one edited after a long residence in England. The explanation of this will probably be found in Baretti's having been conversant principally with the jargon spoken in his own province. In England he studied Italian in books and in the conversation of learned Italians, who, for common convenience, cultivated among themselves the *lingua aulica* of Italy, as the best universal mean of communication. This will explain the possibility of an Italian speaking his own language very detestably; and, in fact, untravelled Piedmontese or Neapolitans, &c. &c. &c. speak Italian as resident Cumberland or Cornish gentlemen spoke English some fifty years ago.

ancient Italy, notwithstanding her aversion to the naturalization of foreign words, has always given citizenship to foreign terms of warlike art, and the few Teutonic words which she received from her barbarous conquerors, such as *guerra* and *brando*, are of this description. It must always be so. Nations must receive terms of art in sciences in which they are themselves deficient, and of things which are new to them from their invaders. This has been observed in our own language, in which the live beast is known by a Saxon name, but when prepared for food, by a French denomination; and an ingenious gentleman, who (it is to be hoped) will sometime or other publish his speculations on such subjects, has, upon this principle, explained one of the oddest anomalies in our language, *to wit*, that of a husband and wife in the same rank of our nobility, being dignified one by a Saxon, and the other by a French title of honour. I of course allude to the words *earl* and *countess*, the origin of the application of which terms he thus explains. 'The Norman count standing in the place of the Anglo-Saxon earl, being called to the discharge of *his* offices, and mixing necessarily with the original inhabitants, succeeded to *his* appellation; but his wife, keeping her state at home, and being altogether a personage for which there was no home equivalent, succeeded in maintaining her native title.

But I am deviating from the line of illustration which I had prescribed to myself.

22.

The crowd by Rodomont of Sarza led, &c.

Stanza cxxvi. line 1.

I have translated the account of this storm very literally; and it is curious, as probably exhibiting the modes of attack and defence practised in the time of Ariosto; who, however, by omitting to state specifically what is nevertheless to be inferred from the narrative, has rendered his description, at first sight, somewhat obscure, a charge to which he is seldom open.

It appears, to sum his story in a few words, that the wall on the side where the Moors attacked was surrounded by a *wet* ditch, through which Rodomont plunged at the head of the storming party, scaled the wall, and carried the *bertesca*, or wooden platform, placed within it and near its summit. Beyond this work, it seems, was a second wall, or dyke, divided from the first by a *dry* ditch, into which Rodomont drives his party of assailants, urging them to the assault of the interior wall, and he himself leaping the ditch, and, like Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, mounting the last defence, and springing from it into the city. His followers, in the meantime, while planting their ladders against the interior wall in this second moat, are consumed by combustibles, with which it had been previously filled by the Parisians. Rodomont, it is to be recollected, had escaped the effects of the explosion by his desperate leap, and is left enclosed in the middle of the city.

43550

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.

Round about Paris every where are spread
The assailing hosts of Africa and Spain.
Astolpho home by Logistilla sped,
Binds first Caligorantes with his chain;
Next from Orrilo's trunk divides the head;
With whom Sir Aquilant had warred in vain,
And Grypha bold: next Sarconet discerns.
Ill tidings of his lady Grypha learns.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XV.

I.

THOUGH Conquest fruit of skill or fortune be,
To conquer always is a glorious thing.
'Tis true, indeed, a bloody victory
Is to a chief less honour wont to bring;
And that fair field is famed eternally,
And he who wins it merits worshipping,
Who, saving from all harm his own, without
Loss to his followers, puts the foe to rout.

II.

You, sir, earned worthy praise, when you o'erbore
The lion of such might by sea, and so
Did by him, where he guarded either shore
From Francolino to the mouth of Pò,
That I, though yet again I heard him roar,
If you were present, should my fear forego;
How fields are fitly won was then made plain;
For we were rescued, and your foemen slain!

III.

This was the Paynim little skilled to do,
Who was but daring to his proper loss;
And to the moat impelled his meiny, who
One and all perished in the burning fosse.
The mighty gulf had not contained the crew,
But that, devouring those who sought to cross,
Them into dust the flame reduced, that room
Might be for all within the crowded tomb.

IV.

Of twenty thousand warriors thither sent,
Died nineteen thousand in the fiery pit;
Who to the fosse descended, ill content;
But so their leader willed, of little wit:
Extinguished amid such a blaze, and spent
By the devouring flame the Christians lit.
And Rodomont, occasion of their woes,
Exempted from the mighty mischief goes:

V.

For he to the inner bank, by foes possest,
Across the ditch had vaulted wonderously:
Had he within it been, among the rest,
It sure had been his last assault. His eye
He turns, and when the wild-fires, which infest
The infernal vale, he sees ascend so high,
And hears his people's moan and dying screams,
With imprecations dread he Heaven blasphemes.

VI.

This while a band King Agramant had brought,
To make a fierce assault upon a gate:
For while the cruel battle here was fought,
Wherein so many sufferers met their fate,
This haply unprovided had he thought
With fitting guard. Upon the monarch wait
King Bambirago, 'mid his knights of price,
And Baliverso, sink of every vice;

VII.

And Corinêus of Mulga, Prusion,
The wealthy monarch of the blessed isles;
Malabuferzo, he who fills the throne
Of Fez, where a perpetual summer smiles;
And other noble lords, and many a one
Well-armed and tried; and others 'mid their files,
Naked, and base, whose hearts in martial fields
Had found no shelter from a thousand shields.

VIII.

But all things counter to the hopes ensue
Of Agramant upon this side; within,
In person, girded by a gallant crew,
Is Charlemagne, with many a paladin:
Ogier the Dane, King Salamon, the two
Guidos are seen, and either Angelin;
Bavaria's duke*, and Ganelon are here,
Avino, Avolio, Otho, and Berlinghier:

* Namus.

IX.

And of inferior count withal, a horde
Of Lombards, French, and Germans, without end;
Who, every one, in presence of his lord,
To rank among the valiantest contend.
This will I in another place record;
Who here a mighty duke perforce attend,
Who signs to me from far, and prays that I
Will not omit him in my history.

X.

'Tis time that I should measure back my way
Thither, where I Astolpho left of yore;
Who, in long exile, loathing more to stay,
Burnt with desire to tread his native shore;
As hopes to him had given the sober fay,
Who quelled Alcina by her better lore,
She with all care would send the warrior back
By the securest and the freest track.

XI.

And thus by her a barque is fitted out;
—A better galley never ploughed the sea;
And Logistilla wills, for aye in doubt
Of hindrance from Alcina's treachery,
That good Andronica, with squadron stout,
And chaste Sophrosina, with him shall be,
Till to the Arabian Sea, beneath their care,
Or to the Persian Gulf he safe repair.

XII.

By Scyth and Indian she prefers the peer
Should coast, and by the Nabatæan reign;
Content he, after such a round, should veer
For Persian gulf, or Erithræan main,
Rather than for that Boreal palace steer,
Where angry winds aye vex the rude domain:
So ill, at seasons, favoured by the sun,
That there, for months together, light is none.

XIII.

Next, when she all in readiness espied,
Her license to depart the prudent fay
Accorded to the duke, first fortified
With counsel as to things too long to say;
And that he might no more by charms be stayed
In place from whence he could not wend his way,
Him with a useful book and fair purveyed,
And ever for her love to wear it prayed.

XIV.

How man should guard himself from magic cheats
The book instructed, which the fay bestowed;
At the end or the beginning, where it treats
Of such, an index and appendix showed.
Another gift, which in its goodly feats
All other gifts excelled, to her he owed;
This was a horn, which made whatever wight
Should hear its clang betake himself to flight[2].

XV.

I say, the horn is of such horrid sound,
That, wheresoe'er 'tis heard, all fly for fear;
Nor in the world is one of heart so sound
That would not fly, should he the bugle hear.
Wind, thunder, and the shock which rives the ground,
Come not, in aught, the hideous clangour near.
With thanks did the good Englishman receive
The gift, and of the fairy took his leave.

XVI.

Quitting the port and smoother waves, they stand
To sea, with favouring wind which blows astern;
And (coasting) round the rich and populous land
Of odoriferous Ind the vessels turn,
Opening a thousand isles on either hand,
Scattered about that sea, till they discern
The land of Thomas; here the pilot veers
His ready tiller, and more northward steers[2].

XVII.

Astolpho, furrowing that ocean hoar,
Marks, as he coasts, the wealthy land at ease.
Ganges amid the whitening waters roar,
Nigh skirting now the golden Chersonese;
Taprobana with Cori next, and sees
The frith which chafes against its double shore;
Makes distant Cochin, and with favouring wind
Issues beyond the boundaries of Ind[3].

XVIII.

Scouring at large broad ocean, with a guide
So faithful and secure, the cavalier
Questions Andronica, if from that side
Named from the westering sun, of this our sphere,
Bark, which with oars or canvas stemmed the tide,
On eastern sea was wonted to appear;
—And could a wight, who loosed from Indian strand,
Reach France or Britain, without touching land.

XIX.

Andronica to England's duke replies:
" Know that this earth is girt about with seas,
" And all to one another yield supplies,
" Whether the circling waters boil or freeze:
" But, since the Æthiops' land before us lies,
" Extending southward many long degrees,
" Across his waters, some one has supposed
" A barrier here to Neptune interposed.

XX.

" Hence bark from this Levant of Ind is none
" Which weighs, to shape her course for Europe's shore;
" Nor navigates from Europe any one,
" Our Oriental regions to explore;
" Fain to retrace alike the course begun
" By the mid land, extending wide before:
" Weening (its limits of such length appear)
" That it must join another hemisphere.

XXI.

" But in the course of circling years I view
" From farthest lands which catch the western ray,
" New Argonauts put forth, and Tiphys new
" Opening, till now an undiscovered way.
" Others I see coast Afric, and pursue
" So far the negroes' burning shore, that they
" Pass the far sign, from whence, on his return,
" The sun moves hither, leaving Capricorn[4];

XXII.

nd find the limit of this length of land,
" Which makes a single sea appear as two;
" Who, scouring in their frigates every strand,
" Pass Ind and Arab isles, or Persian through:
" Others I see who leave, on either hand,
" The banks, which stout Alcides cleft in two,
" And in the manner of the circling sun,
" To seek new lands and new creations run.

XXIII.

" The imperial flags and holy cross I know,
" Fixed on the verdant shore; see some upon
" The shattered barks keep guard, and others go
" A-field, by whom new countries will be won;
" Ten chase a thousand of the flying foe,
" Realms beyond Ind subdued by Arragon;
" And see all, wheresoe'er the warriors wend,
" To the fifth Charles' triumphant captains bend.

XXIV.

" That this way should be hidden was God's will
" Of old, and ere 'twas known long time should run;
" Nor will he suffer its discovery, till
" The sixth and seventh century be done.
" And he delays his purpose to fulfil,
" In that he would subject the world to one,
" The justest and most fraught with prudent lore
" Of emperors, since Augustus, or before.

XXV.

" Of Arragon and Austria's blood I see
" On the left bank of Rhine a monarch bred;
" No sovereign is so famed in history,
" Of all whose goodly deeds are heard or read.
" Astræa reïnthroned by him will be,—
" Rather restored to life, long seeming dead;
" And Virtues with her into exile sent,
" By him shall be recalled from banishment.

XXVI.

" For such desert, Heaven's bounty not alone
" Designs he should the imperial garland bear,—
" Augustus', Trajan's, Mark's, Severus', crown;
" But *that* of every farthest land should wear,
" Which here and there extends, as yet unknown,
" Yielding no passage to the sun and year;
" And wills that in his time Christ's scattered sheep
" Should be one flock, beneath one Shepherd's keep.

XXVII.

" And that this be accomplished with more ease,
" Writ in the skies from all eternity,
" Captains, invincible by lands and seas,
" Shall heavenly Providence to him supply.
" I mark Hernando Cortez bring, 'mid these,
" New cities under Cæsar's dynasty,
" And kingdoms in the Orient so remote,
" That we of these in India have no note[6].

XXVIII.

" With Prospero Colonna, puissant peer,
" A marquis of Pescara I behold;—
" A youth of Guasto next, who render dear
" Hesperia to the flower-de-luce of gold;
" I see prepared to enter the career
" This third, who shall the laurel win and hold;
" As a good horse before the rest will dart,
" And first attain the goal, though last to start[7].

XXIX.

" I see such faith, such valour in the deeds
" Of young Alphonso (such his name) confest,
" He in his unripe age,—nor he exceeds
" His sixth and twentieth year,—at Cæsar's hest,
" (Almighty trust) the imperial army leads:
" Saying which, Cæsar not alone the rest
" Of his fair empire saves, but may the world
" Reduce, with ensigns by this chief unfurled.

XXX.

" As with these captains, where the way by land
" Is free, he spreads the ancient empire's sway,
" So on the sea, which severs Europe's strand
" From Afric, open to the southern day,
" When with good Doria linked in friendly band,
" Victorious he shall prove in every fray.
" This is that Andrew Doria who will sweep
" From pirates, on all sides, your midland deep.

XXXI.

" Pompey, though he chased rovers everywhere,
" Was not his peer; for ill the thievish brood
" Vanquished by him, in puissance, could compare
" With the most mighty realm that ever stood.
" But Doria singly will of the corsair
" With his own forces purge the briny flood:
" So that I see each continent and isle
" Quake at his name, from Calpe to the Nile.

XXXII.

" Beneath the faith, beneath the warrantry
" Of the redoubted chief, of whom I say,
" I see Charles enter fertile Italy,
" To which this captain clears the monarch's way;
" But on his country, not himself, that fee
" Shall he bestow, which is his labours' pay;
" And beg her freedom, where himself perchance
" Another would to sovereign rule advance[8].

XXXIII.

" The pious love he bears his native land
" Honours him more than any battle's gain
" Which Julius ever won on Afric's strand,
" Or in thine isle[9], France, Thessaly, or Spain.
" Nor great Octavius does more praise command,
" Nor Anthony who jousted for the reign,
" With equal arms: in that the wrong outweighs
" —Done to their native land—their every praise.

XXXIV.

" Let these, and every other wight who tries
" To subject a free country, blush for shame,
" Nor dare in face of man to lift his eyes,
" Where he hears Andrew Doria's honoured name!
" To him I see Charles other meed supplies;
" For he beside his leaders' common claim,
" Bestows upon the chief the sumptuous state,
" Whence Norman bands their power in Puglia date[10].

XXXV.

" Not only to this captain courtesy
" Shall Charles display, still liberal of his store;
" But to all those who for the empery
" In his emprizes have not spared their gore.
" Him to bestow a town,—a realm—I see,
" Upon a faithful friend, rejoicing more,
" And on all such as have good service done,
" Than in new kingdom and new empire won."

XXXVI.

Thus of the victories, by land and main,
Which, when long course of years shall be complete,
Charles' worthy captains for their lord will gain,
Andronica did with Astolpho treat.
This while, now loosening, tightening now, the rein
On the eastern winds, which blow upon their fleet,
Making *this* serve or *that*, her comrade stands;
While the blasts rise or sink as she commands.

XXXVII.

This while they saw, as for their port they made,
How wide the Persian sea extends to sight;
Whence in few days the squadron was conveyed
Nigh the famed gulf from ancient Magi hight[11];
Here they found harbourage; and here were stayed
Their wandering barks, which stern to shore were dight.
Secure from danger from Alcina's wrath,
The duke by land continued hence his path.

XXXVIII.

He pricks through many a field and forest blind,
By many a vale and many a mountain gray;
Where robbers, now before and now behind,
Oft threat the peer by night or open day;
Lion and dragon oft of poisonous kind,
And other savage monsters cross his way:
But he no sooner has his bugle wound,
Than these are scared and scattered by the sound.

XXXIX.

Through Araby the blest he fares, where grow
Thickets of myrrh, and gums odòrous ooze,
Where the sole phœnix makes her nest, although
The world is all before her where to choose;
And to the avenging sea which whelmed the foe
Of Israël, his way the duke pursues;
In which King Pharaoh and his host were lost:
From whence he to the land of heroes crost[12].

XL.

Astolpho along Trajan's channel goes[13],
Upon that horse which has no earthly peer,
And moves so lightly, that the soft sand shows
No token of the passing cavalier;
Who prints not grass, prints not the driven snows,
—Who dry-shod would the briny billows clear,
And strains so nimbly in the course, he wind
And thunderbolt and arrow leaves behind:—

XLI.

Erst Argalìa's courser, which was born
From a close union of the wind and flame,
And, nourished not by hay or heartening corn,
Fed on pure air, and Rabican his name[14].
His way the bearer of the magic horn
Following, where Nile received that river, came;
But ère he at its outlet could arrive,
Towards him saw a pinnace swiftly drive.

XLII.

A hermit in the poop the bark did guide
With snowy beard descending to mid breast;
Who when from far the Paladin he spied,
Him to ascend his ready pinnace prest.
" My son, unless thou loathest life, (he cried)
" And wouldst that Death to-day thy course arrest,
" Content thee in my bark to cross the water;
" For yonder path conducts thee straight to slaughter.

XLIII.

" Within six miles, no further, shalt thou light
(Pursued the hermit) " on the bloody seat,
" Where dwells a giant, horrible to sight,
" Exceeding every stature by eight feet.
" From him wayfaring man or errant knight
" Would vainly hope with life to make retreat;
" For some the felon quarters, some he flays,
" And some he swallows quick, and some he slays [15].

XLIV.

" He, 'mid the cruel horrors he intends,
" Takes pleasure in a net, by cunning hands
" Contrived, which near his mansion he extends;
" So well concealed beneath the crumbling sands,
" That whoso uninstructed thither wends,
" Nought of the subtle mischief understands;
" And so the giant scares him with his cries,
" That he within the toils in terror flies;

XLV.

" Whom with loud laughter, to his seat hard by
" He drags along, enveloped in his snare;
" And knight and damsel views with equal eye,
" And for his prisoners' worth has little care.
" Then, having sucked their brains and life-blood dry,
" Casts forth their bones upon the desert lair;
" And round about his griesly palace pins,
" For horrid ornament, their bloody skins.

XLVI.

" Take this,—my son, oh! take this other way,
" Which thee will to the sea in safety guide."
" I thank thee, holy father, for thy say,
(To him the fearless cavalier replied)
" But cannot peril against honour weigh,
" Far dearer than my life. To the other side
" Me vainly dost thou move to pass the wave;
" Rather for this I seek the giant's cave.

XLVII.

" I with dishonour life to flight may owe;
" But worse than death loath thus to save my head.
" The worst that can befall me if I go,
" Is I my blood shall with the others shed:
" But if on me such mercy God bestow,
" That I remain alive, the giant dead,
" Secure for thousands shall I make the ways;
" So that the greater good the risque o'erpays.

XLVIII.

" I peril but the single life of one
" Against the safety of the countless rest."
—" Go then in peace," (the other said) " my son,
" And to thy succour, from among the blest,
" May God dispatch the Archangel Michael down."
—And him, with that, the simple hermit blest.
Astolpho pricks along Nile's rosy strand,
More in his horn confiding than his brand.

XLIX.

Between the mighty river and the fen,
A path upon the sandy shore doth lie,
Barred by the giant's solitary den,
Cut off from converse with humanity.
About it heads and naked limbs of men
Were fixed, the victims of his cruelty.
Window or battlement was not, whence strung,
Might not be seen some wretched prisoner hung.

L.

As in hill-farm or castle, fenced with moat,
The hunter, mindful what his dangers were,
Aye fastens on his door the shaggy coat
And horrid paws and monstrous head of bear[16];
So showed the giant those of greatest note,
Who, thither brought, had perished in his snare.
The bones of countless others wide were spread,
And every ditch with human blood was red.

LI.

Caligorant was standing at the gate
(For so was the despiteous monster hight);
Who decked his house with corpses, as for state
Some theirs with cloth of gold and scarlet dight.
He scarce contained himself for joy, so great
His pleasure, when the duke appeared in sight;
For 'twas two months complete, a third was near,
Since by that road had past a cavalier.

LII.

Towards the marish, where green rushes grow,
He hastes, intending from that covert blind
To double on his unsuspecting foe,
And issue on the cavalier behind:
For him to drive into the net, below
The sand, the griesly giant had designed;
As others trapt he had been wont to see,
Brought thither by their evil destiny.

LIII.

When him the wary paladin espied,
He stopt his courser, not without great heed,
Lest he into the covert snare might ride,
Forewarned of this by the good hermit's rede.
Here to his horn for succour he applied,
Nor failed its wonted virtue in this need:
It smote the giant's heart with such affright,
That he turned back, and homeward fled outright.

LIV.

Astolpho blew, still watchful of surprise,
Weening to see the engine sprung: fast flew
The giant,—as if heart as well as eyes
The thief had lost,—nor whitherward he knew:
Such is his fear, he kens not as he flies,
How his own covert mischief to eschew:
He runs into the net, which closing round,
Hampers the wretch, and drags him to the ground.

LV.

Astolpho, who beholds his bulky prey
Fall bodily, drives thither at full speed,
Secure himself, and, bent—to make him pay
The price of slaughtered thousands—quits his steed.
Yet after, deems a helpless wight to slay
No valour were, but rather foul misdeed:
For him, arms, neck, and feet, so closely tied,
He could not shake himself, the warrior spied.

LVI.

With subtle thread of steel had Vulcan wrought
The net of old, and with such cunning pain,
He, who to break its weakest mesh had sought,
Would have bestowed his time and toil in vain.
It was with this he Mars and Venus caught,
Who, hands and feet, were fettered by the chain:
Nor did the jealous husband weave the thread
For aught, but to surprise that pair in bed.

LVII.

Mercury from the smith conveyed the prize,
Wanting to take young Chloris in the snare;
Sweet Chloris, who behind Aurora flies,
At rise of sun, through fields of liquid air,
And from her gathered garment, through the skies,
Scatters the violet, rose, and lily fair.
He for this nymph his toils so deftly set,
One day, in air he took her with the net.

LVIII.

The nymph (it seems) was taken as she flew,
Where the great Æthiop river meets the brine:
The net was treasured in Canopus, through
Successive ages, in Anubis' shrine.
After three thousand years, Caligorant drew
The sacred relict from the place divine:
Whence with the net the impious thief returned,
Who robbed the temple and the city burned,

LIX.

He fixed it here, beneath the sandy plain,
In mode, that all the travellers whom he chased
Ran into it, and the engine was with pain
Touched, ere it arms, and feet, and neck embraced.
From this the good Astolpho took a chain,
And with the gyve his hands behind him laced:
His arms and breast he swaddled in such guise,
He could not loose himself; then let him rise.

LX.

After, his other knots unfastening,
(For he was turned more gentle than a maid)
Astolpho, as a show, the thief would bring,
By city, borough-town, and farm conveyed;
The net as well; than which no quainter thing
Was ever by the file and hammer made.
On him, like sumpter-nag he laid the load,
In triumph led, behind him, on his road.

LXI.

Him helm and shield he gives alike to bear,
As to a valet; hence proceeds the peer,
Gladdening the fearful pilgrim every where,
Who joys to think, henceforth his way is clear.
So far an end does bold Astolpho fare,
He is to Memphis' tombs already near,—
Memphis renowned for pyramids; in sight,
He marks the populous Cairo opposite.

LXII.

Ran all the people in tumultuous tide,
To see him drag the unmeasured wight along.
"How can it be," (each to his fellow cried)
"That one so weak could master one so strong?"
Scarce can Astolpho put the press aside,
So close from every part their numbers throng;
While all admire him as a cavalier
Of mighty worth, and make him goodly cheer

LXIII.

Then Cairo was not such, as common cry
Pronounces in our age that costly seat;
—That eighteen thousand districts ill supply
Lodging to those who in her markets meet;
—And though the houses are three stories high,
Numbers are forced to sleep in the open street;
And that the soldan has a palace there
Of wonderous size, and passing rich and fair;

LXIV.

And therein (Christian renegadoes all)
Keeps fifteen thousand vassals, for his needs,
Beneath one roof supplied with bower and stall,
Themselves, and wives, and families, and steeds.
The duke desired to see the river's fall,
And how far Nile into the sea proceeds,
At Damietta; where wayfaring wight,
He heard, was prisoner made or slain outright.

LXV.

For at Nile's outlet there, beside his bed,
A sturdy thief was sheltered in a tower,
Alike the native's and the stranger's dread,
Wont even to Cairo's gate the road to scower.
Him no one could resist, and, it was said,
That man to slay the felon had no power.
A hundred thousand wounds he had in strife
Received, yet none could ever take his life.

LXVI.

To see if he could break the thread which tied
The felon's life, upon his way the knight
Set forward, and to Damietta hied,
To find Orrilo, so the thief was hight;
Thence to the river's outlet past, and spied
The sturdy castle on the margin dight;
Harboured in which the enchanted demon lay,
The fruit of a hobgoblin and a fay.

LXVII.

He here Orrilo and two knights in mail
Found at fierce strife: the two ill held their own
Against him; so Orrilo did assail
The warlike pair, although himself alone;
And how much either might in arms avail,
Fame through the universal world had blown.
Of Oliviero's seed was either plant;
Gryphon the white, and sable Aquilant.

LXVIII.

The necromancer had this while (to say
The truth) with vantage on his side, begun
The fight, who brought a monster to the fray,
Found only in those parts, and wont to won
Ashore or under water, and to prey,
For food, on human bodies; feeding on
Poor mariners and travelling men, who fare,
Of the impending danger unaware.

LXIX.

The monster, slaughtered by the brethren two,
Upon the sand beside the haven lies;
And hence no wrong they to Orrilo do,
Assailing him together in this guise.
Him they dismembered often and not slew:
Nor he,—because dismembered,—ever dies;
For he replaces leg or hand like wax,
Which the good faulchion from his body hacks[17].

LXX.

Gryphon and Aquilant by turns divide,
Now to the teeth, now breast, the enchanted wight.
The fruitless blow Orrilo does deride,
While the two baffled warriors rage for spite.
Let him who falling silver has espied
(Which mercury by alchymists is hight)
Scatter, and reunite each broken member,
Hearing my tale, what he has seen remember.

LXXI.

If the thief's head be severed by the pair,
He lights and staggers till he finds it; now,
Uptaken by the nose or by the hair,
And fastened to the neck, I know not how.
This sometimes Gryphon takes, and, whirled through air,
Whelms in the stream; but bootless is the throw:
For like a fish can fierce Orrilo swim;
And safely, with the head, regains the brim.

LXXII.

Two ladies, meetly clad in fair array,
One damsel was in black and one in white[18],
And who had been the occasion of that fray,
Stood by to gaze upon the cruel fight:
Either of these was a benignant fay,
Whose care had nourished one and the other knight,
Oliver's children; when the babes forlorn
They from the claws of two huge birds had torn.

LXXIII.

Since, from Gismonda they had these conveyed,
Borne to a distance from their native sky.
But more to say were needless, since displaid
To the whole world has been their history.
Though the author has the father's name mis-said;
One for another (how I know not, I)
Mistaking. Now this fearful strife the pair
Of warriors waged at both the ladies' prayer.

LXXIV.

Though it was noon in the happy islands, day
Had vanished in this clime, displaced by night;
And, underneath the moon's uncertain ray,
And ill-discerned, were all things hid from sight;
When to the fort Orrilo took his way.
Since both the sable sister and the white
Were pleased the furious battle to defer,
Till a new sun should in the horizon stir.

LXXV.

The duke, who by their ensigns, and yet more
Had by the sight of many a vigorous blow,
Gryphon and Aquilant long time before
Agnized, to greet the brethren was not slow:
And they, who in the peer, victorious o'er
The giant, whom he led a captive, know
The BARON OF THE PARD, (so styled at court)
Him to salute, with no less love resort.

LXXVI.

The ladies to repose the warriors led
To a fair palace near, their sumptuous seat:
Thence issuing courtly squire and damsel sped,
Them with lit torches in mid-way to meet.
Their goodly steeds they quit, there well bested,
Put off their arms, and in a garden sweet
Discern the ready supper duly laid
Fast by, where a refreshing fountain played.

LXXVII.

Here they bid bind the giant on the green,
Fast-tethered by a strong and weighty chain
To a tough oak, whose ancient trunk they ween
May well be proof against a single strain;
With that, by ten good serjeants overseen,
Lest he by night get loose, and so the train
Assault and haply harm; while careless they
Without a guard and unsuspecting lay.

LXXVIII.

At the abundant and most sumptuous board,
With costly viands (its least pleasure) fraught,
The longest topic for discourse afford
Orrilo's prowess, and the marvel wrought;
For head or arm dissevered by the sword,
They (who upon the recent wonder thought)
Might think a dream to see him reunite,
And but return more furious to the fight.

LXXIX.

Astolpho in his book had found exprest
(That which prescribed a remedy for spell)
How he who of one hair deprived the pest
Only could him in battle hope to quell:
But this plucked out or sheared, he from his breast
Parforce the felon's spirit would expell.
So says the volume; but instructs not where,
'Mid locks so thickly set, to find the hair.

LXXX.

The duke no less with hope of conquest glows
Than if the palm he has already won;
As he that hopes with small expense of blows
To pluck the hair, the wizard-wight undone[19].
Hence does he to the youthful pair propose
The burden of that enterprize upon
Himself to take: Orrilo will he slay,
If the two brethren nought the intent gainsay.

LXXXI.

But willingly to him these yield the emprize,
Assured his toil will be bestowed in vain;
And now a new Aurora climbs the skies,
And from his walls Orrilo on the plain
Drops,—and the strife begins—Orrilo plies
The mace, the duke the sword; he 'mid a rain
Of strokes would from the body at one blow
Divorce the spirit of the enchanted foe:

LXXXII.

Together with the mace he lops the fist;
And now this arm, now the other falls to ground;
Sometimes he cleaves the corslet's iron twist,
And piecemeal shears and maims the felon round.
Orrilo re-unites the portions missed,
Found on the champagne, and again is sound:
And, though into a hundred fragments hewed,
Astolpho sees him, in a thought, renewed.

LXXXIII.

After a thousand blows, Astolpho sped
One stroke, above the shoulders and below
The chin, which lopt away both helm and head:
Nor lights the duke less swiftly than his foe.
Then grasps the hair defiled with gore and red,
Springs in a moment on his horse, and lo!
Up-stream with it along Nile's margin hies,
So that the thief cannot retake the prize.

LXXXIV.

That fool, who had not marked the warrior's feat,
Was searching in the dust to find his head;
But when he heard the charger in retreat,
Who through the forest with the plunder fled,
Leapt quickly into his own courser's seat,
And in pursuit of bold Astolpho sped.
Fain had Orrilo shouted "Hola! stay!"
But that the duke had borne his mouth away:

LXXXV.

Yet pleased Astolpho had not in like guise
Borne off his heels, pursues with flowing rein.
Him Rabican, who marvellously flies,
Distances by a mighty length of plain.
This while the wizard's head Astolpho eyes
From poll to front, above the eyebrows twain,
Searching, in haste, if he the hair can see
Which makes Orrilo's immortality.

LXXXVI.

Amid innumerable locks, no hair
Straiter or crisper than the rest was seen.
How then should good Astolpho, in his care
To slay the thief, so many choose between?
"To cut them all (he said) it better were."
And since he scissors lacked and razor keen,
He wanting these, resorted to his glaive,
Which cut so well, it might be said to shave;

LXXXVII.

And, holding, by the nose, the severed head,
Close-sheared it all, behind and eke before.
He found, among the rest, the fatal thread.
Then pale became the visage, changing sore,
Turned up its eyes, and signals sore and dread
Of the last agony of nature wore;
And the headless body seated in the sell,
Shuddered its last, and from the courser fell.

LXXXVIII.

The duke returns where he the champions two
And dames had left, the trophy in his hand,
Which manifests of death the tokens true;
And shows the distant body on the sand.
I know not if they this with pleasure view,
Though him they welcome with demeanour bland:
For the intercepted victory might pain
Perchance inflict upon the envying twain.

LXXXIX.

Nor do I think that either gentle fay
With pleasure could that battle's issue see:
Since those kind dames, because they would delay
The doleful fate which shortly was to be
In France the brethren's lot, had in that fray
With fierce Orrilo matched the warriors free;
And so to occupy the pair had cast,
Till the sad influence of the skies were past.

XC.

When to the castellan was certified
In Damietta, that the thief was dead,
He loosed a carrier-pigeon, having tied
Beneath her wing a letter by a thread[20].
She went to Cairo; and, to scatter wide
The news, another from that town was sped
(Such is the usage there); so, Egypt through,
In a few hours the joyful tidings flew.

XCI.

As he had brought the adventure to an end,
The duke now sought the noble youths to stir,
(Though of themselves that way their wishes tend,
Nor they to whet that purpose need the spur)
That they the Church from outrage to defend,
And rights of Charles, the Roman Emperor,
Would cease to war upon that Eastern strand,
And would seek honour in their native land.

XCII.

Gryphon and Aquilant thus bid adieu,
One and the other, to his lady fair;
Who, though it sorely troubled them, ill knew
How to resist the wishes of the pair.
The duke, together with the warlike two,
Turns to the right, resolved to worship, where
God erst incarnate dwelt, the holy places,
Ere he to cherished France his way retraces.

XCIII.

The warriors to the left-hand might incline,
As plainer and more full of pleasant cheer,
Where still along the sea extends their line;
But take the right-hand path, abrupt and drear;
Since the chief city of all Palestine,
By six days' journey, is, through this, more near.
Water there is along this rugged track,
And grass; all other needful matters lack.

XCIV.

So that, before they enter on their road,
All that is needful they collect, and lay
Upon the giant's back the bulky load,
Who could a tower upon his neck convey.
The Holy Land a mountain-summit showed,
At finishing their rough and salvage way;
Where HEAVENLY LOVE a willing offering stood,
And washed away our errors with his blood.

XCV.

They, at the entrance of the city, view
A gentle stripling; and in him the three
Agnize Sir Sansonet of Mecca, who
Was, in youth's flower, for sovereign chivalry,
For sovereign goodness, famed the country through,
And wise beyond his years: from paganry
Converted by Orlando to the truth,
Who had, with his own hands, baptized the youth.

XCVI.

Designing there a fortilage, in front
Of Egypt's caliph they the warrior found;
And with a wall two miles in length, the mount
Of Calvary intending to surround.
Received with such a countenance, as is wont
To be of inward love the surest ground,
Them he conducted to his royal home,
And, with all comfort, harboured in the dome.

XCVII.

As deputy, the sainted land he swayed,
Conferred on him by Charlemagne, in trust.
To him the English duke a present made
Of that so sturdy and unmeasured beast,
That it ten draught-horse burdens had conveyed;
So monstrous was the giant and robust.
Astolpho gave the giant, and next gave
The net, in which he took the unwieldy slave.

XCVIII.

In quittance, Sansonet, his sword to bear,
Gave a rich girdle to Astolpho bold,
And spurs for either heel, a costly pair,
With buckles and with rowels made of gold;
Which ('twas believed) the warrior's relicts were,
Who freed the damsel from that dragon old;
Spoils, which Sir Sansonet, with many more,
From Joppa, when he took the city, bore[21].

XCIX.

Cleansed of their errors in a monastery,
From whence the odour of good works upwent,
They of Christ's passion every mystery
Contemplating, through all the churches went;
Which now, to our eternal infamy,
Foul Moors usurp; what time on strife intent,
All Europe rings with arms and martial deeds,
And war is everywhere but where it needs.

C.

While grace the warlike three devoutly sought,
Intent on pardon and on pious lore,
A Grecian pilgrim, known to Gryphon, brought
Tidings, which ill the afflicted champion bore,
From his long-cherished vow and former thought,
Too foreign, too remote; and these so sore
Inflamed his troubled breast, and bred such care,
They wholly turned aside his mind from prayer.

CI.

For his misfortune, one of lovely feature
Sir Gryphon worshipped, Origilla hight[92].
Of fairer visage and of better stature,
Not one among a thousand meets the sight:
But faithless, and of such an evil nature,
That thou mightst town and city search outright,
And continent and island, far and near,
Yet, never, as I think, wouldst find her peer.

CII.

In Constantine's imperial city, burned
With a fierce fever, he had left the fair;
And hoped to find her, to that place returned,
Lovelier than ever; and enjoy her there.
But she to Antioch (as the warrior learned)
Had with another leman made repair;
Thinking, while such fresh youth was yet her own,
'Twere not a thing to brook—to sleep alone.

CIII.

Sir Gryphon, from the time he heard the news
Had evermore bemoaned him, day or night:
Whatever pleasure other wight pursues
Seems but the more to vex his troubled sprite.
Let each reflect, who to his mischief woos,
How keenly tempered are Love's darts of might.
And, heavier than all ills, the torment fell,
In that he was ashamed his grief to tell.

CIV.

This; for that Aquilant had oft before
Reproved him for the passion which he nursed,
And sought to banish her from his heart's core;
—Her, who of all bad women is the worst,
He still had censured, in his wiser lore.
If by his brother Aquilant accurst,
Her Gryphon, in his partial love, excuses;
For mostly self-conceit our sense abuses.

CV.

It therefore is his purpose, without say
To Aquilant, alone to take the quest
As far as Antioch, and bear her away,
Who had borne off his heart-core from his breast:
To find him, who had made the dame his prey,
And take such vengeance of him, ere he rest,
As shall for aye be told. My next will tell
How he effected this, and what befell.

NOTES TO CANTO XV.

1.

You, sir, earned worthy praise, when you o'erbore
The lion of such might by sea, and so
Did by him, where he guarded either shore
From Francolino to the mouth of Pò,
That I, though yet again I heard him roar,
If you were present, should my fear forego.
How fields are fitly won was then made plain;
For we were rescued, and your foemen slain.

Stanza ii.

He alludes to the victory obtained at Francolino, about forty miles above the mouth of the Pò; to which he had before referred. See notes to canto iii.

2.

Quitting the port and smoother waves, they stand
To sea, with favouring wind which blows astern;
And (coasting) round the rich and populous land
Of odoriferous Ind the vessels turn,
Opening a thousand isles on either hand,
Scattered about that sea, till they discern
The land of Thomas; here the pilot veers
His ready tiller, and more northward steers.

Stanza xvi.

The geography is here wofully confused; and Astolpho cannot

be followed even on the map: for east and west are confounded in this course. But reasoning from some of Ariosto's descriptions, it would seem that he had attempted to graft the discoveries of Marco Polo upon the map of Ptolemy.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the land of Thomas is the Malabar Coast, where St. Thomas, the companion of our Saviour, was supposed to have preached the Gospel, and where Vasco de Gama found a species of Christianity established.

3.

Astolpho, furrowing that ocean hoar,
Marks, as he coasts, the wealthy land at ease.
Ganges amid the whitening waters roar,
Nigh skirting now the golden Chersonese;
Taprobana with Cori next, and sees
The frith which chafes against its double shore;
Makes distant Cochin, and with favouring wind
Issues beyond the boundaries of Ind.

Stanza xvii.

The golden Chersonese of Ptolemy has been conjectured to be the kingdom of Sumatra; I think, with reason, nor does the fact of its being an island necessarily militate against such a supposition; for the neck of land, which connects it with *terra firma*, is very narrow; and navigators have in all ages mistaken peninsulas for islands, and islands for peninsulas. Thus, Van Diemen's Land was supposed to be a part of the continent of New Holland, till the (comparatively speaking) late penetration of Bass's Straits.

Taprobana is the island of Ceylon, and Cori is, I suppose, Cape Comorin. The sea, which

" frets between two shores,"

must be the strait between.

Cochin China is here placed at the western instead of the eastern extremity of India; for it must be recollected that Astolpho was directing his flight westward.

4.

" *Pass the far sign, from whence, on his return,*
" *The sun moves hither, leaving Capricorn.*
Stanza xxi. lines 7 and 8.

This is, I suppose, the *Ram*, in which the sun passes the Equinoctial Line towards the north.

5.

" *Of Arragon and Austria's blood I see*
" *On the left bank of Rhine a monarch bred;*
" *No sovereign is so famed in history,*
" *Of all whose goodly deeds are heard or read.*
" *Astræa reinthroned by him will be,—*
" *Rather restored to life, long seeming dead;*
" *And Virtues with her into exile sent,*
" *By him shall be recalled from banishment.*
Stanza xxv.

Charles the Fifth, who was born at Ghent.

6.

" *And kingdoms in the Orient so remote,*
" *That we of these in India have no note.*
Stanza xxvii. lines 7 and 8.

The reader will recollect that Columbus expected to reach the East Indies by steering due west, and that America was long considered as the western extremity of the East Indies.

7.

" *With Prospero Colonna, puissant peer,*
" *A marquis of Pescara I behold;—*
" *A youth of Guasto next, who render dear*
" *Hesperia to the flower-de-luce of gold;*
" *I see prepared to enter the career*
" *This third, who shall the laurel win and hold;*
" *As a good horse before the rest will dart,*
" *And first attain the goal, though last to start.*
Stanza xxviii.

The names of Prospero Colonna and the great Pescara are

of too frequent occurrence in the history of Charles the Fifth to require a comment. For the youth of Vasto * or Guasto, as he is usually called by tramontanes (and in the Italian text *un giovane del Vasto*), I do not know how or when he deserved the praise ascribed to him in the succeeding stanza, though he certainly served with much distinction in those Italian wars. But Ariosto inserted this digression, which is a graft on the original poem, in the spirit of a courtier; and it must be recollected, that even where there are no suspicious motives for exaggeration, an extravagant value is often attached to recent actions, which are of little importance in the judgment of posterity.

8.

" *Beneath the faith, beneath the warrantry*
" *Of the redoubted chief, of whom I say,*
" *I see Charles enter fertile Italy,*
" *To which this captain clears the monarch's way;*
" *But on his country, not himself, that fee*
" *Shall he bestow, which is his labours' pay;*
" *And beg her freedom, where himself perchance*
" *Another would to sovereign rule advance.*

Stanza xxxii.

The poet alludes to the emperor Charles V. having been conducted by Doria's galleys from Barcelona to Genoa, from whence he was escorted by him to Bologna, in which town he received from Pope Clement the crown of the empire.

He might have made himself arbitrary in Genoa by the assistance of Charles.

9.

Or in thine isle, &c.

Stanza xxxiii. line 4.

Meaning England. Astolpho was an Englishman.

* The Vasto from which he was entitled is *Vasto Aimone*, a city in the Abbruzzi, which was the property of the Pescara family.

10.

" *Bestows upon the chief the sumptuous state,*
" *Whence Norman bands their power in Puglia date.*
Stanza xxxiv. lines 7 and 8.

I will observe, in illustration of these lines, that Charles V. conferred on him the principality of Melsi in Puglia.

11.

Nigh the famed gulf from ancient Magi hight.
Stanza xxxvii. line 4.

Foscari informs us that a gulf in the Persian sea was so called.

12.

From whence he to the land of heroes crost.
Stanza xxxix. line 8.

The poet must mean Egypt; but I do not know why he styles it the land of heroes: perhaps as the land of the Ptolemies, or perhaps as distinguished by the exploits of the crusaders.

13.

Astolpho along Trajan's channel goes.
Stanza xl. line 1.

The canal by which Trajan connected the Nile and the Red Sea.

14.

Fed on pure air, and Rabican his name.
Stanza xli. line 4.

For the birth and breeding of Rabican see the Innamorato.

15.

" *Within six miles, no further, shalt thou light*
(*Pursued the hermit*) " *on the bloody seat,*
" *Where dwells a giant, horrible to sight,*
" *Exceeding every stature by eight feet.*
" *From him wayfaring man or errant knight*
" *Would vainly hope with life to make retreat;*
" *For some the felon quarters, some he flays,*
" *And some he swallows quick, and some he slays.*

Stanza xliii.

This episode of Caligorant, we are told, is an odd allegory which relates to a heretic author of the day, who entangled men in his sophistries, as the giant does in his net, and whose defeat and conversion are typified in Caligorant's capture and subsequent docility.

16.

As in hill-farm or castle, fenced with moat,
The hunter, mindful what his dangers were,
Aye fastens on his door the shaggy coat
And horrid paws and monstrous head of bear;
So showed the giant those of greatest note,
Who, thither brought, had perished in his snare.
The bones of countless others wide were spread,
And every ditch with human blood was red.

Stanza 1.

These horrible ornaments of buildings are not unprecedented in the old romances and fabliaux. In Sir *Libius Disconnus* (le beau desconnu, or beautiful unknown) we have a specimen of them, as well as in the " *Mule without a bridle*," the best versified of all the fabliaux translated by Mr. Way.

These works, I have already observed (making a due allowance for exaggeration), reflect the real manners of the times; and some are now alive who can recollect a relique of this custom in the heads exposed over Temple Bar.

Mr. George Ellis would seem to conjecture that the singular capitals of columns which encircle one of the public buildings

of the university of Oxford originated in this usage; and I think the conjecture is well grounded.

Cacus may have suggested the idea, who ornamented his house with such filthy decorations.

Semperque recenti,
Cæde tepebat humus; foribus affixa superbis
Ora virûm tristi pallebant pallida tabo.

ÆNEID. lib. vii.

17.

The monster, slaughtered by the brethren two,
Upon the sand beside the haven lies;
And hence no wrong they to Orrilo do,
Assailing him together in this guise.
Him they dismembered often and not slew:
Nor he, because dismembered, ever dies;
For he replaces leg or hand like wax,
Which the keen faulchion from his body hacks.

Stanza lxix.

They did no wrong to Orrilo, because he had brought an assistant into the field, and the match had been two against two.

The feat related of Orrilo has a parallel in "*Mule without a bridle.*"

Swift as he spoke, Sir Gawain whirled his blade,
And at his feet the grisly mass was laid.
What words can paint his wonder, to behold,
As the huge head along the pavement rolled,
The trunk pursue, the severed parts unite,
And the whole man pass suddenly from sight? &c.

Way's Fabliaux, line 221.

18.

Two ladies, meetly clad in fair array,
One damsel was in black and one in white.

Stanza lxxii. lines 1 and 2.

See the Innamorato for the story of these two fairies.

19.

The duke no less with hope of conquest glows
Than if the palm he has already won;
As he that hopes with small expense of blows
To pluck the hair, the wizard-wight undone.

Stanza lxxx. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Here Ariosto was evidently indebted to the classical fable of King Nisus, whose life depended on a purple hair.

20.

When to the castellan was certified
In Damietta, that the thief was dead,
He loosed a carrier-pigeon, having tied
Beneath her wing a letter by a thread.
She went to Cairo; and, to scatter wide
The news, another from that town was sped;
(Such is the usage there) so Egypt through,
In a few hours the joyful tidings flew.

Stanza xc.

It is curious to observe how confined customs often are, though perhaps easy in practice, and of general utility. Ariosto speaks of the use of pigeons in carrying dispatches, as if it was in his time peculiar to Egypt. Tasso also speaks of it as of a custom exclusively oriental, in the same manner, observing, upon Godfrey's intercepting a letter which a pigeon was carrying to the enemy, that it was

Data in custodia al portator volante:
Chè tai messi in quel tempo usò il Levante.
La Gerusalemme liberata, canto xviii. lines 7 and 8.

Confided to the flying courier's care,
Then wont dispatches in the East to bear.

And an Italian gentleman of my acquaintance, of no common information, once asked me if it was true that pigeons were applied to this purpose in England.

21.

Which, ('twas believed) the warrior's relicts were,
Who freed the damsel from that dragon old;
Spoils, which Sir Sansonet, with many more,
From Joppa, when he took the city, bore.
Stanza xcviii. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

That is of St. George, our tutelary saint.

22.

For his misfortune, one of lovely feature
Sir Gryphon worshipped, Origilla hight.
Stanza ci. lines 1 and 2.

Origilla makes a very conspicuous figure in Boiardo as a worthless coquette. See the Innamorato, book i.; in which she seduces even the lover of Angelica from his allegiance, and the contrast between her malice and Orlando's simplicity is infinitely comic.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVI

ARGUMENT.

Gryphon finds traiterous Origilla nigh
Damascus city, with Martano vile.
Slaughtered the Saracens and Christians lie
By thousands and by thousands heaped this while;
And if the Moors outside of Paris die,
Within the Sarzan so destroys each pile,
Such slaughter deals, that greater ill than this
Never before has been exprest, I wiss.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVI.

I.

Love's penalties are manifold and dread:
Of which I have endured the greater part,
And, to my cost, in these so well am read,
That I can speak of them as 'twere my art.
Hence if I say, or if I ever said,
(Did speech or living page my thoughts impart)
'One ill is grievous and another light,'
Yield me belief, and deem my judgment right.

II.

I say, I said, and, while I live, will say,
'He, who is fettered by a worthy chain,
'Though his desire his lady should gainsay,
'And, every way averse, his suit disdain;
'Though Love deprive him of all promised pay,
'After long time and trouble spent in vain,
'He, if his heart be placed well-worthily,
'Needs not lament though he should waste and die.'

III.

Let him lament, who plays a slavish part,
Whom two bright eyes and lovely tresses please;
Beneath which beauties lurks a wanton heart
With little that is pure, and much of lees.
The wretch would fly; but bears in him a dart,
Like wounded stag, whichever way he flees;
Dares not confess, yet cannot quench, his flame,
And of himself and worthless love has shame.

IV.

The youthful Gryphon finds him in this case,
Who sees the error which he cannot right;
He sees how vilely he his heart does place
On faithless Origille, his vain delight:
Yet evil use doth sovereign reason chase,
And free-will is subdued by appetite.
Though a foul mind the lady's actions speak,
Her, wheresoe'er she is, must Gryphon seek.

V.

Resuming the fair history, I say,
Out of the city he in secret rode;
Nor to his brother would his plan bewray,
Who oft on him had vain reproof bestowed:
But to the left t'wards Ramah shaped his way,
By the most level and most easy road.
Him six days' journey to Damascus brought,
Whence, setting out anew, he Antioch sought.

VI.

He nigh Damascus met the lover, who
Perfidious Origilla's heart possest,
And matched in evil customs were the two,
Like stalk and flower: for that in either's breast
Was lodged a fickle heart; the dame untrue,
And he a traitor whom she loved the best.
While both the lovers hid their nature base,
To others' cost, beneath a courteous face.

VII.

As I relate to you, the cavalier
Came on huge courser, trapped with mickle pride;
With faithless Origille, in gorgeous gear,
With gold embroidered, and with azure dyed.
Two ready knaves, who serve the warrior, rear
The knightly helm and buckler at his side;
As one who with fair pomp and semblance went
Towards Damascus, to a tournament.

VIII.

Damascus' king a splendid festival
Had in these days bid solemnly proclaim;
And with what pomp they could, upon his call,
Thither, in shining arms, the champions came.
At Gryphon's sight the harlot's spirits fall,
Who fears that he will work her scathe and shame;
And knows her lover has not force and breath
To save her from Sir Gryphon, threatening death:

IX.

But like most cunning and audacious quean,
Although she quakes from head to foot with fear,
Her voice so strengthens, and so shapes her mien,
That in her face no signs of dread appear.
Having already made her leman ween
The trick devised, she feigns a joyous cheer,
Towards Sir Gryphon goes, and for long space
Hangs on his neck, fast-locked in her embrace.

X.

She, after suiting with much suavity
The action to the word, sore-weeping, cried:
" Dear lord, is this the guerdon due to me,
" For love and worship? that I should abide
" Alone, one live-long year, deprived of thee,
" —A second near—and, yet upon thy side
" No grief?—and had I borne for thee to stay,
" I know not if I should have seen that day.

XI.

" When I from Nicosià thee expected
" (When thou wast journeying to the plenar court)[1]
" To cheer me,—left with fever sore infected,
" And in the dread of death,—I heard report
" That thou wast gone to Syria; and dejected
" By that ill tiding, suffered in such sort,
" I, all unable to pursue thy quest,
" Had nigh with this right-hand transfixt my breast.

XII.

" But Fortune, by her double bounty, shows
" She guards me more than thou: me to convey
" She sent my brother here, who with me goes,
" My honour safe in his protecting stay;
" And this encounter with thee now bestows,
" Which I above all other blessings weigh,
" And in good time; for hadst thou longer stayed,
" My lord, I should have died of hope delayed."

XIII.

The wicked woman, full of subtlety
(Worse than a fox in crafty hardihood)
Pursues, and so well shapes her history,
She wholly throws the blame on Gryphon good;
Makes him believe that other not to be
Her kin alone, but of her flesh and blood,
Got by one father;—and so puts upon
The knight, that he less credits Luke and John.

XIV.

Nor he the fraud of her, more false than fair,
Only forbore with just reproach to pay;
Nor only did the threatened stranger spare,
Who was the lover of that lady gay;
But deemed to excuse himself sufficient were,
Turning some portion of the blame away;
And as the real brother she profest,
Unceasingly the lady's knight carest;

XV.

And to Damascus, with the cavalier
Returned, who to Sir Gryphon made report,
'That Syria's wealthy king, with sumptuous cheer,
'Within that place would hold a splendid court;
'And who, baptized or infidel, appear
'There at his tourney (of whatever sort),
'Within the city and without, assures
'From wrong, for all the time the feast endures.'

XVI.

Yet I of Origilla's treachery
Shall not so steadfastly pursue the lore,
Who, famed not for one single perfidy,
Thousands and thousands had betrayed before,
But that I will return again to see
Two hundred-thousand wretched men or more
Burnt by the raging wild-fire, where they spread,
About the walls of Paris, scathe and dread.

XVII.

I left you where king Agramant prepared
To storm a gate, and to the assault was gone:
This he had hoped to find without a guard;
And work elsewhere to bar the way was none.
For there, in person, Charles kept watch and ward
With many, practised warriors every one;
Two Angelines, two Guidos, Angelier,
Avino, Avolio, Otho, and Berlinghier.

XVIII.

One and the other host its worth, before
Charles and king Agramant, desire to show,
Where praise, where riches are, they think, in store
For those that do their duty on the foe.
But such were not the atchievements of the Moor
As to repair the loss; for, to his woe,
Full many a Saracen the champaign prest;
Whose folly was a beacon to the rest.

XIX.

The frequent darts a storm of hail appear,
Which from the city-wall the Christians fling;
The deafening clamours put the heavens in fear,
Which, from our part, and from that other, ring.
But Charles and Agramant must wait; for here
I of the Mars of Africa will sing,
King Rodomont, that fierce and fearful man,
That through the middle of the city ran.

XX.

I know not, sir, if you the adventure dread
Of that so daring Moor to mind recall,
The leader, who had left his people dead,
Between the second work and outer wall;
Upon whose limbs the ravening fire so fed,
Was never sight more sad!—I told withal,
How vaulting o'er that hindrance at a bound,
He cleared the moat which girt the city round.

XXI.

When he was known the thickening crowd among,
By the strange arms he wore and scaly hide,
There, where the aged sires and feebler throng,
Listened to each new tale on every side;
Heaven-high groan, moan, and lamentation rung,
And loud they beat their lifted palms and cried:
While those who had the strength to fly aloof,
Sought safety not from house or temple's roof.

XXII.

But this the cruel sword concedes to few,
So brandished by that Saracen robust;
And here, with half a leg dissevered, flew
A foot, there head divided from the bust:
This cleft across, and that behold him hew,
From head to hips, so strong the blow and just.
While, of the thousands wounded by the Moor,
Is none that shows an honest scar before.

XXIII.

What by weak herd, in fields of Hircany,
The tiger does, or Indian Ganges near,
Or wolf, by lamb or kid, on heights which lie
On Typheus' back, the cruel cavalier[2]
Now executes on those, I will not, I
Call phalanxes or squadrons, but a mere
Rabble, that I should term a race forlorn,
Who but deserved to die ere they were born.

XXIV.

Of all he cuts, and thrusts, and maims, and bleeds,
There is not one who looks him in the face.
Throughout that street, which in a straight line leads
Up to St. Michael's bridge, so thronged a space,
Rodomont, terrible and fearful, speeds,
Whirling his bloody brand, nor grants he grace,
In his career, to servant or to lord[2];
And saint and sinner feel alike the sword.

XXV.

Religion cannot for the priest bespeak
Mercy, nor innocence avail the child[3]:
Nor gently beaming eyes, nor vermeil cheek,
Protect the blooming dame or damsel mild.
Age smites its breast and flies: while bent to wreak
Vengeance, the Saracen, with gore defiled,
Shows not his valour more than cruel rage,
Heedless alike of order, sex, and age.

XXVI.

Nor the impious king alone with human blood,
—Lord of the impious he—his hand distains,
But even on walls so sorely vents his mood,
He fires fair houses, and polluted fanes.
The houses almost all were made of wood,
Then (as 'tis told) and this, by what remains,
May be believed; for yet in Paris we
Six out of ten no better builded see.

XXVII.

Though flames demolish all things far and wide,
This ill appears his furious hate to slake:
Where'er the paynim has his hands applied,
He tumbles down a roof at every shake.
My lord, believe, you never yet espied
Bombard in Padua, of so large a make,
That it could rend from wall of battered town
What, at a single pull, the king plucked down.

XXVIII.

While the accursed man, amid the rout,
So warred with fire and sword, if at his post,
King Agramant had prest it from without,
The ample city had that day been lost.
But he was hindered by the warrior stout,
Who came from England with the advancing host,
Composed of English and of Scotch allied,
With Silence and the Angel for their guide.

XXIX.

It was God's will, that while through town and tower
The furious Rodomont such ruin spread,
Thither arrived Rinaldo, Clermont's flower.
Three leagues above, he o'er the river's bed
Had cast a bridge; from whence his English power
To the left-hand by crooked ways he led;
That, meaning to assail the barbarous foes,
The stream no obstacle might interpose.

XXX.

Rinaldo had, with Edward, sent a force,
Six thousand strong, of archer-infantry,
And sped, with Ariman, two thousand horse
Of lightest sort; and foot and cavalry
Sought Paris by those roads, which have their course
Directly to, and from, the Picard sea;
That by St. Martin's and St. Denys' gate,
They might convey the aid the burghers wait.

XXXI.

Rinaldo sent with these the baggage-train
And carriages, with which his troops were stored;
And fetching, with the forces that remain,
A compass, he the upper way explored.
He bridge, and boat, and means to pass the Seine,
Had with him; for it here was ill to ford.
He past his army, broke the bridges down,
And rank'd in line the bands of either crown*.

XXXII.

But having first the peers and captains wheeled
About him in a ring, the cavalier
Mounted the bank which overtopt the field,
So much, that all might plainly see and hear;
And cried, "My lords, you should thanksgiving yield,
"With lifted hands, to God who brought you here;
"Through whom, o'er every nation, you may gain
"Eternal glory, bought with little pain.

* Scotch and English.

XXXIII.

" Two princes, by your means, will rescued be,
" If you relieve those city gates from siege;
" Him, your own king, whom you from slavery
" And death to save, a subject's vows oblige;
" And a famed emperor, of more majesty
" Than ever yet in court was served by liege,
" And with them other kings, and dukes, and peers,
" And lords of other lands, and cavaliers.

XXXIV.

" So that one city saving, not alone
" Will the Parisians bless your helping hand,
" Who, sadder than for sorrows of their own,
" Timid, afflicted, and disheartened stand;
" And their unhappy wives and children moan,
" Which share in the same peril, and the band
" Of virgins, dedicate to heavenly spouse,
" Lest this day frustrate see their holy vows;

XXXV.

—" I say, this city saved from deadly wound,
" Not only will Parisians hold you dear;
" But habitants of all the countries round:
" Nor speak I only of the nations near;
" For city there is none on Christian ground,
" But what has citizens beleaguered here;
" So that to you, for vanquishing the foe,
" More lands than France will obligation owe.

XXXVI.

" If him the ancients with a crown endued,
" Who saved one citizen by worthy deed,
" For rescuing such a countless multitude,
" What recompense shall be your worthy meed?
" But if, from jealousy or sloth, so good
" And holy, enterprise should ill succeed,
" Believe me, only while these walls endure,
" Is Italy or Almayn's realm secure;

XXXVII.

" Or any other part, where men adore
" Him, who for us upon the cross was hung;
" Nor think that distance saves you from the Moor,
" Nor deem your island strong, the waves among.
" For if, from far Gibraltar's straits of yore,
" And old Alcides' pillars, sailed the throng,
" To bear off plunder from your sea-girt strands,
" What will they do when they possess our lands?

XXXVIII.

" And, if in this fair enterprise arrayed,
" No gain, no glory served you as a guide,
" A common debt enjoins you mutual aid,
" Militant here upon one Church's side.
" Moreover, let not any be afraid,
" Our broken foemen will the assault abide;
" Who seem to me ill-taught in warlike art,
" A feeble rabble without arms or heart."

XXXIX.

Such reasons, and yet better for, that need
Might good Rinaldo in his speech infer;
And with quick phrase and voice, to valiant deed
The high-minded barons and bold army stir;
And this was but to goad a willing steed
(As the old proverb says) who lacks no spur.
He moved the squadrons, having closed his speech,
Softly, beneath their separate banners, each.

XL.

He, without clamour, without any noise,
So moves his triple host, their flags below.
Zerbino, marching by the stream, enjoys
The honour first to assail the barbarous foe;
The paladin the Irishmen employs
More inland, with a wider wheel to go.
Thus England's horse and foot, the two between,
Led by the Duke of Lancaster, are seen.

XLI.

The paladin rode on, along the shore,
When he had put the warriors in their way,
And, passing by their squadrons, pricked before
Valiant Zerbino and his whole array,
Until he reached the quarters of the Moor,
Where Oran's king, and king Sobrino lay;
Who, half-a-mile removed from those of Spain,
Posted upon that side, observed the plain.

XLII.

With such a faithful escort fortified
And sure, the Christians who had thither wound,
With Silence and the Angel for their guide,
No longer could stand mute or keep their ground;
But hearing now the foe, with shouts defied
Their host, and made the shrilling trumpets sound;
And with loud clamours, which Heaven's concave fill,
Sent through the paynim's bones a deadly chill.

XLIII.

Rinaldo spurs before the troops combined
His foaming courser, and his weapon rests;
And a full bow-shot leaves the Scots behind:
So all delay the impatient peer molests.
As oftentimes an eddying gust of wind
Issues, ere yet the horrid storm infests,
So sallying swiftly from the following herd,
Rinaldo forth upon Bayardo spurred.

XLIV.

At the aspect of the paladin of France,
The wavering Moorish files betray their fear;
And, trembling in their hands, is seen the lance,
Their thighs and stirrups quivering, like the spear.
King Pulian only marks the knight's advance,
Knowing Rinaldo not, unchanged in cheer;
Nor thinking such a cruel shock to meet,
Gallops against him on his courser fleet.

XLV.

He stoops upon the weapon which he strains,
Whole and collected for the martial game [5]:
Then to his horse abandoning the reins,
And goading with both spurs the courser, came.
Upon the other side no valour feigns,
But shows, by doings, what he is in name;
—With what rare grace and matchless art he wars,
The son of Aymon, rather son of Mars.

XLVI.

Well-matched in skill, they aimed their cruel blows,
With lances at each other's heads addrest [6];
Ill matched, in arms and valour, were the foes,
For *this* past on, and *that* the champaigne prest.
More certain proof of worth, when warriors close,
There needs than knightly lance, well placed in rest;
But Fortune even more than Valour needs,
Which ill, without her saving succour, speeds.

XLVII.

With the good spear new-levelled in his fist,
At Oran's king behold Rinaldo dart.
Of bulk, and bone, and sinew, to resist
The monarch was, but ill supplied with heart.
And his might pass for a fair stroke in list,
Though planted in the buckler's nether part.
Let those excuse it who refuse to admire,
Since the good paladin could reach no higher [7].

XLVIII.

Nor did the buckler so the weapon stay,
Though made of palm within, and steel without,
But that it pierced the paunch, and made a way
To let that mean and ill matched spirit out.
The courser, who had deemed that all the day
He must so huge a burden bear about,
Thanked in his heart the warrior, who well met,
Had thus preserved him from so sore a sweat.

XLIX.

Rinaldo, having broke his rested spear,
So wheels his horse, he seems equipt with wings;
Who, turning swiftly with the cavalier,
Amid the closest crowd, impetuous springs.
Composed of brittle glass the arms appear
Where Sir Rinaldo red Fusberta swings.
Nor tempered steel is there, nor corslet thick,
Which keeps the sword from biting to the quick.

L.

Yet few the tempered plates or iron pins
With which encounters that descending brand;
But targets, some of oak and some of skins,
And quilted vest and turban's twisted band.
Lightly such drapery good Rinaldo thins,
And cleaves, and bores, and shears, on either hand;
Nor better from his sword escapes the swarm,
Than grass from sweeping scythe, or grain from storm.

LI.

The foremost squadron had been put to flight,
When thither the vanguard Zerbino led.
Forth pricking from the following crowd, in sight
Appeared, with levelled lance, their youthful head:
With no less fury those who trooped to fight
Beneath his banner, to the combat sped;
Like lions, like so many wolves, who leap
In fury to the assault of goat or sheep.

LII.

Both spurred their coursers on, with rested lance,
When either warrior to his foe was near;
And that short interval, that small expanse,
Of plain, between, was seen to disappear.
Was never witnessed yet a stranger dance!
For the Scots only ply the murderous spear;
Only the scattered paynims slaughtered lie,
As if conducted thither but to die.

LIII.

It seemed as if each coward paynim grew
More cold than ice; each Scot more fierce than flame.
The Moors believed that with Rinaldo's thew
And muscle fortified, each Christian came.
Sobrino quickly moved his ordered crew,
Nor stayed till herald should his call proclaim[8]:
Better were they than those which went before,
For captain, armour, and for martial lore.

LIV.

Less worthless men of Africa were they,
Though ill had they been deemed of much avail.
Ill harnessed, and worse trained to martial fray,
Forthwith King Dardinel, the foe to assail,
Moved up his host, himself in helmet gay,
And sheathing all his limbs in plate and mail.
The fourth division I believe was best,
Which, under Isolier, to battle prest.

LV.

Thraso, this while, the valiant Duke of Mar,
Glad in the tumult, for the cavaliers
Who muster in his train, uplifts the bar[9],
And to the lists of fame his following chears,
When Isolier, with horsemen of Navarre,
Entered in that fierce fray he sees and hears.
Next Ariodantes moved his chivalry,
Who was of late made Duke of Albany.

LVI.

The deep sonorous trumpet's bellowing,
And sound of drum, and barbarous instrument,
Combined with twang of bow, and whiz of sling,
Wheel and machine, and stone from engine sent,
And (what more loud than these appeared to ring)
Tumult, and shriek, and groan, and loud lament,
Composed a direr whole than what offends
The neighbouring tribes where deafening Nile descends[10].

LVII.

The arrows' double shower the ample sky
With wide-extended shade is seen to shrowd;
Breath, smoke of sweat and dust ascend on high,
And seem to stamp in air a murky cloud.
By turns each host gives way, and you might spy,
Now chasing, now in flight, the self-same crowd;
And here some wight, beside his foeman slain,
Or little distant, prostrate on the plain.

LVIII.

When, harassed with fatigue, a wearied crew
Withdraw, fresh files their fellows reinforce:
Men, here and there, the wasted ranks renew;
Here march supplies of foot, and there of horse:
Her mantle green for robe of crimson hue
Earth shifts, ensanguined where the warriors course:
And there where azure flowers and yellow sprung,
Now slaughtered men lie stretched their steeds among.

LIX.

Zerbino was more wonders seen to do
Than ever stripling of his age; he strowed
The ground with heaps of dead, and overthrew
The paynim numbers which about him flowed.
The valiant Ariodantes to his new-
Entrusted squadron mighty prowess showed;
Filling with dread and wonder, near and far,
The squadrons of Castile and of Navarre.

LX.

Chelindo and Mosco (bastards were the twain
Of Calabrun, late king of Arragon),
And one esteemed among the valiant train,
Calamidor, of Barcellona's town,
Leaving their standards, in the hope to gain,
By young Zerbino's death, a glorious crown,
Attacked the warrior with united force,
And wounded in his flanks the prince's horse.

LXI.

Pierced by three lances lay the courser strong,
But bold Zerbino quickly rose anew;
And, eager to avenge his charger's wrong,
The assailants, where he sees them, will pursue.
Zerbino at Mosco first, that overhung
Him, in the hope to make him prisoner, flew,
And pierced him in the flank; who from his sell,
Pallid and cold, upon the champaign fell.

LXII.

When him so killed, as 'twere by stealthy blow,
Chelindo viewed, to avenge his brother slain,
He charged, intent the prince to overthrow;
But *he* seized fast his courser by the rein,
And, thence to rise not, laid the charger low,
Destined no more to feed on hay or grain;
For at one stroke, so matchless was his force,
Zerbino cleft the rider and his horse.

LXIII.

When that fell blow Calamidor espied,
He turned the bridle short to speed away,
But him with downright cut Zerbino plied
Behind, and cried withal, "Stay, traitor, stay."
Nor from its aim the sword-stroke wandered wide,
Though from the mark it went somedeal astray;
The falchion missed the rider as he fled,
But reached the horse's croup, and stretched him dead.

LXIV.

He quits the horse, and thence for safety crawls;
But he with little boot escapes his foe;
For him Duke Thraso's horse o'erturns and mawls,
Oppress the ponderous courser's weight below.
Where the huge crowd upon Zerbino falls,
Ariodantes and Lurcanio go;
And with them many a cavalier and count,
Who do their best Zerbino to remount.

LXV.

Then Artalico and Margano knew
The force of Ariodantes circling brand:
While Casimir and Enearco rue
More deeply yet the puissance of his hand.
Smote by the knight, escaped the former two;
The others were left dead upon the strand.
Lurcanio shows what are his force and breath;
Who charges, smites, o'erturns, and puts to death.

LXVI.

Sir, think not that more inland on the plain
The warfare is less mortal than along
The stream, nor that the troops behind remain
Which to the duke of Lancaster belong.
He valiantly assailed the flags of Spain,
And long in even scale the battle hung.
For Horse and Foot, and Captains of those bands,
On either side, could deftly ply their hands.

LXVII.

Forward Sir Oldrad pricks and Fieramont;
This Glocester's duke, and York's the other knight;
With them conjoined is Richard, Warwick's count,
And the bold duke of Clarence, Henry hight.
These Follicon and Matalista front,
And Baricond, with all they lead to fight.
Almeria *this*, and *that* Granada guides,
And o'er Majorca Baricond presides.

LXVIII.

Well matched awhile the Christian and the Moor
Appeared, without advantage in the fray.
Now *this*, now *that* gave ground, like corn before
The light and fickle breeze which blows in May:
Or as the sea which ripples on the shore,
Still comes and goes, nor keeps one certain way.
When hollow Fortune thus had sported long,
She proved disastrous to the paynim throng. "

LXIX.

The duke of Glocester Matalista bold
Assailed this while, and hurtled from his sell;
Fieramont Follicon o'erturned and rolled,
In the right shoulder smit, on earth as well.
The advancing English either paynim hold,
And bear their prisoners off to dungeon-cell.
This while, Sir Baricond is, in the strife,
By Clarence's bold duke deprived of life.

LXX.

Hence 'tis among the Moors amazement all,
While hence the Christians take such heart and pride,
The bands do nought but quit their ground and fall,
And break their order on the Paynim side,
What time the Christian troops come on, and gall
Their flying ranks, which nowhere will abide:
And had not one arrived to aid their host,
The Paynim camp had on that side been lost.

LXXI.

But Ferrau, who till this time ever nigh
Marsilius, scarce had quitted him that day,
When half destroyed he marked his chivalry,
And saw that baffled banner born away,
Pricked his good courser forth, in time to spy,
(Where 'mid those squadrons hottest waxed the fray)
With his head severed by a griesly wound,
Olympio de la Serra fall to ground:

LXXII.

A stripling he, who such sweet musick vented,
Accorded to the horned lyre's soft tone [11];
That at the dulcet melody relented
The hearer's heart, though harder than a stone.
Happy! if, with such excellence contented,
He had pursued so fair a fame alone,
And loathed shield, quiver, helmet, sword and lance;
Destined by these to die a youth in France.

LXXIII.

When bold Ferrau beheld *his* cruel plight,
For whom he love and much esteem profest,
He felt more pity at the doleful sight
Than, 'mid those thousands slain, for all the rest.
And smote the foe who slew him with such might,
That he his helm divided from the crest;
Cut front, eyes, visage, and mid bosom through;
And cast him down amid the slaughtered crew.

LXXIV.

Nor stops he here, nor leaves a corslet whole,
Nor helm unbroken, where his sword is plied,
Of *this* the front or cheek, of *that* the poll,
The arm of other foe his strokes divide;
And he, of *these* divorcing body and soul,
Restores the wavering battle on that side;
Whence the disheartened and ignoble throng
Are scattered wide, and broke, and driven along.

LXXV.

Into the medley pricks King Agramant,
Desirous there his bloody course to run;
With him King Baliverzo, Farurant,
Soridan, Bambirago, Prusïon;
And next so many more of little vaunt,
Whose blood will form a lake ere day be done,
That I could count each leaf with greater ease
When autumn of their mantle strips the trees[12].

LXXVI.

Agramant from the wall a numerous band
Of horse and foot withdraws, and sends the array
Beneath the king of Fez, with a command
Behind the Moorish tents to make his way,
And those of Ireland in their march withstand,
Whom he sees hurrying with what haste they may,
And with wide wheel and spacious compass wind,
To fall upon the paynim camp behind.

LXXVII.

The king of Fez upon this service prest;
For all delay might sore his work impede.
This while King Agramant unites the rest,
And parts the troops who to the battle speed.
He sought himself the river, where he guessed
The Moorish host might most his presence need;
And, from that quarter, had a courier prayed,
By King Sobrino sent, the monarch's aid.

LXXVIII.

He more than half his camp behind him led,
In one deep phalanx. At the mighty sound
Alone, the Scotsmen trembled, and in dread
Abandoned honour, order, and their ground:
Lurcanio, Ariodantes, and their head,
Zerbino, there alone the torrent bound;
And haply he, who was afoot, had died,
But that in time his need Rinaldo spied.

LXXIX.

Elsewhere the paladin was making fly
A hundred banners: while the cavalier
So chased the quailing Saracens, the cry
Of young Zerbino's peril smote his ear;
For, single and afoot, his chivalry
Amid the Africans had left the peer.
Rinaldo turned about and took his way
Where he beheld the Scots in disarray.

LXXX.

He plants his courser, where their squadrons yield
To the fierce paynims, and exclaims; "Where go
"Your bands, and why so basely quit the field,
"Yielding so vilely to so vile a foe?
"Behold the promised trophies, spear and shield,
"Spoils which your loaded churches ought to show!
"What praise! what glory! that alone, and reft
"Of his good horse, your monarch's son is left!

LXXXI.

He from a squire receives a lance, and spies
King Prusion little distant, sovereign
Of the Alvaracchiæ, and against him hies;
Whom he unhorses, dead upon the plain.
So Agricalt, so Bambirago dies;
And next sore wounded is Sir Soridane;
Who had been slain as well amid the throng,
If good Rinaldo's lance had proved more strong.

LXXXII.

That weapon broken, he Fusberta rears,
And smites Sir Serpentine, him of the star.
Though charmed from mischief are the cavalier's
Good arms, he falls astounded by the jar,
And thus Rinaldo round Zerbino clears
The field so widely, where those champions war,
That without more dispute he takes a horse
Of those, who masterless, at random, course.

LXXXIII.

That he in time remounted it was well,
Who haply would not, if he more delayed:
For Agramant at once, and Dardinel,
Sobrino, and Balastro thither made;
But he, who had in time regained the sell,
Wheeled, here and there his horse, with brandished blade,
Dispatching into hell the mixt array,
That how men live above their ghosts might say.

LXXXIV.

The good Rinaldo, who to overthrow
The strongest of the foemen covets still,
At Agramant directs a deadly blow,
—Who seems too passing-proud, and greater ill
Works there, than thousand others of the foe—
And spurs his horse, the Moorish chief to spill.
He smote the monarch, broadside charged the steed,
And man and horse reversed upon the mead.

LXXXV.

What time, without, in such destructive frays
Hate, Rage, and Fury, all offend by turns,
In Paris Rodomont the people slays,
And costly house, and holy temple burns:
While Charles elsewhere another duty stays,
Who nothing hears of this, nor aught discerns.
He, in the town, receives the British band,
Which Edward and Sir Ariman command.

LXXXVI.

To him a squire approached, who pale with dread,
Scarce drew his breath, and cried; "Oh, well-away!
"Alas! alas!" (and thus he often said,
Ere he could utter aught beside) "To-day,
"To-day, sire, is the Roman empire sped,
"And Christ to the heathen makes his flock a prey.
"A fiend from air to-day has dropt, that none
"Henceforth may in this city make their won.

LXXXVII.

" Satan (in sooth, it can no other be)
" Destroys and ruins the unhappy town.
" Turn, and the curling wreaths of vapour see,
" From the red flames which wander up and down;
" List to those groans, and be they warrantry
" Of the sad news thy servant now makes known!
" *One* the fair city wastes with sword and fire,
" Before whose vengeful fury all retire."

LXXXVIII.

Even such as he, who hears the tumult wide,
And clatter of church-bells, ere he espy
The raging fire, concealed from none beside
Himself, to him most dangerous, and most nigh;
Such was King Charles; who heard, and then descried
The new disaster with his very eye.
Hence he the choicest of his meiny steers
Thither, where he the cry and tumult hears.

LXXXIX.

With many peers and chiefs, who worthiest are,
Summoned about him, Charlemagne is gone:
He bids direct his standards to the square
Whither the paynim had repaired; hears groan
And tumult, spies the horrid tokens there
Of cruelty, sees human members strown.
—No more—Let him return another time,
Who willingly will listen to this rhyme.

NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

1.

When I from Nicosìa thee expected.

Stanza xi. line 1.

This distinguished city of Cyprus is now called Leukosìa (Λευκοσία), or at least is so called by the modern Greeks. Nicosìa was, however, there is no doubt, its classical designation. It probably bore both names, and the colloquial one has remained at home, while the place is known by another abroad. Many places in Greece are in the same situation, and many in Italy have lost the Roman names by which they were known to us, and are now distinguished by denominations which, though not classical, are evidently composed of Latin elements.

"Traces are to be found of the Medoacus major having borne the name of *Brinta* (the Brenta) and *Brintesia*, even in the time of the empire. In corroboration of this, Count Filiasi, in his work on the ancient Venetians, says that certain places in the Lido were, in ancient documents, styled Brintalis and Brintalesia; and, as the barbarians never possessed themselves of the Venetian Lagoon, the change of name cannot be attributed to them." *Letters from the North of Italy*, Letter xxiv.

2.

What by weak herd, in fields of Hircany,
The tiger does, or Indian Ganges near,
Or wolf, by lamb or kid, on heights which lie
On Typheus' back, &c.

Stanza xxiii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Immanem veluti pecora inter inertia tygrim, &c.

Virgil makes Ætna the mountain under which Typheus is buried; but Petrarch supposes him to have been confined under Ischia.

3.

Religion cannot for the priest bespeak
Mercy, nor innocence avail the child, &c.

Stanza xxv. lines 1 and 2.

Non ullius ætas,
Non cultus, non forma movet: pugnantibus idem
Supplicibusque furit.

STATIUS.

4.

For if, from far Gibraltar's strait of yore,
And old Alcides' pillars, sailed the throng,
To bear off plunder from your sea-girt strands,
What will they do when they possess these lands?

Stanza xxxvii. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

Ariosto had read of England's having suffered from pirates, and could form no other notion of these than that of Moorish corsairs.

5.

He stoops upon the weapon which he strains,
Whole and collected for the martial game.

Stanza xlv. lines 1 and 2.

Foolish modern engravings, which represent a warrior upright in his saddle, and launching a javelin, convey a very false notion

of the action and attitude of a knight who runs at tilt. Sir Walter Scott gives an accurate description of this in the Lay of the Last Minstrel:

He stooped his head and couched his spear,
And spurred his horse to full career.

In doing this he covered himself as well as he could with his shield.

6.

Their lances at each other's heads address.

Stanza xlvi. line 2.

The best stroke in the lists was esteemed that which was aimed at the helmet.

7.

Let those excuse him who refuse to admire,
Since the good Paladin could reach no higher.

Stanza xlvii. lines 7 and 8.

Because, as has already been stated, the best stroke that could be made in a tilt was levelled at the head.

8.

Nor stayed till herald should his call proclaim.

Stanza liii. line 6.

Ariosto is throughout this description thinking of all the forms and circumstances of a tournament. Thus in a succeeding stanza;

9.

And to the cavaliers
Who muster in his train uplifts the bar.

Stanza lv. lines 2 and 3.

He alludes to the bar of the lists, through which there was an entrance for the champions.

10.

Composed a direr whole than what offends
The neighbouring tribes, where deafening Nile descends.
Stanza lvi. lines 7 and 8.

Petrarch furnished this image in

Come il Nil d' alto caggendo
Col gran romore i vicin' d' intorno assorda.

11.

A stripling he who such sweet musick vented,
Accorded to the horned lyre's soft tone, &c.
Stanza lxxii. lines 1 and 2.

Ariosto seems to have introduced Olympio de la Serra, in imitation of Virgil's introduction of the death of Creteus in one of his Italian battles, in the ninth Æneid,

amicum Cretea Musis
Cretea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi, &c.

12.

That I could count each leaf with greater ease,
When autumn of their mantle strips the trees.
Stanza lxxv. lines 7 and 8.

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia.
VIRGIL.

13.

A fiend from air to-day has dropt, that none
Henceforth may in this city make their won.
Stanza lxxxvi. lines 7 and 8.

Satan is often called the prince of air.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Charles goes, with his, against King Rodomont!
Gryphon in Norandini's tournament
Does mighty deeds; Martano turns his front,
Showing how recreant is his natural bent;
And next, on Gryphon to bring down affront,
Stole from the knight the arms in which he went;
Hence by the kindly monarch much esteemed,
And Gryphon scorned, whom he Martano deemed

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVII.

I.

God, outraged by our rank iniquity,
Whenever crimes have past remission's bound,
That mercy may with justice mingled be,
Has monstrous and destructive tyrants crowned;
And gifted them with force and subtlety,
A sinful world to punish and confound.
Marius and Sylla to this end were nursed,
Rome with two Neros and a Caius * cursed;

II.

Domitian and the latter Antonine;
And, lifted from the lowest rabble's lees,
To imperial place and puissance, Maximine:
Hence Thebes to cruel Creon bent her knees,
Mezentius ruled the subject Agiline,
Fattening his fields with blood. To pests like these
Our Italy was given in later day,
To Lombard, Goth, and Hun a bleeding prey.

* Caius Caligula.

III.

What shall I of fierce Attila, what say
Of wicked Ezzeline, and hundreds more?
Whom, because men still trod the crooked way,
God sent them for their pain and torment sore.
Of this ourselves have made a clear assay,
As well as those who lived in days of yore;
Consigned to ravening wolves, ordained to keep
Us, his ill-nurtured and unuseful sheep;

IV.

Who, as if having more than served to fill
Their hungry maw, invite from foreign wood
Beyond the mountain, wolves of greedier will,
With them to be partakers of their food.
The bones which Thrasymene and Trebbia fill,
And Cannæ, seem but few to what are strewed
On fattened field and bank, where on their way
Adda and Mella, Ronco and Tarro stray.

V.

Now God permits that we should feel the spite
Of people, who are haply worse than we,
For errors multiplied and infinite,
And foul and pestilent iniquity.
The time will come we may such ill requite
Upon their shores, if we shall better be,
And their transgressions ever prove above
The long endurance of ÆTERNAL LOVE.

VI.

The Christian people then God's placid front
Must have disturbed with their excesses sore;
Since them with slaughter, rape, and rapine hunt,
Through all their quarters, plundering Turk and Moor:
But the unsparing rage of Rodomont
Proves worse than all the ills endured before.
I said that Charlemagne had made repair
In search of him towards the city square.

VII.

Charles, by the way, his people's butchery
Beholds—burnt palaces and ruined fanes—
And sees large portion of the city lie
In unexampled wreck.—" Ye coward trains,
" Whither in heartless panic would ye fly?
" Will none his loss contemplate? what remains
" To you,—what place of refuge, say, is left,
" If this from you so shamefully be reft?

VIII.

" Then shall one man alone, a prisoned foe,
" Who cannot scale the walls which round him spread,
" Unscaithed, unquestioned, from your city go,
" When all are by his vengeful arm laid dead?"
Thus Charlemagne, whose veins with anger glow,
And shame, too strong to brook, in fury said;
And to the spacious square made good his way,
Where he beheld the foe his people slay.

IX.

Thither large portion of the populace,
Climbing the palace roof, had made resort;
For strongly walled, and furnished was the place
With ammunition, for their long support.
Rodomont, mad with pride, had, in his chace
Of the scared burghers, singly cleared the court;
He with one daring hand, which scorned the world,
Brandished the sword;—his other wildfire hurled;

X.

And smote and thundered, 'mid a fearful shower,
At the sublime and royal house's gate.
To their life's peril, crumbling roof and tower
Is tost by them that on the summit wait:
Nor any fears to ruin hall or bower;
But wood and stone endure one common fate,
And marble column, slab, and gilded beam,
By sire and grandsire held in high esteem [1].

XI.

Rodomont stands before the portal, bright
With steel, his head and bust secured in mail,
Like to a serpent[2], issued into light,
Having cast off his slough, diseased and stale:
Who more than ever joying in his might,
Renewed in youth, and proud of polished scale,
Darts his three tongues, fire flashing from his eyes;
While every frighted beast before him flies.

XII.

Nor bulwark, stone, nor arbalest, nor bow,
Nor what upon the paynim smote beside,
Sufficed to arrest the sanguinary foe;
Who broke and hewed, and shook that portal wide,
And in his fury let such day-light through,
'Twas easy to espy—and might be spied—
In visages o'ercast in death-like sort,
That full of people was the palace court.

XIII.

Through those fair chambers echoed shouts of dread,
And feminine lament from dame distrest;
And grieving, through the house, pale women fled,
Who wept, afflicted sore, and beat their breast.
And hugged the door-post and the genial bed[3],
Too soon to be by stranger lords possest.
The matter in this state of peril hung
When thither came the king, his peers among.

XIV.

Charles turned him round to these, of vigorous hand,
Whom he had found in former peril true.
" Are you not those that erst with me did stand
" 'Gainst Agolant in Aspramont? In you
" Is vigour now so spent, (he said) the band,
" Who *him*, Troyano, and Almontes slew[4],
" With hundreds more, that you now fear to face
" One of that very blood, that very race?

XV.

" Why should I now in contest with the foe
" Less strength in you behold than then? Your might
" Upon this hound (pursued the monarch) show;
" This hound who preys on man.—A generous sprite
" The thought of death—approach he fast or slow—
" So that he dies but well, holds cheap and light.
" But where you are, I doubt my fortune ill,
" For by your succour, have I conquered still."

XVI.

This said, he spurred his courser, couched his spear,
And charged the paynim; nor of life less free,
Sir Ogier joined the king in his career;
Namus and Oliver; and, with the three,
Avino, Avolio, Otho, and Berlinghier;
(For one without the rest I never see)
And on the bosom, flanks, and on the front,
All smote together at King Rodomont.

XVII.

But let us, sir, for love of Heaven, forego
Of anger and of death the noisome lore;
And be it deemed that I have said enow,
For this while, of that Saracen, not more
Cruel than strong; 'tis time in trace to go
Of Gryphon, left with Origille, before
Damascus' gate, and him who with her came,
The adulterer, not the brother of the dame.

XVIII.

Of all the cities under eastern skies,
Most wealthy, populous, and fairly dight,
'Tis said, Damascus is; which distant lies
From Salem seven days' journey; its fair site,
A fertile plain, abundant fruits supplies,
Winter and summer, sojourn of delight.
Shading the city from the dawning day,
A mountain intercepts its early ray.

XIX.

Two crystal streams the wealthy city scower;
Whose currents, parted into many a rill,
Infinite gardens, never bare of flower,
Or stript of leaf, with grateful murmur fill:
'Tis said the perfumed waters are of power
(So plenteously they swell) to turn a mill;
And that whoever wander through the streets,
Scent, issuing from each house, a cloud of sweets.

XX.

Then the high-street gay signs of triumph wore,
Covered with showy cloths of different dye,
Which deck the walls, while sylvan leaves in store,
And scented herbs upon the pavement lie [5].
Adorned is every window, every door,
With carpeting and finest drapery;
But more with ladies fair, and richly drest,
In costly jewels and in gorgeous vest.

XXI.

Within the city-gates in frolic sport,
Many are seen to ply the festive dance;
And here the burghers of the better sort
Upon their gay and well-trapt coursers prance.
A fairer show remains; the sumptuous court
Of barons bold and vassals, who advance,
Garnished with what could be procured, of ore
And pearl, from Ind and Erythræan shore.

XXII.

Forward Sir Gryphon pricked, with his array,
Surveying, here and there, the whole at ease;
When them a knight arrested by the way,
And (such his wont and natural courtesies)
Obliged beneath his palace-roof to stay;
Where he let nought be wanting which might please;
And chearfully the guests, with bath restored,
Next welcomed at his costly supper-board;

XXIII.

And told "how he, who, Norandino hight,
"Damascus and all Syria's kingdom swayed,
"Native and foreigner had bade invite,
"On whom the sword of knighthood had been laid,
"To a fair joust, which at the morrow's light,
"Ensuing, in the square was to be made.
"Where they might show, and without further faring,
"If they had valour equal to their bearing."

ROYAL ASIATIC

XXIV.

Gryphon, though he came not that joust to see,
Accepts the challenge of the cavalier;
For when occasion serves, it cannot be
An evil use to make our worth appear:
Then questioned more of that solemnity;
—'If 'twere a wonted feast, held every year,
'Or new emprise; by which, in martial course,
'The monarch would assay his warriors' force.'—

XXV.

"The gorgeous feast our monarch will display
"Each fourth succeeding moon," the baron said;
"This is the first that you will now survey;
"None have been held beside. The cause which bred
"The solemn usage is, that on such day
"The king from sovereign peril saved his head,
"After four months, consumed in doleful wise,
"'Mid tears and groans, with death before his eyes.

XXVI.

"Our monarch, who is named king Norandine
"(Fully to you the matter to recite),
"Through many and many a year for her did pine,
"Above all other damsels fair and bright,
"The king of Cyprus' daughter; whom, in fine,
"Espoused, he, with his bride, and dame, and knight,
"To wait upon her home, à fair array,
"Towards his Syrian realm had shaped his way.

XXVII.

" But as we scoured the fell Carpathian sea[6],
" With flowing sheet, at distance from the shore,
" A storm assailed us, of such cruelty,
" The tempest even scared our pilot hoar.
" Drifting three days and nights at random, we
" Our devious course 'mid threatening waves explore;
" Then, wet and weary, land 'mid verdant hills,
" Between well-shaded and refreshing rills.

XXVIII.

We our pavilions pitch, and, 'mid those groves,
" Joyfully strain our awnings overhead;
" And kitchens there construct, and rustic stoves,
" And carpets for the intended banquet spread.
" Meanwhile through neighbouring vale the monarch roves,
" And secret wood, scarce pervious to the tread,
" Seeking red deer, goat, fallow-buck, and doe;
" And, following him, two servants bear his bow.

XXIX.

" While, with much solace, seated in a round,
" We from the chace expect our lord's return,
" Approaching us along the shore, astound,
" The orc, that fearful monster, we discern.
" God grant, fair sir, he never may confound
" Your eyesight with his semblance foul and stern!
" Better it is of him by fame to hear,
" Than to behold him by approaching near.

XXX.

" To calculate the griesly monster's height,
" (So measureless is he) exceeds all skill;
" Of fungus-hue, in place of orbs of sight,
" Their sockets two small bones like berries fill[7].
" Towards us, as I say, he speeds outright
" Along the shore, and seems a moving hill.
" Tusks jutting out like savage swine he shows,
" A breast with drivel foul, and pointed nose.

XXXI.

" Running, the monster comes, and bears his snout
" In guise of brach, who enters on the trail.
" We who behold him fly (a helpless rout),
" Wherever terror drives, with visage pale.
" 'Tis little comfort, that he is without
" Eye-sight, who winds his plunder in the gale,
" Better than aught possest of scent and sight:
" And wing and plume were needed for our flight.

XXXII.

" Some here, some there make off, but little gain
" By flying him; for swifter is the pest
" Than the south wind. Of forty, ten, with pain,
" Swimming aboard the bark in safety rest.
" Under his arm some wretches of our train
" He packed, nor empty left his lap or breast:
" And loaded a capacious scrip beside,
" Which, like a shepherd's, to his waist was tied.

XXXIII.

" Us to his den the sightless monster carried,
" Hollowed within a rock, upon the shore;
" Of snowy marble was that cavern quarried,
" As white as leaf, unstained by inky score.
" With him within the cave a matron tarried,
" Who marked by grief and pain a visage wore.
" With her were wife and maid, a numerous court,
" Both fair and foul, of every age and sort.

XXXIV.

" Large as the other, and that grotto near,
" Almost upon the summit of the rock,
" Another cavern was contrived, to rear,
" And from the weather fend his woolly flock,
" Which he still herded through the changeful year;
" So numerous, it were hard to count his stock:
" Wont in due season these to pen or loose,
" And play the shepherd more for sport than use.

XXXV.

" The flesh of man he savoured more than sheep,
" And this, before he reached the cave, was seen.
" Three youths of ours, ere yet he climbed the steep,
" He ate alive, or rather swallowed clean;
" Then moved the stone, which closed that cavern deep,
" And lodged us there. With that, to pasture green
" His flock he led, as wont, the meads among,
" Sounding the pipe which at his neck was hung.

XXXVI.

" Our lord, meanwhile, returning to the strand,
" The loss which he had suffered comprehends;
" For in deep silence, upon every hand,
" Through empty tent and hut the monarch wends:
" Nor who has robbed him can he understand;
" And full of terror to the beach descends;
" Whence he his sailors in the offing sees
" Unmoor and spread their canvas to the breeze.

XXXVII.

" As soon as Norandino was in view,
" They launched and sent their pinnace to convey
" The monarch thence: but he no sooner knew
" Of the fell orc, and those he made his prey,
" Than he, without more thought, would him pursue
" And follow, whereso'er he bent his way.
" To lose Lucina is such cruel pain,
" That life is loathsome save he her regain.

XXXVIII.

" When on the newly printed sand his eyes
" Norandine fixt, he with the swiftness sped
" With which the rage of love a man supplies,
" Until he reached the cave of which I said,
" Where we, enduring greater agonies
" Than e'er were suffered, there await in dread
" The orc, and deem at every sound we hear,
" The famished brute about to re-appear.

XXXIX.

" The monarch to the cave did Fortune guide,
" When the orc's wife alone was in the lair.
" Seeing the king; ' Fly!—Woe to thee!' (she cried)
' Should the orc take thee!—' Woeful every where
' I cannot choose but be,' (the king replied)
' Whether he take or miss me, kill or spare.
' Not hither I by chance have wandered, I
' Come with desire beside my wife to die.'

XL.

" He afterwards the dame for tidings pressed
" Of those the orc had taken on the shore;
" And of Lucina above all the rest;
" If slain or prisoner kept. With kindly lore,
" She Norandino, in return, addressed;
" And said, ' Lucina lived, nor need he more
' Have of her future safety any dread,
' For the orc on flesh of woman never fed [8].

XLI.

' Of this you may behold the proof in me,
' And all these other dames who with me dwell;
' Nor me, nor them the orc offends, so we
' Depart not ever from this caverned cell.
' But vainly who would from her prison flee,
' Hopes peace or pardon from our tyrant fell:
' Buried alive, or bound with griding band,
' Or, in the sun, stript naked on the sand.

XLII.

' When hither he to-day conveyed your crew,
' The females from the males he severed not;
' But, as he took them, in confusion threw
' All he had captive made, into that grot.
' He will scent out their sex; nor tremble, you,
' Lest he the women slay: the others' lot
' Is fixt; and, of four men or six a-day,
' Be sure the greedy orc will make his prey.

XLIII.

' I have no counsel for you how to free
' The lady; but content thyself to hear,
' She in no danger of her life will be,
' Who will our lot, in good or evil, share.
' But go, for love of Heaven, my son, lest thee
' The monster smell, and on thy body fare;
' For when arrived, he sniffs about the house,
' And, such his subtle scent, can wind a mouse.'

XLIV.

" To her the amorous monarch made reply,
' That he the cave would not abandon, ere
' He saw Lucina, and near her to die,
' Than to live far from her, esteemed more dear.'
—" Seeing that she can nothing more supply
" Fitted to shake the purpose of the peer,
" Upon a new design the matron hits,
" Pursued with all her pains, with all her wits

XLV.

" With slaughtered sheep and goat was evermore
" The cavern filled, the numerous flock's increase,
" Which served her and her household as a store;
" And from the ceiling dangled many a fleece.
" The dame made Norandino from a hoar
" And huge he-goat's fat bowels take the grease,
" And with the suet all his members pay,
" Until he drove his natural scent away.

XLVI.

" And when she thought he had imbibed the smell
" Which the rank goat exhales, she took the hide,
" And made him creep into the shaggy fell;
" Who was well covered by that mantle wide.
" Him in this strange disguise she from the cell
" Crawling (for such was her command) did guide,
" Where, prisoned by a stone, in her retreat,
" Was hid his beauteous lady's visage sweet.

XLVII.

" King Norandine, as bid, took up his ground
" Before the cavern, on the greensward laid,
" That he might enter with the flock who wound
" Homeward; and longing sore, till evening stayed.
" At eve he hears the hollow elder's sound,
" Upon whose pipes the wonted tune was played,
" Calling his sheep from pasture to their rock,
" By the fell swain who stalked behind his flock.

XLVIII.

" Think if his heart is trembling at its core,
" When Norandino hears the approaching strains;
" And now advancing to the cavern door,
" The sight of that terrific face sustains!
" But if fear shook him, pity moved him more:
" You see if he loves well or only feigns!
" The orc removed the stone, unbarred the cote,
" And the king entered, amid sheep and goat.

XLIX.

" His flock so housed, to us the orc descended,
" But first had care the cavern door to close:
" Then scented all about, and having ended
" His quest, two wretches for his supper chose.
" So is remembrance by this meal offended,
" It makes me tremble yet: this done, he goes;
" And being gone, the king his goatish vest
" Casts off, and folds his lady to his breast.

L.

" Whereas she him with pleasure should descry,
" She, seeing him, but suffers grief and pain.
" She sees him thither but arrived to die,
" Who cannot hinder her from being slain.
' 'Twas no small joy 'mid all the woes, that I,'
" To him exclaimed Lucina, ' here sustain,
' That thou wert not among us found to-day,
' When hither I was brought, the monster's prey.

LI.

'For though to find myself about to leave
'This life, be bitter and afflict me sore,
'Such is our common instinct, I should grieve
'But for myself; but whether thee, before
'Or after me, the orc of life bereave,
'Assure thyself thy death will pain me more
'Than mine.' "And thus the dame persists to moan
"More Norandino's danger than her own."

LII.

'A hope conducts me here,' the monarch said,
'To save thee and thy followers every one;
'And, if I cannot, I were better dead,
'Than living without light of thee, my sun!
'I trust to scape, as hither I have sped;
'As ye shall all, if, as ourselves have done,
'To compass our design, you do not shrink
'To imbue your bodies with the loathsome stink.'

LIII.

"The trick he told, wherewith the monster's smell
"To cheat, as first to him the wife had told:
"In any case to cloathe us in the fell,
"That he may feel it issuing from the fold.
"As many men as women in the cell,
"We slay (persuaded by the monarch bold)
"As many goats as with our number square,
"Of those which stink the most and oldest are.

LIV.

" We smeared our bodies with the fruitful grease
" Which round about the fat intestines lay,
" And cloathed our bodies with the shaggy fleece:
" This while from golden dwelling broke the day.
" And now, his flock returning to release,
" We viewed the shepherd, with the dawning ray;
" Who, giving breath to the sonorous reeds,
" Piped forth his prisoned flock to hill and meads.

LV.

" He held his hand before the opened lair,
" Lest with the herd we issued from the den,
" And stopt us short; but feeling wool or hair
" Upon our bodies, let us go again.
" By such a strange device we rescued were,
" Cloathed in our shaggy fleeces, dames and men:
" Nor any issuing thence the monster kept,
" Till thither, sore alarmed, Lucina crept.

LVI.

" Lucina—whether she abhorred the scent,
" And, like us others, loathed herself to smear,
" —Or whether with a slower gait she went
" Than might like the pretended beast's appear,
" —Or whether, when the orc her body hent,
" Her dread so mastered her, she screamed for fear,
" —Or that her hair escaped from neck or brow,
" Was known; nor can I well inform you how.

LVII.

" So were we all intent on our own case,
" We for another's danger had no eyes:
" Him, turning at the scream, I saw uncase
" Already her whom he had made his prize,
" And force her to the cavern to retrace
" Her steps: we, couching in our quaint disguise,
" Wend with the flock, where us the shepherd leads,
" Through verdant mountains, into pleasant meads.

LVIII.

" There we awaited, till beneath the shade
" Secure, we saw the beaked orc asleep;
" When one along the shore of ocean made,
" And one betook him to the mountain steep.
" King Norandine his love alone delayed;
" Who would return disguised among the sheep,
" Nor from the place depart, while life remained,
" Unless his faithful consort he regained.

LIX.

" For when before, on the flock issuing out,
" He saw her prisoned in the cave alone,
" Into the orc's wide throat he was about
" To spring; so grief had reason overthrown,
" And he advanced even to the monster's snout,
" And, but by little, scaped the grinding stone:
" Yet him the hope detained amid the flock,
" Trusting to bear Lucina from the rock.

LX.

" The orc, at eve, when to the cave again
" He brings the herd, nor finds us in the stall,
" And knows that he must supperless remain,
" Lucina guilty of the whole does call,
" Condemned to stand, fast girded with a chain,
" In open air, upon the summit tall.
" The king who caused her woes, with pitying eye
" Looks on, and pines,—and only cannot die.

LXI.

" Morning and evening, her, lamenting sore,
" Ever the unhappy lover might survey;
" What time he grieving went afield before
" The issuing flock, or homeward took his way.
" She, with sad face, and suppliant evermore,
" Signed that for love of Heaven he would not stay;
" Since there he tarried at great risk of life,
" Nor could in any thing assist his wife.

LXII.

" So the orc's wife, as well upon her side,
" Implored him to depart, but moved him nought;
" To go without Lucina he denied,
" And but remained more constant in his thought.
" In this sad servitude he long was tried,
" By Love and Pity bound: till Fortune brought
" A pair of warriors to the rocky won,
" Gradasso, and Agrican's redoubted son*[9]:

* Mandricardo.

LXIII.

"Where, with their arms so wrought the champions brave,
" They freed Lucina from the chains she wore,
" (Though her Wit less than Fortune served to save)
" And running to the sea their burden bore:
" Her to her father, who was there, they gave.
" This was at morn, when in the cavern hoar,
" Mixt with the goats, king Norandino stood,
" Which ruminating, chewed their grassy food:

LXIV.

" But when, at day-light, 'twas unbarred, and now
" He was instructed that his wife was gone;
" For the orc's consort told the tale, and how,
" In every point, the thing rehearsed was done;
" He thanked his God, and begged, with promised vow,
" That, since 'twas granted her such ill to shun,
" He would direct his wife to some repair,
" Whence he might free her, by arms, gold, or prayer.

LXV.

" Together with the flat-nosed herd his way
" He took, and for green meads rejoicing made.
" He here expected, till the monster lay
" Extended, underneath the gloomy shade:
" Then journeyed all the night and all the day;
" Till, of the cruel orc no more afraid,
" He climbed a bark on Satalia's strand,
" And, three days past, arrived on Syrian land.

LXVI.

" In Cyprus, and in Rhodes, by tower and town,
" Which in near Egypt, Turkey, or Afric lay,
" The king bade seek Lucina up and down,
" Nor could hear news of her till the other day.
" The other day, his father-in-law made known,
" He had her safe with him. What caused her stay
" In Nicosia, was a cruel gale
" Which had long time been adverse to her sail.

LXVII.

" The king, for pleasure of the tidings true,
" Prepares the costly feast in solemn state;
" And will on each fourth moon that shall ensue
" Make one, resembling this we celebrate.
" Pleased of that time the memory to renew,
" That he, in the orc's cavern, had to wait,
" —For four months and a day—which is to-morrow;
" When he was rescued from such cruel sorrow.

LXVIII.

" The things related I in part descried,
" And from him, present at the whole, heard more;
" From Norandine, through calend and through ide,
" Pent, till he changed to smiles his anguish sore:
" And if from other you hear aught beside,
" Say, he is ill instructed in his lore."
The Syrian gentleman did thus display
The occasion of that feast and fair array.

LXIX.

Large portion of the night, in like discourse,
Was by those cavaliers together spent,
Who deemed that Love and Pity's mickle force
Was proved in that so dread experiment;
Then rising, when the supper's sumptuous course
Was cleared, to good and pleasant lodgings went;
And, as the ensuing morning fairly broke,
To sounds of triumph and rejoicing woke.

LXX.

The circling drums' and trumpets' echoing strain
Assemble all the town within the square;
And now, when mixt with sound of horse and wain,
Loud outcries through the streets repeated are,
Sir Gryphon dons his glittering arms again,
A panoply of those esteemed most rare;
Whose mail, impassable by spear or brand,
She, the white fay, had tempered with her hand.

LXXI.

The man of Antioch in his company,
Armed him (a recreant worse than he was none),
Provided by their landlord's courtesy
With sturdy spears and good, the course to run;
Who with his kindred, a fair chivalry,
To bring the warriors to the square is gone;
With squires afoot and mounted upon steeds,
Whom he bestowed, as aptest for their needs.

LXXII.

They in the square arrived and stood aside,
Nor of themselves awhile would make display;
Better to see the martial gallants ride
By twos and threes, or singly, to the fray.
One told, by colours cunningly allied,
His joy or sorrow to his lady gay;
One, with a painted Love on crest or shield,
If she were cruel or were kind, revealed [10].

LXXIII.

It was the Syrians' practice in that age
To arm them in this fashion of the west.
Haply this sprung out of their vicinage
And consonant commerce with the Franks, possest
In those days of the sacred heritage,
That God incarnate with his presence blest;
Which now, to them abandoned by the train
Of wretched Christians, heathen hounds profane.

LXXIV.

God's worshippers, where they should couch the lance,
For furtherance of his holy faith and true,
Against each other's breast the spear advance,
To the destruction of the faithful few.
You men of Spain, and you, ye men of France,
And Switzers, turn your steps elsewhere, and you,
Ye Germans, worthier empire to acquire;
For that *is* won for Christ, which you desire.

LXXV.

If verily most Christian you would be,
—I speak to you, that catholic are hight—
Why slain by you Christ's people do I see?
Wherefore are they despoiled of their right?
Why seek you not Jerusalem to free
From renegades? By Turkish Moslemite
Impure, why is Byzantium, with the best
And fairest portion of the world, possest?

LXXVI.

Thou Spain, hast thou not fruitful Afric nigh[11]?
And has she not in sooth offended more
Than Italy? yet her to scathe, that high
And noble, enterprize wilt thou give o'er?
Alas! thou sleepest, drunken Italy,
Of every vice and crime the fetid sewer!
Nor grievest, as a hand-maid, to obey,
In turn, the nations that have owned thy sway.

LXXVII.

If fear of famishing within thy cave,
Switzer, does thee to Lombardy convey,
And thou, among our people, dost but crave
A hand to give thee daily bread, or slay,—
The Turk has ready wealth; across the wave,
Drive him from Europe or from Greece away:
So shalt thou in those parts have wherewithal
To feed thy hunger, or more nobly fall.

LXXVIII.

I to the German neighbour of thy lair
Say what I say to thee; the wealth o' the west,
Which Constantine brought off from Rome, is there—
Brought off the choicest, gave away the rest[12]—
There golden Hermus and Pactolus are,
Mygdonia and Lydia: nor that country blest,
Which many tales for many praises note,
If thou wouldst thither wend, is too remote[13].

LXXIX.

Thou mighty Lion[14], that art charged to keep
The keys of Paradise, a weighty care,
Oh! let not Italy lie plunged in sleep,
If thy strong hand is planted in her hair.
To thee, his shepherd, God, to guide his sheep,
Has given that wand and furious name to bear;
That thou may'st roar, and wide thine arms extend,
And so from greedy wolves thy flock defend.

LXXX.

But whither have I roved! who evermore
So from one topic to the other stray?
Yet think not I the road I kept before
To have missed so far, but I can find my way.
I said, the Syrians then observed the lore
Of arming like the Christians of that day.
So that Damascus' crowded square was bright
With corslet, plate, and helm of belted knight.

LXXXI.

The lovely ladies from their scaffolds throw
Upon the jousters yellow flowers and red;
While these, as loud the brazen trumpets blow,
Make their steeds leap and wheel and proudly tread.
Each, rode he well or ill, his art would show,
And with the goring spur his courser bled.
Hence this good cavalier earns fame and praise,
While others scornful hoots and laughter raise.

LXXXII.

A suit of arms was prize of the assay,
Presented to the king some days before;
Which late a merchant found upon the way
Returning from Armenia; this the more
To grace, a vest, with noblest tissue gay,
The Syrian king subjoined, so powdered o'er
With jewels, gold, and pearls in rich device,
They made the meed a thing of passing price.

LXXXIII.

If the good king had known the panoply,
This he had held above all others dear;
Nor this had given, as full of courtesy,
To be contended for with sword and spear.
'Twere long to tell who so unworthily
Had erst mistreated thus the goodly gear,
That by the way the harness had been strowed,
A prey to whosoever past the road.

LXXXIV.

Of this you more in other place shall hear.
Of Gryphon now I tell, who at the just
Arrived, saw broken many a knightly spear,
And more than one good stroke and one good thrust.
Eight were there who made league together, dear
To Norandine, and held in sovereign trust;
Youths quick in arms and practised in the shock:
All lords, or scions of illustrious stock.

LXXXV.

At open barriers, one by one, the place
They kept against all comers for a day;
At first with lance, and next with sword or mace,
While them the king delighted to survey.
Ofttimes they pierce the corslet's iron case,
And every thing in fine perform in play,
Which foemen do that deadly weapons measure,
Save that the king may part them at his pleasure.

LXXXVI.

That witless Antiochite, who, worthily,
By name was cowardly Martano hight,
Thinking, because his comrade, he must be
Partaker of the noble Gryphon's might,
Into the martial press rides valiantly,
Then stops; and the issue of a furious fight,
Which had begun between two cavaliers,
To wait, retiring from the strife, appears.

LXXXVII.

Seleucia's lord, of those companions one,
Combined in that emprize to keep the place,
Who then a course with bold Ombruno run,
Wounded the unhappy warrior in mid-face,
So that he slew him; mourned by every one,
Who as a worthy knight the warrior grace,
And over and above his worth, before
All others, hold him for his courteous lore.

LXXXVIII.

When vile Martano from his place discerned
The fate which might be *his* with fearful eye,
Into his craven nature he returned,
And straight began to think how he might fly:
But him from flight the watchful Gryphon turned,
And, after much ado, with act and cry,
Urged him against a knight upon the ground,
As at the ravening wolf men slip the hound;

LXXXIX.

Who will pursue the brindled beast for ten,
Or twenty yards, and, after, stop to bay;
When he beholds his flashing eyes, and when
He sees the griesly beast his teeth display.
'Twas thus, before those valiant gentlemen
And princes, present there in fair array,
Fearful Martano, seized with panic dread,
Turned to the right his courser's rein and head.

XC.

Yet he who would excuse the sudden wheel,
Upon his courser might the blame bestow:
But, after, he so ill his strokes did deal,
Demosthenes his cause might well forego.
With paper armed he seems, and not with steel,
So shrinks he at the wind of every blow:
At length he breaks the ordered champions through,
Amid loud laughter from the circling crew.

XCI.

Clapping of hands, and cries, at every turn,
Were heard from all that rabble widely spread.
As a wolf sorely hunted makes return
To earth, to his retreat Martano fled.
Gryphon remained, and sullied with the scorn
Esteemed himself, which on his mate was shed;
And rather than be there, he, in his ire,
Would gladly find himself i' the midst of fire.

XCII.

With burning heart, and visage red with shame,
He thinks the knight's disgrace is all his own,
Because by deeds like his with whom he came,
He weens the mob expects to see him known.
So that it now behoves his valour flame
More clear than light, or they, to censure prone,
—Errs he a finger's breadth—an inch—will swell
His fault, and of that inch will make an ell.

XCIII.

Already he the lance upon his thigh
Has rested, little used to miss the foe:
Then makes with flowing rein his courser fly,
And next, somedeal advanced, directs the blow;
And, smiting, puts to the last agony
Sidonia's youthful lord, by him laid low.
O'ercome with wonder each assistant rises,
Whom sore the unexpected deed surprises.

XCIV.

Gryphon returned, and did the weapon wield,
Whole and recovered, which he couched before,
And in three pieces broke it on the shield
Which bold Laodicèa's baron bore.
Thrice or four times about to press the field
He seemed, and lay along the crupper, sore
Astound; yet rose at length, unsheathed his blade,
Wheeled his good courser, and at Gryphon made.

XCV.

Gryphon, who in his saddle sees the peer
Advancing towards him, nor unseated by
The encounter, says; "The failure of the spear
"In a few strokes the sabre shall supply;"
And on his temples smote a stroke so shear,
It seemed that it descended from the sky;
And matched it with another, and again
Another, till he stretched him on the plain.

XCVI.

Here two good brothers of Apamia were,
In tourney wont to have the upper hand:
Corimbo named and Thyrsis was the pair;
Both overturned by Gryphon on the land.
One at the encounter left his saddle bare,
On the other Gryphon used his trenchant brand:
This valiant knight was, in the common trust,
Sure to obtain the honours of the just.

XCVII.

Bold Salinterno, mid the warlike train,
Was in the lists, vizier and marshal hight,
Who had the government of all that reign,
And was, withal, a puissant man of might:
The tourney's prize he sees, with much disdain,
About to be borne off by foreign knight.
A lance he snatches, and to Gryphon cries,
And him with many menaces defies.

XCVIII.

But he makes answer with a massy spear,
Out of ten others chosen as the best;
And levelling at the buckler of the peer,
For greater surety, pierces plate and breast.
'Twixt rib and rib, it bored the cavalier,
Issuing a palm behind. To all the rest,
The king excepted, welcome was the blow:
For each was greedy Salinterno's foe.

XCIX.

Two of Damascus next Sir Gryphon sped,
Hermophilo and Carmondo. *This*, arraid
Under his flag, the king's militia led;
That was as lord high admiral obeyed.
This lightly at the shock on earth was shed,
And *that*, reversed, upon the ground o'erlaid
By his weak horse, too feeble to withstand
Sir Gryphon's mighty push and puissant hand.

C.

Yet in the field remained Seleucia's knight,
The best of all the other seven at need;
And one who well accompanied his might
With perfect armour and a gallant steed.
Both at the helmet, where it locks, take sight,
And with their spears to the encounter speed:
But Gryphon hardest smote, whose paynim foe
Lost his left stirrup, staggered by the blow.

CI.

They cast the truncheons down, their coursers wheel,
And, full of daring, with drawn falchions close.
Sir Gryphon was the first a stroke to deal,
Which might have split an anvil; at the blow's
Descent, the shield is splintered—bone and steel—
This had its lord mid thousand others chose;
And, but 'twas double, and the coat as well,
The sword had cleft the thigh on which it fell.

CII.

He of Seleucia at Sir Gryphon's casque,
At the same time, so fell a blow addrest,
It would have rent and torn the iron mask,
Had it not been enchanted like the rest.
The paynim's labour is a fruitless task,
Of arms so hard Sir Gryphon is possest;
Who has the foe's already cleft and broke
In many parts, nor thrown away a stroke.

CIII.

Each one might see how much Seleucia's lord
Was overmatched by Gryphon, and that day,
The worsted man had perished by the sword,
Had not the monarch quickly stopt the fray.
To his guard king Norandino spake the word,
And bade them enter, and the duel stay:
They part the knights, whom they asunder bear,
And much the king is lauded for his care.

CIV.

The eight, who had to keep the field pretended
From all the world, nor yet their part had done
On a sole knight,—their quarrel ill defended,—
Had vanished from the tilt-yard one by one.
The others, who with them should have contended,
Stood idle; for to answer them was none.
Since Gryphon had forestalled, in the debate,
What they should all have done against those eight;

CV.

And, for such little time endured the play,
Less than an hour sufficed to finish all.
But Norandine, the pastime to delay,
And to continue it till even-fall,
Descending from his place, bade clear the way;
And the huge squad divided, at his call,
Into two troops, whom, ranked by blood and might,
The monarch formed, and matched for other fight.

CVI.

Sir Gryphon, during this, had made return
Homeward, with anger and with fury stung;
Less thinking of his honours than the scorn
Which on the vile Martano had been flung.
Hence, from himself the opprobrious shame to turn,
Martano now employs his lying tongue;
And she, the false and cunning courtezan,
Assists him in his scheme as best she can.

CVII.

Whether the youth believed the tale or no,
He the excuse received, like one discreet;
And deemed it best for them at once to go,
And secretly and silently retreat,
For fear, that if the populace should know
Martano base, they him might ill entreat.
So, by short ways and close, they quit the abode,
And issue from the gates upon their road.

CVIII.

Sir Gryphon, was he or his horse foredone
With toil, or was it sleep his eyes down-weighed,
Ere yet the troop beyond two miles had gone,
At the first inn upon the highway stayed.
He doffed his armour all, and morion,
And had the steeds of trappings disarrayed;
And next alone he to a chamber sped,
Locked himself in, undrest, and went to bed.

CIX.

No sooner he his head had rested there,
Than, with deep sleep opprest, he closed his eye:
So heavily, no badgers in their lair,
Or dormice, overcome with slumber, lie.
Martano and Origille, to take the air,
Entered this while a garden which was nigh;
And there the strangest fraud together bred,
Which ever entered into mortal head.

CX.

Martano schemed to take away the steed
And gear, in which Sir Gryphon had been dight,
And stand before the monarch, in the weed
Of him who had in joust so proved his might.
As he had shaped in thought, he did the deed:
He took away the warrior's horse, more white
Than milk, his buckler, surcoat, arms, and crest;
In all Sir Gryphon's knightly ensigns drest.

CXI.

He, who was clad in trappings not his own,
Like the ass mantled in the lion's hide,
As he expected, to the king, unknown,
Was called in place of Gryphon: when descried
Of Norandine, he rising from his throne,
Embraced and kissed, and placed him by his side:
Nor deems enough to praise and hold him dear,
But wills that all around his praise should hear:

CXII.

And bids them the sonorous metal blow,
Proclaiming him the conqueror of that day:
And round about loud voices, high and low,
The unworthy name throughout the lists convey.
He wills that, side by side, with him shall go
The knight, when homeward he shall take his way;
And him such favour shows, intent to please,
As might have honoured Mars or Hercules.

CXIII.

Him lodgings fair he gave, wherein to dwell
At court; and she who with the peer did ride
Was honoured by the courteous king as well,
—False Origille,—with knight and page supplied.
But it is time that I of Gryphon tell;
Who unsuspecting, she, or wight beside,
Him would with treacherous stratagem deceive,
Had fallen asleep, nor ever waked till eve.

CXIV.

When he how late it was, awaking, knew,
With speed he from the chamber did withdraw;
And hastened where he, with the other crew,
Left Origille and her false brother-in-law:
And when, nor these, nor, upon better view,
His armour nor his wonted clothes he saw,
Suspicious waxed; and more suspicion breed
The ensigns of his comrade left instead.

CXV.

The host, arriving, him at full possest
Of every thing,—and how, in white array,
That warrior, with the lady and the rest,
Had to the city measured back their way.
By little and by little, Gryphon guessed
What love from him had hidden till that day;
And knew, to his great sorrow, in the other
Origille's paramour, and not her brother.

CXVI.

Now he lamenting for his folly stood,
That having heard the truths the pilgrim said,
He should have let her story change his mood,
Who him before so often had betrayed.
He might have venged himself, nor did;—now wou'd,
Too late, inflict the punishment delaid;
Constrained (a crying error!) in his need
To take that wily treachour's arms and steed.

CXVII.

He better would have gone like naked man,
Than braced the unworthy cuirass on his breast;
Or hastened the detested shield to span,
Or place upon his helm the scorned crest.
But of the lover, and that courtezan,
He, passion mastering reason, took the quest:
And bending to Damascus' gate his way,
Arrived an hour before the close of day.

CXVIII.

On the left hand a castle richly dight
Stood nigh the gate, to which Sir Gryphon rode.
Besides, that it was strong and armed for fight,
Filled with rare chambers was the rich abode.
The first of Syria, king, and lord, and knight,
And lady, in a gentle group bestowed,
There in an open gallery fairly met,
Were at their glad and costly supper set.

CXIX.

With the high tower the beauteous gallery, clear
Beyond the city-wall, projected out,
From whence might be discovered, far and near,
The spacious fields and different roads about.
When Gryphon now, in his opprobrious gear,
And arms, dishonoured by the rabble's flout,
Makes, by ill fortune, to the gate resort,
He by the king is seen, and all his court;

CXX.

And, taken for the man whose crest he wears,
In dame and knight moves laughter, through the ring.
The vile Martano, as a man who shares
The royal grace, sits next below the king;
And next, she, whom her love so fitly pairs;
Whom Norandino gaily questioning,
Demands of them, who is the coward knight,
That of his honour makes so passing light;

CXXI.

Who, after feat so base and foul, anew
Approaches, with such front and shameless cheer,
—And cries, "It seems a thing unheard, that you,
"An excellent and worthy cavalier,
"Should take this man for your companion, who
"Has not in all our wide Levant his peer.
"Did you with him for contrast-sake combine,
"That so your valour might more brightly shine?

CXXII.

"—But did not love for you my will restrain,
"By the eternal gods, I truly swear,
"He should endure such ignominious stain,
"As I am wont to make his fellows share:
"Him would I make of my long-nursed disdain
"Of cowardice perpetual record bear.
"To you, by whom he hither was conveyed,
"If now unpunished, let his thanks be paid.

CXXIII.

That vessel of all filthy vices, he,
Made answer; "Mighty sir, I cannot say
"Who is the stranger, that fell in with me
"Journeying from Antioch hither, by the way:
"But him I worthy of my company
"Deemed, by his warlike semblance led astray.
"I nothing of his deeds have heard or seen,
"Save what ill feats to-day have witnessed been;

CXXIV.

"Which moved me so, it little lacked but I,
"For punishment of his unworthy fear,
"Had put him out of case again to ply,
"In martial tournament, the sword or spear;
"And, but in reverence to your majesty
"And presence, I forbore my hand to rear,
"Not for his sake:—nor be thy mercy showed
"On him, as my companion on the road;

CXXV.

"Whose former fellowship appears a stain;
"And ever 'twill sit heavy at my heart,
"If I, uninjured, see the wretch again
"'Scape, to the scandal of the warlike art.
"'Twere better he from tower, a worthy pain,
"Were gibbeted, than suffered to depart:
"Hung as a beacon for the coward's gaze.
"Such were a princely deed, and worthy praise."

CXXVI.

A voucher he in Origilla had,
Who well, without a sign, his purpose read.
" I deem not," cried the king, " his works so bad,
" That they should cost the stranger knight his head:
" Enough that he again the people glad,
" For penance of his weighty sin." This said,
He quickly called a baron of his crew,
And him enjoined the deed he was to do.

CXXVII.

With many armed men that baron fares,
And to the city-gate descending, here
Collects his troop, and for the attempt prepares,
Waiting the coming of the cavalier;
And him surprises so at unawares,
He, softly, 'twixt two bridges, takes the peer;
And him detains, with mockery and scorn,
In a dark chamber, till returning morn.

CXXVIII.

The early sun had scarce his golden hair
Uplifted from his ancient nurse's breast,
Beginning, upon Alpine regions bare,
To chase the shades and gild the mountain-crest,
When Martan', fearing Gryphon might declare
His wrong, and to the king the truth attest,
Retorting upon him the slander cast,
Took leave, and thence upon his journey past.

CXXIX.

His ready wit a fit excuse supplies
Why he stays not, to see the recreant shown.
He is with other gifts, beside the prize,
Rewarded for the victory, not his own,
And letters patent, drawn in ample wise,
Wherein his lofty honours wide are blown.
Let him depart; I promise he shall meet
A guerdon worthy of his treacherous feat.

CXXX.

Gryphon is brought with shame into the square,
When it is fully thronged with gazing wight,
Whom they of cuirass and of helmet bare,
And leave in simple cassock, meanly dight;
And, as to slaughter he conducted were,
Place on a wain, conspicuous to the sight;
Harnessed to which two sluggish cows are seen,
Weary and weak, and with long hunger lean.

CXXXI.

Thronging about the ignoble car, appear
Brazen-faced boy and girl of evil fame,
Who, each in turn, will play the charioteer,
And all assail the knight with bitter blame.
The boys might be a cause of greater fear,
For, joined to mocks and mows, and words of shame,
The warrior they with volleyed stones would slay,
But that the wiser few their fury stay.

CXXXII.

That which of his disgrace had been the ground,
Though no true evidence of guilt, his mail
And plate, are dragged in due dishonour round,
Suspended at the shameful waggon's tail.
The wain is stopt, and to the trumpet's sound,
Heralds, in front of a tribunal's pale,
His shame, before his eyes, amid the crowd,
(Another's evil deed) proclaim aloud.

CXXXIII.

They take their prisoner thence, and so repair
In front of temple, dwelling-house, and store;
Nor any cruel name of mockery spare,
Nor leave unsaid a word of filthy lore;
And him at last without the city bear:
The foolish rabble, trusting evermore
Their thrall to banish to the sound of blows,
Who passing little of its prisoner knows.

CXXXIV.

The warrior's gyves no sooner they undo,
And from their manacles free either hand,
Than Gryphon seizes shield and sword, and, through
The rabble, makes long furrows with his brand.
With pike and spear unfurnished was the crew,
Who without weapons came, a witless band.
The rest for other canto I suspend,
For, sir, 'tis time this song should have an end.

NOTES TO CANTO XVII.

1.

And marble column, slab, and gilded beam,
By sire and grandsire held in high esteem.

Stanza x. lines 7 and 8.

Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum.

VIRGIL.

2.

Like to a serpent, &c.

Stanza xi. line 3.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, &c.

See Virgil's description of Pyrrhus in the storm of Troy, of which this stanza is a free translation.

3.

And hugged the door-post and the genial bed.

Stanza xiii. line 5.

So Virgil,

At domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
Miscetur, penitusque cavæ plangoribus ædes
Fœmineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
Tum pavidæ tectis matres ingentibus errant,
Amplexæque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt.

An example of such passionate action, which may appear unnatural to many, was in modern times furnished by the late king and queen of Naples, under circumstances of less excitement, who, when restored by Lord Nelson, ran about their palace at Naples, kissing and embracing the doors.

4.

" Are you not those that erst with me did stand
" 'Gainst Agolant in Aspramont? In you
" Is vigour now so spent, (he said) the hand,
" Who him, Troyano, and Almontes slew.

Stanza xiv. lines 3, 4, 5, 6.

These are all events described in the romances anterior to the Innamorato, and many of which are referred to in that poem.

5.

Then the high-street gay signs of triumph wore,
Covered with showy cloths of different dye,
Which deck the walls, while sylvan leaves in store,
And scented herbs upon the pavement lie.

Stanza xx. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Every one who has been on the continent, and indeed every one who is conversant with old paintings, may acquire a general idea of such a picture; but it is necessary to have been in Italy to form to oneself a perfect notion of the details of these scenes, in which Ariosto seems so particularly to delight. So studiously elegant are the townspeople of some parts of the Italian peninsula, that at an annual festival held at a burgh near Rome, where the pavement, as in Damascus, is strewed with foliage, beautiful centre-pieces for this green ground are composed with leaves of rich flowers on thin deal planks, and inserted in it at such intervals as to produce the effect of figured carpeting. Ariosto paints these scenes in the true spirit of an Italian.

6.

But as we scoured the fell Carpathian sea.

Stanza xxvii. line. 1.

Carpathium, an island between Rhodes and Crete, gave its name to the neighbouring sea.

7.

" *To calculate the griesly monster's height,*
" *(So measureless is he) exceeds all skill;*
" *Of fungus-hue, in place of orbs of sight,*
" *Their sockets two small bones like berries fill.*

Stanza xxx. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

I have observed, in a former note, that an orc in Ariosto seems intended to convey the idea of some monster like a *bug-gaboo*, whose genus and form are not defined by the name. In the tale of Olympia the orc is a sort of whale. Here he is a Cyclops, in consistence with the account given of him in a story of the Innamorato, of which this episode is a continuation. It may be remarked, however, that Ariosto, in concluding this story, has given him the addition of two make-believe eyes, and has thus shown another proof of his feeling for picture, conforming to the practice of painters, who (as Mr. Uvedale Price observes in his delightful Essay on the Picturesque) 'have marked the sockets of the two eyes of the Cyclops, probably from finding, that, when the whole space between the brow and the cheek was filled up, the face lost its form, and became a shapeless lump.'

8.

For the orc on flesh of woman never fed.

Stanza xl. line 8.

'The poet took this custom of the orc from the cannibals,' says an Italian commentator; but I am ignorant upon what authority he grounds his assertion. On the contrary, one of the fathers talks about certain ancient cannibals, who more especially preferred feeding upon the flesh of woman to that of man.

9.

Till Fortune brought
A pair of warriors to the rocky won,
Gradasso, and Agrican's redoubted son.

Stanza lxii. lines 6, 7, 8.

See the Innamorato for this as well as the preceding incidents.

10.

One told, by colours cunningly allied,
His joy or sorrow to his lady gay;
One, with a painted Love on crest or shield,
If she were cruel or were kind revealed.

Stanza lxxii. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

I have already remarked upon the emblematic significance of colours among the Europeans during the middle ages. Ariosto, like the romancers, represents this fashion as prevalent also among the Mahometans; but he, with his usual care, explains this ingeniously in the next stanza, where he says that

Haply this sprung out of their vicinage
And commerce with the Franks:

And the same cause he has supposed, actually did produce the same effect in similar circumstances; the Moors of Spain adopting these, and many similar gallantries, from their Christian neighbours.

It may be remarked that the Eastern nations had, and have still a usage of the same nature, in the practice of intimating their feelings by hieroglyphical flowers. Such customs are probably more or less prevalent among all people in a similar stage of civilization, in the absence of more precise means of expressing themselves.

11.

Thou Spain, hast thou not fruitful Afric nigh?

Stanza lxxvi. line 1.

He alludes to the enterprize against Africa, undertaken and abandoned by Charles V.

12.

Brought off the choicest, gave away the rest.

Stanza lxxviii. line 4.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that when Constantine transferred the seat of empire to Constantinople, the riches left by him formed the endowment of the Latin Church. Ariosto is here evidently indulging in one of his quiet sneers; for, though a catholic, he was no more a papist than Dante, who has recorded his sentiments in the famous

'Ahi! Costantin di quanto mal fu madre
Non tua conversion, ma quella dote,
Che da te prese il primo ricco padre!'

'Ah! Constantine, how bitterly we rue,
Not thy conversion, but that evil dower,
Which erst from thee the first rich father drew!'

13.

Nor that country blest,
Which many tales for many praises note,
If thou wouldst thither wend, is too remote.

Stanza lxxviii. lines 6, 7, 8.

What particular country in this Eastern land of fable is designated, is at least not obvious; but the Italian commentators who write notes to say that Libya means Africa, &c. have thrown no light upon the passage.

14.

Thou mighty Lion, &c

Stanza lxxix. line 1.

Pope Leo X. This piece of bad taste, the characterizing men by their names or armoric symbols, seems to have originated in Dante. His *can della scala* transformed into a greyhound (*veltro*) is a notorious instance of this; which is a common sin in the ancient Italians.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Gryphon is venged. Sir Mandricardo goes
In search of Argier's king. Charles wins the fight.
Marphisa Norandino's men o'erthrows.
Due pains Martano's cowardice requite.
A favouring wind Marphisa's galley blows,
For France with Gryphon bound and many a knight.
The field Medoro and Cloridano tread,
And find their monarch Dardinello dead.

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XVIII.

I.

High minded lord! your actions evermore
I have with reason lauded, and still laud;
Though I with style inapt, and rustic lore,
You of large portion of your praise defraud:
But, of your many virtues, one before
All others I with heart and tongue applaud,
—That, if each man a gracious audience finds,
No easy faith your equal judgment blinds.

II.

Often, to shield the absent one from blame,
I hear you this, or other, thing adduce;
Or him you let, at least, an audience claim,
Where still one ear is open to excuse:
And before dooming men to scaith and shame,
To see and hear them ever is your use;
And ere you judge another, many a day,
And month, and year, your sentence to delay.

III.

Had Norandine been with your care endued,
What he by Gryphon did, he had not done.
Profit and fame have from your rule accrued:
A stain more black than pitch he cast upon
His name: through him, his people were pursued
And put to death by Olivero's son;
Who at ten cuts or thrusts, in fury made,
Some thirty dead about the waggon laid.

IV.

Whither fear drives, in rout, the others all,
Some scattered here, some there, on every side,
Fill road and field; to gain the city-wall
Some strive, and smothered in the mighty tide,
One on another, in the gateway fall.
Gryphon, all thought of pity laid aside,
Threats not nor speaks, but whirls his sword about,
Well venging on the crowd their every flout.

V.

Of those who to the portal foremost fleed,
The readiest of the crowd their feet to ply,
Part, more intent upon their proper need
Than their friends' peril, raise the draw-bridge high:
Part, weeping and with deathlike visage, speed,
Nor turn their eyes behind them as they fly:
While, through the ample city, outcry loud,
And noise, and tumult rises from the crowd.

VI.

Two nimble Gryphon seizes, mid the train,
When to their woe the bridge is raised; of one,
Upon the field the warrior strews the brain,
Which he beats out on a hard grinding stone;
Seized by the breast, the other of the twain
Over the city-wall by him is thrown.
Fear chills the townsmen's marrow, when they spy
The luckless wretch descending from the sky.

VII.

Many there were who feared in their alarms,
Lest o'er the wall Sir Gryphon would have vaulted;
Nor greater panic seized upon those swarms,
Than if the soldan had the town assaulted.
The sound of running up and down, of arms,
Of cry of Muezzins, on high exalted;
Of drums and trumpets, heaven, 'twould seem, rebounded,
And, that the world was by the noise confounded.

VIII.

But I will to another time delay,
What chanced on this occasion, to recount.
'Tis meet I follow Charles upon his way,
Hurrying in search of furious Rodomont,
Who did the monarch's suffering people slay.
I said, with him, the danger to affront,
Went Namus, Oliver, the Danish peer *,
Avino, Avolio, Otho, and Berlinghier.

* Ogier.

IX.

Eight lances' shock, that eight such warriors guide,
Which all at once against the king they rest,
Endured the stout and scaly serpent's hide,
In which the cruel Moor his limbs had drest.
As a barque rights itself,—the sheet untied,
Which held its sail,—by growing wind opprest;
So speedily Sir Rodomont arose,
Though a hill had been uprooted by the blows.

X.

Rainier and Guido, Richard, Salomon,
Ivan, Ughetto, Turpin, and the twain—
Angiolin, Angelier—false Ganellon,
And Mark and Matthew from St. Michael's plain,
With the eight of whom I spake, all set upon
The foe, with Edward and Sir Arimane;
Who leading succours from the English shore,
Had lodged them in the town short time before.

XI.

Not so, well-keyed into the solid stone,
Groans upon Alpine height the castle good,
When by rude Boreas' rage or Eurus' strown,
Uptorn are ash and fir in mountain-wood,
As groans Sir Rodomont, with pride o'erblown,
Inflamed with anger and with thirst of blood:
And, as the thunder and the lightning's fire
Fly coupled, such his vengeance and his ire.

XII.

He at *his* head took aim who stood most nigh;
Ughetto was the miserable wight,
Whom to the teeth he clove, and left to die;
Though of good temper was his helmet bright.
As well the others many strokes let fly
At him, himself; which all the warrior smite,
But harm (so hard the dragon's hide) no more,
Than needle can the solid anvil score.

XIII.

All the defences, round, abandoned are,
The unpeopled city is abandoned all;
For, where the danger is the greatest, there
The many give their aid, at Charles's call:
Through every street they hurry to the square,
Since flying nought avails, from work and wall.
Their bosoms so the monarch's presence warms,
That each again takes courage, each takes arms.

XIV.

As when within the closely-fastened cage
Of an old lioness, well used to fight,
An untamed bull is prisoned, to engage
The savage monster, for the mob's delight;
The cubs, who see him cresting in his rage,
And round the den loud-bellowing, to the sight
Of the huge beast's enormous horns unused,
Cower at a distance, timid and confused;

XV.

But if the mother spring at him, and hang,
Fixing her cruel tusks into his ear,
Her whelps as well will blood their greedy fang,
And, bold in her defence, assail the steer:
One bites his paunch, and one his back: so sprang
That band upon the paynim cavalier.
From roof and window, and from place more nigh,
Poured in a ceaseless shower, the weapons fly.

XVI.

Of cavaliers and footmen such the squeeze,
That hardly can the place the press contain:
They cluster there as thick as swarming bees,
Who thither from each passage troop amain.
So that, were they unarmed, and with more ease
Than stalks or turnips he could cleave the train,
Ill Rodomont in twenty days would clear
The gathering crowd, united far and near.

XVII.

Unknowing how himself from thence to free,
The paynim by this game is angered sore,
Who little thins the gathering rabblery,
Staining the ground with thousands slain or more;
And all the while, in his extremity,
Finds that his breath comes thicker than before;
And sees he cannot pierce the hostile round,
Unless he thence escape while strong and sound.

XVIII.

The monarch rolls about his horrid eyes,
And sees that foes all outlets barricade;
But, at the cost of countless enemies,
A path shall quickly by his hand be made.
Where Fury calls him, lo! the felon hies,
And brandishes on high his trenchant blade,
To assail the newly entered British band,
Which Edward and Sir Ariman command.

XIX.

He who has seen the fence, in well-thronged square,
(Against whose stakes the eddying crowd is born)
By wild bull broken, that has had to bear,
Through the long day, dogs, blows, and ceaseless scorn;
Who hunts the scattered people here and there,
And this, or that, now hoists upon his horn;
Let him as such, or fiercer yet, account,
When he breaks forth, the cruel Rodomont.

XX.

At one cross-blow fifteen or twenty foes
He hews, as many leaves without a head,
At cross or downright-stroke; as if he rows
Trashes in vineyard or in willow-bed.
At last all smeared with blood the paynim goes,
Safe from the place, which he has heaped with dead;
And wheresoe'er he turns his steps, are left
Heads, arms, and other members, maimed and cleft.

XXI.

He from the square retires in such a mode,
None can perceive that danger him appals;
But, during this, what were the safest road,
By which to sally, he to thought recals.
He comes at last to where the river flowed
Below the isle, and past without the walls.
In daring men at arms and mob increase,
Who press him sore, nor let him part in peace.

XXII.

As the high-couraged beast, whom hunters start
In the wild Nomade or Massilian chace[2],
Who, even in flying, shows his noble heart,
And threatening seeks his lair with sluggish pace;
From that strange wood of sword, and spear, and dart,
Turns Rodomont, with action nothing base;
And still impeded by the galling foe,
Makes for the river with long steps and slow.

XXIII.

He turned upon the rabble-rout who bayed
Behind him, thrice or more, by anger driven,
And stained anew his falchion, by whose blade
More than a hundred deadly wounds were given.
But reason, finally, his fury stayed
Before the bloody carnage stank to heaven[3];
And he, with better counsel, from the side
Cast himself down into Seine's foaming tide.

XXIV.

Athwart the current swam, with arms and all,
As if by corks upborn, the cavalier.
Though thou Antæus bred'st, and Hannibal,
O Africa! thou never bred'st his peer!—
When now across the stream, without the wall,
He turned, and saw the royal town appear,
—To have traversed all the city moved his ire,
Leaving it undestroyed by sword or fire;

XXV.

And him so sorely anger stung and pride,
Thither he thought a second time to go;
And from his inmost bosom groaned and sighed,
Nor would depart until he laid it low.
But he saw one along the river-side
Approach, who made him rage and hate forego;
Strait shall you hear who 'twas, approached the king,
But first I have to say of other thing.

XXVI.

I have of haughty Discord now to say,
To whom the archangel Michael gave command,
To heat to enmity and fierce affray
The best of Agramant's besieging band.
She went that evening from the abbey gray,
Her task committing to another's hand;
—Left it to Fraud to feed, till her return,
The war, and make the fire she kindled burn;

XXVII.

And she believed, that she with greater power
Should go, did Pride with her as well repair;
And she (for all were guested in one bower)
In search of her had little way to fare.
Pride went with her; but, that in hall or tower,
A vicar too her charge might duly bear,
She for those days she absent thought to be,
For her lieutenant left Hypocrisy[4].

XXVIII.

The implacable Discord went, and with the dame,
(Companion of the enterprise, was Pride)
Upon her road; and found that, by the same,
Was journeying to the paynim camp, beside,
Comfortless Jealousy, with whom there came
A little dwarf, attending as a guide;
Who erst had been sent forward with advice
To Sarza's king, by beauteous Doralice.

XXIX.

When she fell into Mandricardo's hand,
(I have before recounted when and where)
She had in secret given the dwarf command,
He to the king should with the tidings fare;
By whom she hoped not vainly would be scanned
The tale her messenger was charged to bear,
But wonderous deeds be done for her relief,
With sad and signal vengeance on the thief.

XXX.

Jealousy had that little dwarf espied,
And kenned the reason of his mission too,
And joined him, journeying with him side by side,
Deeming that she therein a part might do.
Discord, with pleasure, Jealousy descried,
But with more joy, when she the occasion knew
Which thither brought the dame, who much (she wist)
Might in the task she had in hand assist.

XXXI.

Of means to embroil the Sarzan and the son
Of Agrican*, she deems herself possest.
A certain mode to enrage these two is won;
And other means may work upon the rest.
She thither with the dwarfish page is gone,
Where the fierce Pagan in his clutch had prest
Proud Paris; and they reached the river-strand,
Exactly as the felon swam to land.

XXXII.

As soon as the redoubted Rodomont
Knew in the dwarf the courier of his dame,
He all his rage extinguished, cleared his front,
And felt his courage brighten into flame.
All else he deems the courier may recount,
Save that a wight had wrought him scaith and shame,
And cries (encountering him with chearful brow)
"How fares our lady? whither sent art thou?"

* Mandricardo.

XXXIII.

" Nor mine nor thine that lady will I say,
" Who is another's thrall," the dwarf replied.
" We, on our road, encountered yesterday
" A knight, who seized and bore away the bride."
Jealousy, upon this, took up the play,
And, cold as asp, embraced the king: her guide
Pursued his tale, relating how the train,
Their mistress taken, by one man were slain.

XXXIV.

Her flint and steel, fell Discord, as he said,
Took forth, and somewhile hammered on the stone.
Pride, underneath, the ready tinder spread,
And the quick fire was in a moment blown:
This on the paynim's soul so fiercely fed,
He could not find a resting place: 'mid groan
And sob he storms, with horrid face and eye,
Which threat the elements and ample sky.

XXXV.

As tiger rages, who in vain descends[5]
Into her den, and finds herself alone,
And, circling all the cavern, comprehends,
At last, that her beloved young are gone;
To ire, to rage like hers his wrath extends:
Nor night the king regards, nor rock, nor stone,
Nor stream:—Nor length of way nor storm arrest
The speed with which he on the plunderer prest.

XXXVI.

So raging, to the pigmy dwarf who bore
The news, exclaimed the king, " Now hence away!"
Nor horse he waits, nor carriage, nor, before
Departing, deigns to *his* a word to say.
He hurries with such speed, that not with more
The lizard darts at noon across the way[6].
Horse had he none, but be he whose he might,
Would make his own the first which came in sight.

XXXVII.

Discord at this, who read his secret thought,
Exclaimed, as she looked smilingly on Pride,
' Through her he to a courser should be brought,
' By which new cause of strife should be supplied;
' And, that by him no other might be caught,
' She from his path would keep all steeds beside;
' And knew already where the prize to seek.'
—But her I leave, again of Charles to speak.

XXXVIII.

When, on the Saracen's departure, spent,
About King Charles, was the consuming flame,
He ranged his troops anew: some warriors went
To strengthen feeble posts which succours claim;
The rest against the Saracens are sent,
To give the foe checkmate and end the game;
And from St. German's to Saint Victor's gates,
He pours the host, which on his signal waits.

XXXIX.

He these at Saint Marcellus' gate, where lay,
Outstretched a large circumference of plain,
Bade one another wait, in one array,
To reunite against the paynim train.
Inflaming every one to smite and slay,
In guise, that for a record should remain,
He made the various troops fall in below
Their banners, and the battle-signal blow.

XL.

Agramant has remounted in his sell,
While this is doing in his foe's despite,
And with the stripling* who loved Isabel,
Is waging perilous and fearful fight.
Lurcanio with Sobrino strives as well;
Rinaldo a troop encounters, whom the knight,
With Valour and with Fortune for his guide,
Charges, and breaks, and routs on every side.

XLI.

While so the battle stands, king Charlemagne
Falls on the rear-guard of the paynim foe,
Where bold Marsilius halts the flower of Spain,
And forms the host, his royal flag below.
On these king Charlemagne impels his train,
Who, foot with horse to flank, against them go.
While so the deafening drum and trumpet sounds,
'Twould seem the spacious world the din rebounds.

* Zerbino.

XLII.

The Saracenic squadrons had begun
To bend, and all the army of the Moor
Had turned, disordered, broken, and undone,
Never to be arrayed or rallied more,
But that Grandonio stood, and Falsiron,
Tried oftentimes in greater ill before,
With Serpentine and Balugantes proud,
And the renowned Ferrau, who tried aloud:

XLIII.

" O valiant men," he—" O companions," cries,
" O brethren, stand, and yet your place maintain;
" Like cobweb-threads our cruel enemies
" Will find their works, if we our part sustain.
" What this day Fortune offers to our eyes,
" If now we conquer, see the praise, the gain!—
" If conquered, see the utter loss and shame
" Which will for ever wait upon your name!"

XLIV.

He in this time a mighty lance had spanned,
And spurred at once against Sir Berlinghier,
Who Argaliffa guided with his hand,
And broke his helmet's frontal with the spear,
Cast him on earth, and with the cruel brand
Unhorsed perhaps eight other warriors near.
His mighty strokes discharging, at each blow,
He ever laid at least one horseman low.

XLV.

In other part, Rinaldo, in his mood,
Has slain more enemies than I can say.
Before the warlike knight no order stood;
You might have seen the ample camp give way.
No less Zerbino and Lurcanio good
Do deeds, which will be told in every day:
This, with a thrust, has bold Balastro slain,
That Finaduro's helm has cleft in twain.

XLVI.

The first was of the Alzerban army head,
Ruled by Tardocco some short time before;
The other one the valiant squadrons led
Of Saphi, and Morocco, and Zamor.
'Where, 'mid the paynims,' might to me be said,
'Is knight whose sword can cleave or lance can gore?'
But step by step I go, and as I wind
My way, leave none who merits praise behind.

XLVII.

Zumara's king is not forgotten here,
Dardinel, who Sir Dulphin of the mount,
Claude of the wood, and Hubert, with the spear,
(Of Mirford he) and Elio did dismount,
And, with the faulchion, Stamford's cavalier,
Sir Anselm, Raymond and Sir Pinnamont
From London-town; though valiant were the twain;
Two stunned, one wounded, the four others slain.

XLVIII.

Yet will his squadron not so firmly stand,
Maugre the valour which his deeds display,
So firmly, as to wait the Christian band,
In number less, but steadier in array,
More used to joust and manage of the brand,
And all things appertaining to the fray.
Setta and Morocco turned, and, seized with dread,
Zumara and Canaries' islesmen fled.

XLIX.

But faster than the rest Alzerba flies,
Whom Dardinel opposed, and now with sore
Reproach, and now with prayer he moves, and tries
What best he deems their courage may restore.
" If good Almontes has deserved," he cries,
" That you should by his memory set such store,
" Now shall be seen—be seen, if you will me,
" His son, abandon in such jeopardy.

L.

" For sake of my green youth, I pray you stand,
" That youth whereon your hopes were wont to feed,
" And suffer not that, scattered by the brand,
" To Africa be lost our noble seed.
" Save you united go, be sure the land
" Is shut against you, wheresoe'er you speed.
" Too high a wall to climb is mountain-steep,
" The yawning sea a ditch too wide to leap.

LI.

" Far better 'tis to perish than to be
" Torn by these dogs, or lie at their control.
" Since vain is every other remedy,
" Wait, friends, for love of Heaven, the advancing shoal:
" They are not gifted with more lives than we;
" Have but one pair of hands, have but one soul[7]."
So saying, the bold youth, amid the crew
Of enemies, the Earl of Huntley slew.

LII.

Almontes' memory, through the Moorish bands,
Makes every bosom with such ardour glow,
They deem 'tis better to use arms and hands
In fight, than turn their backs upon the foe.
Taller than all William of Burnwich stands,
An Englishman, whom Dardinel brings low,
And equals with the rest; then smites upon,
And cleaves, the head of Cornish Aramon[8].

LIII.

Down fell this Aramon, and to afford
Him succour, thitherward his brother made;
But from the shoulder him Zumara's lord *
Cleft to the fork, with his descending blade;
Next Bogio de Vergalla's belly gored,
And from his debt absolved (the forfeit paid)
Who to return within six months, if life
Were granted him, had promised to his wife.

* Dardinello.

LIV.

Lurcanio next met Dardinello's eye;
He upon earth Dorchino had laid low,
Pierced through the throat, and hapless Gardo nigh
Cleft to the teeth; at him, as all too slow,
He from Altheüs vainly seeks to fly,
Whom as his heart Lurcanio loves, a blow
Upon his head behind the Scotchman speeds;
And, slaughtered by the stroke, the warrior bleeds.

LV.

Dardinel, to avenge him, took a spear,
And, should he lay the fierce Lurcanio dead,
Vowed to his Mahomet, if he could hear,
The mosque should have his empty arms: this said,
Ranging the field in haste, that cavalier
He in the flank, with thrust so full and dread,
Encountered, that it went through either side:
And he to *his* to strip the baron cried.

LVI.

From me it sure were needless to demand,
If Ariôdantes, when his brother fell,
Was grieved; if he with his avenging hand
Among the damned would send Sir Dardinell;
But all access the circling troops withstand
And bar, no less baptized than infidel:
Yet would he venge himself, and with his blade,
Now here, now there, an open passage made.

LVII.

He charges, chases, breaks, and overthrows
Whoever cross him on the crowded plain;
And Dardinello, who his object knows,
Would fain the wish content; but him the train
Impedes as well, which round about him flows,
And renders aye his every purpose vain.
If one on all sides thins the Moorish rank,
The other slays Scot, Englishman, and Frank.

LVIII.

Fortune still blocked their path throughout the day;
So that they met not, 'mid that chivalry,
And kept one as a mightier champion's prey;
For rarely man escapes his destiny.
Behold the good Rinaldo turns that way!
That for this one no refuge there might be.
Lo! good Rinaldo comes: him Fortune guides,
And for his sword King Dardinel provides.

LIX.

But here enough for this one while is shown
Of their illustrious doings in the west;
'Tis time I seek Sir Gryphon, and make known
How he, with fury burning in his breast,
That rabble-rout had broke and overthrown,
Struck with more fear than ever men possest.
Thither speeds Norandine on that alarm,
And for his guard above a thousand arm.

LX.

King Norandino, girt with peer and knight,
Seeing on every side the people fly,
Rides to the gates, with squadron duly dight,
And at his hest the portals open fly.
Meanwhile Sir Gryphon, having put to flight
The weak and worthless rabble far and nigh,
The scorned arms (to keep him from that train)
Such as they were, took up and donned again.

LXI.

And nigh a temple strongly walled, and round
Whose base a moat for its protection goes,
Upon a little bridge takes up his ground,
That him his enemies may not enclose.
Lo! loudly shouting, and with threatening sound,
A mighty squadron through the gateway flows.
The valiant Gryphon changes not his place,
And shows how small his fear by act and face.

LXII.

But when, approaching near, he saw the band,
He sallied forth to meet them by the way;
And wielding still his sword in either hand,
Made cruel havoc in the close array.
Then on the narrow bridge resumed his stand,
Nor there his hunters only held at bay:
Anew he sallied, and returned anew,
Aye leaving bloody signs when he withdrew.

LXIII.

Fore-stroke and back he deals, and on the ground
Horsemen and foot o'erthrows on every side;
This while the ample mob the knight surround,
And more and more the warfare rages wide.
At length Sir Gryphon fears he shall be drowned,
(So waxed their numbers) in the increasing tide;
And hurt in the left shoulder, through his mail,
And thigh, his wind as well begins to fail.

LXIV.

But Valour, who so oft befriends her own,
Makes him find grace in Norandino's eyes;
Who, while alarmed, he hurries there, o'erthrown
So many men, such heaps of dead espies,
While he views wounds, which Hector's hand alone
He weens could deal,—to him all testifies
That he had put an undeserved shame
Upon a cavalier of mighty name.

LXV.

Next seeing him more near, whose falchion's sweep
Had dealt such deaths amid his chivalry,
And raised about himself that horrid heap,
And stained the water with that bloody dye,
He thought that he beheld Horatius keep,
Singly, the bridge against all Tuscany [9];
And vext, and anxious to remove the stain,
Recalled his men, and that with little pain.

LXVI.

And, lifting his bare hand, in sign affied,
From ancient times, of treaty and of truce,
Repenting him, he to Sir Gryphon cried,
" It grieves me sorely, and I cannot choose
" But own my sin: let counsels which misguide,
" And my own little wit, such fault excuse.
" What by the vilest knight I thought to do,
" I to the best on earth have done in you.

LXVII.

" And though the bitter injuries and shame
" That have to thee through ignorance been done,
" Are equalled, and all cancelled by thy fame,
" And merged, in truth, in glory thou hast won;
" Whatever satisfaction thou canst claim,
" Within my power or knowledge, count upon,
" When I know how atonement may be made,
" By city, castle, or by money paid.

LXVIII.

" Demand of me this kingdom's moiety,
" And from this day thou its possessor art,
" Since not alone thy worth deserves this fee,
" But merits, I with this should give my heart;
" Then, pledge of faith and lasting love, to me,
" In the meanwhile, thy friendly hand impart."
So saying, from his horse the king descended,
And towards Gryphon his right-hand extended,

LXIX.

When he beheld the monarch's altered cheer,
Who bent to clasp his neck, towards him paced,
His sword and rancour laid aside, the peer
Him humbly underneath the hips embraced[10].
King Norandine, who saw the sanguine smear
Of his two wounds, bade seek a leech in haste;
And bade them softly with the knight resort
Towards the town and lodge him in his court.

LXX.

Here, wounded, he remained some days before
He could bear arms: but him, in the design
Of seeking out Sir Aquilant once more,
And good Astolpho, left in Palestine,
I quit; they vainly did his path explore,
After Sir Gryphon left the holy shrine,
Through Solyma in every place of note,
And many, from the Holy Land remote.

LXXI.

One and the other are alike to seek
In the inquiry where the knight may use;
But they encounter with the pilgrim-Greek,
Who of false Origilla gives them news;
Relating, as of her he haps to speak,
That towards Antioch she her way pursues,
By a new leman of that city charmed,
Who her with fierce and sudden flame had warmed.

LXXII.

Aquilant asked him, if he had possest
Sir Gryphon of the news to them conveyed,
Who, hearing that he *had*, surmised the rest,—
Where he was gone, and by what motive swayed:
He followed Origille, was manifest,
And had in quest of her for Antioch made,
To take her from his rival, and with view
On him some memorable scathe to do.

LXXIII.

Aquilant brooked not Gryphon such a feat,
Without him, and alone, should thus assay,
And took his armour and pursued his beat;
But first besought the duke he would delay
To visit France and his paternal seat,
Till he from Antioch measured back his way.
At Joppa he embarks, who deems by sea
The better and securer way to be.

LXXIV.

From the south-east up-sprung so strong a breeze,
And which for Gryphon's galley blew so right,
That the third day he Tyre's famed city sees[11],
And lesser Joppa quick succeeds to sight.
By Zibellotto and Baruti flees,
(Cyprus to larboard left) the galley light;
From Tripoli to Tortosa shapes her way[12],
And so to Lizza and Lajazzo's bay.

LXXV.

From thence, towards the east the pilot veered
Her ready tiller, prompt his course to scan;
And straightway for the wide Orontes steered,
And watched his time, and for the harbour ran.
Aquilant, when his bark the margin neared,
Bade lower the bridge, and issued, horse and man,
In armour, and along the river wended,
Up-stream, till he his way at Antioch ended.

LXXVI.

To inform himself of that Martano bent;
And heard that he to Antioch was addrest,
With Origilla, where a tournament
Was to be solemnized by royal hest.
To track whom Aquilant was so intent,
Assured that Gryphon had pursued his quest,
He Antioch left again that very day,
But not by sea again would take his way.

LXXVII.

He towards Lidia and Larissa goes[13],
—At rich Aleppo makes a longer stay.
God, to make plain that he, even here, bestows
On evil and on good their fitting pay,
At a league's distance from Mamuga, throws
Martano in the avenging brother's way,
Martano travelling with the tourney's prize,
Displayed before his horse in showy wise.

LXXVIII.

Sir Aquilant believed, at the first show,
His brother he in vile Martano spied,
For arms and vest, more white than virgin snow,
The coward in the warrior's sight belied,
And sprang towards him, with that joyful "Oh!"
By which delight is ever signified;
But changed his look and tone, when, nearer brought,
He sees that he is not the wight he sought:

LXXIX.

And through that evil woman's treachery,
Deemed Gryphon murdered by the cavalier;
And, "Tell me," he exclaimed, "thou, who must be
"Traitor and thief—both written in thy cheer—
"Whence are these arms? and wherefore do I thee
"View on the courser of my brother dear?
"Say is my brother slaughtered or alive?
"How didst thou him of horse and arms deprive?"

LXXX.

When Origilla hears him, in affright
She turns her palfrey, and for flight prepares:
But Aquilant, more quick, in her despite,
Arrests the traitress, ere she further fares.
At the loud threats of that all furious knight,
By whom he so was taken unawares,
Martan' turns pale and trembles like a leaf,
Nor how to act or answer knows the thief.

LXXXI.

Aquilant thundered still, and, to his dread,
A falchion, pointed at his gullet, shewed,
And swore with angry menaces, the head
From him and Origilla should be hewed,
Save in all points the very truth be said.
Awhile on this ill-starred Martano chewed,
Revolving still what pretext he might try
To lessen his grave fault, then made reply:

LXXXII.

" Know, sir, you see my sister in this dame,
" And one of good and virtuous parents born,
" Though she has lately led a life of shame,
" And been by Gryphon foully brought to scorn;
" And, for I loathed such blot upon our name,
" Yet weened that she could ill by force be torn
" From such a puissant wight, I laid a scheme
" Her by address and cunning to redeem.

LXXXIII.

" With her I planned the means, who in her breast
" Nursed the desire a better life to prove,
" That she, when Gryphon was retired to rest,
" In silence from the warrior should remove.
" This done: lest he should follow on our quest,
" And so undo the web we vainly wove,
" Him we deprived of horse and arms, and we
" Are hither come together, as you see."

LXXXIV.

His cunning might have proved of good avail,
For Aquilant believed him easily;
And, save in taking Gryphon's horse and mail,
He to the knight had done no injury;
But that he wrought so high the specious tale,
As manifested plainly, 'twas a lie.
In all 'twas perfect, save that he the dame
Had for his sister vouched with whom he came.

LXXXV.

Aquilant had in Antioch chanced to know
She was his concubine,—well certified
Of this by many,—and in furious glow
Exclaimed; "Thou falsest robber, thou hast lied!"
And dealt, with that, the recreant such a blow,
He drove two grinders down his throat; then tied
(Nor sought Martano with his foe to cope)
The caitiff's arms behind him with a rope.

LXXXVI.

And, though she for excuse tried many wiles,
Did thus as well by Origille untrue;
And till he reached Damascus' lofty piles,
Them by town, street, or farm, behind him drew:
And will a thousand times a thousand miles,
With sorrow and with suffering, drag the two,
Till he his brother find; who, at his pleasure,
May vengeance to the guilty couple measure.

LXXXVII.

Sir Aquilant made squires and beasts as well
Return with him, and to Damascus came;
And heard Renown, throughout the city, swell,
Plying her ample wings, Sir Gryphon's name.
Here, great and little—every one, could tell
'Twas he that in the tourney won such fame,
And had, by one that ill deserved his trust,
Been cheated of the honours of the just.

LXXXVIII.

Pointing him out to one another's sight,
The hostile people all Martano bayed;
"And is not this (they cried) that ribald wight
"Who in another's spoils himself arrayed,
"And who the valour of a sleeping knight,
"With his own shame and infamy o'erlaid?
"And this the woman of ungrateful mood,
"Who aids the wicked and betrays the good?"

LXXXIX.

Others exclaimed, "How fittingly combined,
"Marked with one stamp, and of one race are they[14]!"
Some loudly cursed them, and some raved behind,
While others shouted, "Hang, burn, quarter, slay!"
The throng to view them prest, with fury blind,
And to the square before them made its way.
The monarch of the tidings was advised,
And these above another kingdom prized.

XC.

Attended with few squires the Syrian king,
As then he chanced to be, came forth with speed,
And with Sir Aquilant encountering,
Who Gryphon had avenged with worthy deed,
Him honoured with fair cheer, and home would bring,
And in his palace lodged, as fitting meed;
Having the prisoned pair, with his consent,
First in the bottom of a turret pent.

XCI.

They thither go, where Gryphon from his bed
Has not as yet, since he was wounded, stirred;
Who at his brother's coming waxes red,
Surmising well he of his case has heard:
And after Aquilant his say had said,
And him somedeal reproached, the three conferred
As to what penance to the wicked two,
So fallen into their hands, was justly due.

XCII.

'Tis Aquilant's, 'tis Norandino's will
A thousand tortures shall their guerdon be:
But Gryphon, who the dame *alone* can ill
Excuse, entreats for *both* impunity;
And many matters urges with much skill.
But well is answered; and 'tis ruled, to flea
Martano's body with the hangman's scourge,
And only short of death his penance urge.

XCIII.

Bound is the wretch, but not 'mid grass and flower[15],
Whose limbs beneath the hangman's lashes burn
All the next morn: they prison in the tower
Origille, till Lucina shall return;
To whom the counselling lords reserve the power
To speak the woman's sentence, mild or stern.
Harboured, till Gryphon can bear arms, at court,
Aquilant fleets the time in fair disport.

XCIV.

The valiant Norandino could not choose
(Made by such error temperate and wise),
But full of penitence and sorrow, muse
With downcast spirit, and in mournful guise,
On having bid his men a knight misuse,
Whom all should worthily reward and prize;
So that he, night and morning, in his thought,
How to content the injured warrior sought.

XCV.

And he determined, in the public sight
O' the city, guilty of that injury,
With all such honour as to perfect knight
Could by a puissant monarch rendered be,
Him with the glorious guerdon to requite,
Which had been ravished by such treachery:
And hence, within a month, proclaimed the intent
To hold another solemn tournament.

XCVI.

For which he made what stately preparation
Was possible to make by sceptered king.
Hence Fame divulged the royal proclamation
Throughout all Syria's land, with nimble wing,
Phœnicia and Palestine; till the relation
Of this in good Astolpho's ears did ring;
Who, with the lord who ruled that land in trust,
Resolved he would be present at the just.

XCVII.

For a renowned and valiant cavalier
Has the true history vaunted, Sansonnet,
By Roland christened, Charles (I said), the peer
Over the Holy Land as ruler set:
He with the duke* takes up his load, to steer
Thither, where Rumour speaks the champions met.
So that his ears, on all sides in the journey,
Are filled with tidings of Damascus' tourney.

XCVIII.

Thither the twain their way those countries through,
By easy stages and by slow, addrest,
That fresh upon the day of joust the two
Might in Damascus-town set up their rest.
When at the meeting of cross-ways they view
A person, who, in movement and in vest,
Appears to be a man, but is a maid;
And marvellously fierce, in martial raid.

* Astolpho.

XCIX.

Marphisa was the warlike virgin's name,
And such her worth, she oft with naked brand
Had pressed Orlando sore in martial game,
And him who had Mount Alban in command*;
And ever, night and day, the armed dame
Scowered, here and there, by hill and plain, the land;
Hoping with errant cavalier to meet,
And win immortal fame by glorious feat.

C.

When Sansonnetto and the English knight
She sees approaching her, in warlike weed,
Who seem two valiant warriors in her sight,
As of large bone, and nerved for doughty deed,
On them she fain would prove her martial might,
And to defy the pair has moved her steed.
When, eyeing the two warriors, now more near,
Marphisa recognized the duke and peer.

CI.

His pleasing ways she did in mind retrace,
When arms in far Catày with her he bore
Called him by name, nor would in iron case;
Retain her hand, upraised the casque she wore,
And him, advanced, to meet with glad embrace,
Though, of all living dames and those of yore,
The proudest, she; nor with less courteous mien
The paladin salutes the martial queen.

* Rinaldo.

CII.

They questioned one another of their way;
And when the duke has said (who first replied)
"That he Damascus seeks, where to assay
"Their virtuous deeds, all knights of valour tried
"The Syrian king invites, in martial play,"—
The bold Marphisa, at this hearing, cried,
(Ever to prove her warlike prowess bent)
"I will be with you at this tournament."

CIII.

To have such a comrade either cavalier
Is much rejoiced. They to Damascus go,
And in a suburb, of the city clear,
Are lodged, upon the day before the show;
And, till her aged lover, once so dear,
Aurora roused[16], their humble roof below,
In greater ease the weary warriors rested
Than had they been in costly palace guested.

CIV.

And when the clear and lucid sun again
Its shining glories all abroad had spread,
The beauteous lady armed, and warriors twain,
Having first couriers to the city sped,
Who, when 'twas time, reported to the train,
That, to see truncheons split in contest dread,
King Norandine had come into the square
In which the cruel games appointed were.

CV.

Straight to the city ride the martial band,
And, through the high-street, to the crowded place;
Where, waiting for the royal signal, stand,
Ranged here and there, the knights of gentle race.
The guerdons destined to the conqueror's hand,
In that day's tourney, were a tuck and mace
Richly adorned, and, with them, such a steed
As to the winning lord were fitting meed.

CVI.

Norandine, sure that, in the martial game,
Both prizes destined for the conquering knight,
As well as one and the other tourney's fame,
Must be obtained by Gryphon, named the white,
To give him all that valiant man could claim,
Nor could he give the warrior less, with right,
The armour, guerdon of this final course
Placed with the tuck and mace and noble horse.

CVII.

The arms which in the former joust the due
Of valiant Gryphon were, who all had gained,
(With evil profit, by the wretch untrue,
Martan' usurped, who Gryphon's bearing feigned,)
To be hung up on high in public view
With the rich-flourished tuck, the king ordained,
And fastened at the saddle of the steed
The mace, that Gryphon might win either meed.

CVIII.

But from effecting what he had intended
He was prevented by the warlike maid;
Who late into the crowded square had wended,
With Sansonnet and England's duke arrayed.
Seeing the arms of which I spoke suspended,
She straight agnized the harness she surveyed,
Once hers, and dear to her; as matters are
Esteemed by us as excellent and rare;

CIX.

Though, as a hindrance, she upon the road
Had left the arms, when, to retrieve her sword,
She from her shoulders slipt the ponderous load,
And chased Brunello, worthy of the cord.
More to relate were labour ill bestowed,
I deem, nor further of the tale record[17].
Enough for me, by you 'tis understood,
How here she found anew her armour good.

CX.

You shall take with you, when by manifest
And certain tokens they by her were known,
She, for no earthly thing, the iron vest
And weapons for a day would have foregone.
She thinks not if this mode or that be best
To have them, anxious to regain her own;
But t'wards the arms with hand extended hies,
And without more regard takes down the prize.

CXI.

And throwing some on earth, it chanced that more
Than was her own she in her hurry took.
The Syrian king, who was offended sore,
Raised war against her with a single look.
For ill the wrong his angered people bore,
And, to avenge him, lance and falchion shook;
Remembering not, on other day, how dear
They paid for scathing errant cavalier.

CXII.

No wishful child more joyfully, 'mid all
The flowers of spring-tide, yellow, blue, and red,
Finds itself, nor at concert or at ball
Dame beauteous and adorned, than 'mid the tread [18]
Of warlike steeds, and din of arms, and fall
Of darts, and push of spears,—where blood is shed,
And death is dealt, in the tumultuous throng,—
She finds herself beyond all credence strong.

CXIII.

She spurred her courser, and with lance in rest,
Impetuous at the foolish rabble made,
And—through the neck impaled or through the breast,—
Some pierced, some prostrate at the encounter layed.
Next this or that she with the falchion prest;
The head from one she severed with the blade,
And from that other cleft: another sank,
Short of right arm or left, or pierced in flank.

CXIV.

Bold Sansonnetto and Astolpho near,
Who had, with her, their limbs in harness dight,
Though they for other end in arms appear,
Seeing the maid and crowd engaged in fight,
First lower the helmet's vizor, next the spear,
And with their lances charge the mob outright:
Then bare their falchions, and, amid the crew,
A passage with the trenchant weapons hew.

CXV.

The errant cavaliers who to that stage,
To joust, from different lands had made resort,
Seeing them warfare with such fury wage,
And into mourning changed the expected sport,
Because all knew not what had moved the rage
Of the infuriate people in that sort,
Nor what the insult offered to the king,
Suspended stood in doubt and wondering.

CXVI.

Of *these*, some will the crowded rabble's band
(Too late repentant of the feat) befriend:
Those, favouring not the natives of the land
More than the foreigners, to part them wend.
Others more wary, with their reins in hand,
Sit watching how the mischief is to end.
Gryphon and Aquilant are of the throng,
Which hurry forward to avenge the wrong.

CXVII.

The pair of warlike brethren witnessing
The monarch's drunken eyes with venom fraught,
And having heard from many in the ring
The occasion which the furious strife had wrought,
Himself no whit less injured than the king
Of Syria's land, offended Gryphon thought.
Each knight, in haste, supplied himself with spear,
And thundering vengeance drove in full career.

CXVIII.

On Rabican, pricked forth before his band,
Valiant Astolpho, from the other bound,
With the enchanted lance of gold in hand,
Which at the first encounter bore to ground
What knights he smote with it; and on the sand
Laid Gryphon first; next Aquilant he found,
And scarcely touched the border of his shield,
Ere he reversed the warrior on the field.

CXIX.

From lofty saddle Sansonnet o'erthrew,
Famous for price and prowess, many a knight.
To the outlet of the square the mob withdrew;
The monarch raged with anger and despite.
Meanwhile, of the first cuirass and the new
Possest, as well as either helmet bright,
Marphisa, when she all in flight discerned,
Conqueror towards her suburb-inn returned.

CXX.

Sansonnet and Astolpho are not slow
In following t'wards the gate the martial maid,
(The mob dividing all to let them go)
And halt when they have reached the barricade.
Gryphon and Aquilant, who saw with woe
Themselves on earth at one encounter laid,
Their drooping heads, opprest with shame, decline,
Nor dare appear before King Norandine.

CXXI.

Seizing their steeds and mounting, either son
Of Oliver to seek their foemen went:
With many of his vassals too is gone
The king; on death or vengeance all intent.
The foolish rabble cry, "Lay on, lay on,"
And stand at distance and await the event.
Gryphon arrived where the three friends had gained
A bridge, and facing round the post maintained.

CXXII.

He, at the first approach, Astolpho knew,
For still the same device had been his wear,
Even from the day he charmed Orrilo slew,
His horse, his arms the same: him not with care
Sir Gryphon had remarked, nor stedfast view,
When late he jousted with him in the square:
He knows him here and greets; next prays him show
Who the companions are that with him go;

CXXIII.

'And why they had those arms, without the fear
'Of Syria's king, pulled down, and to his slight.'
Of his companions England's cavalier,
Sir Gryphon, courteously informed aright.
'But little of those arms,' pursued the peer,
'He knew, which were the occasion of the fight;
'But (for he thither with Marphisa came
'And Sansonnet) had armed to aid the dame.'

CXXIV.

While he and Gryphon stood in colloquy,
Aquilant came, and knew Astolpho good,
Whom he heard speaking with his brother nigh,
And, though of evil purpose, changed his mood.
Of Norandine's trooped many, these to spy;
But came not nigh the warriors where they stood:
And seeing them in conference, stood clear,
Listening, in silence, and intent to hear.

CXXV.

Some one who hears Marphisa bold is there,
Famed, through the world, for matchless bravery,
His courser turns, and bids the king have care,
Save he would lose his Syrian chivalry,
To snatch his court, before all slaughtered are,
From the hand of Death and of Tisiphone:
For that 'twas verily Marphisa, who
Had borne away the arms in public view.

CXXVI.

As Norandine is told that name of dread,
Through the Levant so feared on every side,
Whose mention made the hair on many a head
Bristle, though she was often distant wide,
He fears the ill may happen which is said,
Unless against the mischief he provide;
And hence his meiny, who have changed their ire
Already into fear, he bids retire.

CXXVII.

The sons of Oliver, on the other hand,
With Sansonnetto and the English knight,
So supplicate Marphisa, she her brand
Puts up, and terminates the cruel fight;
And to the monarch next, amid his band,
Cries, proudly, "Sir, I know not by what right
"Thou wouldst this armour, not thine own, present
"To him who conquers in thy tournament.

CXXVIII.

"Mine are these arms, which I, upon a day,
"Left on the road which leads from Armeny,
"Because, parforce a-foot, I sought to stay
"A robber, who had sore offended me.
"The truth of this my ensign may display,
"Which here is seen, if it be known to thee."
With that she on the plate which sheathed the breast
(Cleft in three places) showed a crown imprest.

CXXIX.

" To me this an Armenian merchant gave,
" 'Tis true," replied the king, " some days ago;
" And had you raised your voice, the arms to crave,
" You should have had them, whether yours or no.
" For, notwithstanding I to Gryphon gave
" The armour, I so well his nature know,
" He freely would resign the gift he earned,
" That it by me to you might be returned.

CXXX.

" Your allegation needs not to persuade
" These arms are yours—that they your impress bear;
" Your word suffices me, by me more weighed
" Than all that other witness could declare.
" To grant them yours is but a tribute paid
" To Virtue, worthy better prize to wear.
" Now have the arms, and let us make accord;
" And let some fairer gift the knight reward."

CXXXI.

Gryphon, who little had those arms at heart,
But much to satisfy the king was bent,
Replied: " You recompense enough impart,
" Teaching me how your wishes to content."
—" Here is my honour all at stake," apart,
" Meseemeth," said Marphisa, and forewent
Her claim for Gryphon's sake, with courteous cheer;
And, as his gift, in fine received the gear.

CXXXII.

To the city, their rejoicings to renew,
In love and peace they measured back their way.
Next came the joust, of which the honour due,
And prize was Sansonnet's; since from the fray
Abstained Astolpho and the brethren two *,
And bold Marphisa, best of that array,
Like faithful friends and good companions; fain
That Sansonnet the tourney's meed should gain.

CXXXIII.

Eight days or ten in joy and triumph dwell
The knights with Norandine; but with such strong
Desire of France the warriors' bosoms swell,
Which will not let them thence be absent long,
They take their leave. Marphisa, who as well
Thither would go, departs the troop among.
Marphisa had long time, with sword and lance,
Desired to prove the paladins of France;

CXXXIV.

And make experiment, if they indeed
Such worth as is by Rumour voiced display.
Sansonnet leaves another, in his stead,
The city of Jerusalem to sway,
And now these five, in chosen squadron, speed,
Who have few peers in prowess, on their way.
Dismist by Norandine, to Tripoli
They wend, and to the neighbouring haven hie.

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

CXXXV.

And there a carack find, about to steer
For western countries, taking in her store:
They, with the patron, for themselves and gear,
And horses, make accord; a seaman hoar
Of Luna he [19]: the heavens, on all sides clear,
Vouch many days' fair weather. From the shore
They loose, with sky serene, and every sail
Of the yare vessel stretched by favouring gale.

CXXXVI.

The island of the amorous deity
Breathed upon them an air, in her first port,
Which not alone to man does injury,
But moulders iron; and here life is short;
—A marsh the cause,—and Nature certainly
Wrongs Famagosta, poisoning, in such sort,
That city with Constantia's fen malign,
To all the rest of Cyprus so benign [20].

CXXXVII.

The noxious scents that from the marish spring,
After short sojourn there, compel their flight.
The barque to a south-easter every wing
Extends, and circles Cyprus to the right,
Makes Paphos' island next, and, anchoring,
The crew and warriors on the beach alight;
Those to ship merchandize, and these, at leisure,
To view the laughing land of Love and Pleasure.

CXXXVIII.

Inland six miles or seven from thence, a way
Scales, with an easy rise, a pleasant hill;
Which myrtle, orange, cedar-tree, and bay,
And other perfumed plants by thousands fill;
Thyme, marjoram, crocus, rose, and lily gay
From odoriferous leaf such sweets distill,
That they who sail the sea the fragrance bland,
Scent in each genial gale which blows from land.

CXXXIX.

A fruitful rill, by limpid fountain fed,
Waters, all round about, the fertile space.
The land of Venus truly may be said
That passing joyous and delightful place:
For every maid and wife, who there is bred,
Is through the world beside, unmatched in grace:
And Venus wills, till their last hour be tolled,
That Love should warm their bosoms, young and old.

CXL.

'Twas here they heard the same which they before
Of the orc and of Lucina, erst had heard
In Syria; how she to return once more
In Nicosia, to her lord prepared.
Thence (a fair wind now blowing from the shore)
His bark for sea the ready Patron cleared,
Hawled up his anchor, westward turned the head
Of the good ship, and all his canvas spread.

CXLI.

To the north wind, which blew upon their right,
Stretching to seaward, they their sails untie:
When lo! a south-south-wester, which seemed light,
In the beginning, while the sun was high,
And afterwards increased in force t'wards night,
Raised up the sea against them mountains high;
With such dread flashes, and loud peals of thunder,
As Heaven, to swallow all in fire, would sunder.

CXLII.

The clouds their gloomy veil above them strain,
Nor suffer sun or star to cheer the view.
Above the welkin roared, beneath the main:
On every side the wind and tempest grew;
Which, with sharp piercing cold and blinding rain,
Afflicted sore the miserable crew.
While aye descending night, with deeper shade,
The vext and fearful billows overlayed.

CXLIII.

The sailors, in this war of wind and flood,
Were prompt to manifest their vaunted art.
One blowing through the shrilling whistle stood,
And with the signal taught the rest their part.
One clears the best bower anchor: one is good
To lower[21], this other to hawl home or start
The braces; one from deck the lumber cast,
And this secured the tiller, that the mast.

CXLIV.

The cruel wind increased throughout the night,
Which grew more dismal and more dark than hell.
The wary Patron stood to sea outright,
Where he believed less broken was the swell;
And turned his prow to meet, with ready sleight,
The buffets of the dreadful waves which fell;
Never without some hope, that at day-break
The storm might lull, or else its fury slake.

CXLV.

It lulls not, nor its fury slakes, but grown
Wilder, shows worse by day,—if this be day,
Which but by reckoning of the hours is known,
And not by any cheering light or ray.
Now, with more fear (his weaker hope o'erthrown),
The sorrowing Patron to the wind gives way,
He veers his barque before the cruel gale,
And scowers the foaming sea with humble sail.

CXLVI.

While Fortune on the sea annoys this crew,
She grants those others small repose by land[92],
Those left in France, who one another slew,—
The men of England and the paynim band.
These bold Rinaldo broke and overthrew;
Nor troops nor banners spread before him stand:
I speak of him, who his Bayardo fleet
Had spurred the gallant Dardinel to meet.

CXLVII.

The shield, of which Almontes' son was vain,
That of the quarters, good Rinaldo spied;
And deemed him bold, and of a valiant strain,
Who with Orlando's ensign dared to ride.
Approaching nearer, this appeared more plain,
When heaps of slaughtered men he round him eyed.
" Better it were," he cried, " to overthrow
" This evil plant, before it shoot and grow."

CXLVIII.

Each to retreat betook him, where the peer
His face directed, and large passage made.
Nor less the Saracens than faithful, clear
The way, so reverenced is Fusberta's blade.
Save Dardinel, Mount Alban's cavalier,
Saw none, nor he to chase his prey delayed.
To whom, " He cast upon thee mickle care,
" Poor child, who of that buckler left thee heir.

CXLIX.

" I seek thee out to prove (if thou attend
" My coming) how thou keep'st the red and white,
" For thou, save this from me thou canst defend,
" Canst ill defend it from Orlando's might."
To him the king: " Now clearly comprehend,
" I what I bear, as well defend in fight;
" And I more honour hope than trouble dread
" From my paternal quartering, white and red.

CL.

" Have thou no hope to make me fly, or yield
" To thee my quarters, though a child I be;
" My life shalt thou take from me, if my shield;
" But I, in God, well hope the contrary.
" —This as it may!—shall none, in fighting field,
" Say that I ever shamed my ancestry."
So said, and grasping in his hand the sword,
The youthful king assailed Mount Alban's lord.

CLI.

Upon all parts, a freezing fear goes through
The heart-blood of each trembling paynim nigh,
When they amazed the fierce Rinaldo view;
Who charged the monarch with such enmity,
As might a lion, which a bullock, new
To stings of love, should in a meadow spy[23].
The Moor smote first, but fruitless was his task,
Who beat in vain upon Mambrino's casque.

CLII.

Rinaldo smiled, and said; " I'd have thee know
" If I am better skilled to find the vein."
He spurs, and lets with that the bridle go,
And a thrust pushes with such might and main,
—A thrust against the bosom of his foe,
That at his back the blade appears again.
Forth issued blood and soul, and from his sell
Lifeless and cold the reeling body fell.

CLIII.

As languishes the flower of purple hue,
Which levelled by the passing ploughshare lies;
Or as the poppy, overcharged with dew,
In garden droops its head in piteous wise[24]:
From life the leader of Zumara's crew *
So past, his visage losing all its dyes;
So passed from life; and perished with their king,
The heart and hope of all his following.

CLIV.

As waters will sometime their course delay,
Stagnant, and penned in pool by human skill,
Which, when the opposing dyke is broke away,
Fall, and with mighty noise the country fill:
'Twas so the Africans, who had some stay,
While Dardinello valour did instil,
Fled here and there, dismayed on every side,
When they him hurtling from his sell descried.

CLV.

Letting the flyers fly, of those who stand
Firm in their place, Rinaldo breaks the array;
Ariödantes kills on every hand;
Who ranks well nigh Rinaldo on that day:
These Leonetto's, those Zerbino's brand
O'erturns, all rivals in the glorious fray.
Well Charles and Oliver their parts have done,
Turpin and Ogier, Guido and Salomon.

* Dardinello.

CLVI.

In peril were the Moors, that none again
Should visit Heatheness, that day opprest:
But that the wise and wary king of Spain,
Gathered, and from the field bore off the rest:
To sit down with his loss he better gain
Esteemed, than here to hazard purse and vest[25]:
Better some remnant of the host to save,
Than bid whole squadrons stand and find a grave.

CLVII.

He bids forthwith the Moorish ensigns be
Borne to the camp, which fosse and rampart span,
With the bold monarch of Andology,
The valiant Portuguese, and Stordilan.
He sends to pray the king of Barbary *,
To endeavour to retire, as best he can;
Who will no little praise that day deserve,
If he his person and his place preserve.

CLVIII.

That king, who deemed himself in desperate case,
Nor ever more Biserta hoped to see;
For, with so horrible and foul a face
He never Fortune had beheld, with glee
Heard that Marsilius had contrived to place
Part of his host in full security;
And faced about his banners and bade beat
Throughout his broken squadrons a retreat.

* Agramant.

CLIX.

But the best portion neither signal knew,
Nor listened to the drum or trumpet's sound.
So scared, so crowded is the wretched crew,
That many in Seine's neighbouring stream are drowned.
Agramant, who would form the band anew,
(With him Sobrino) scowers the squadrons round;
And with them every leader good combines
To bring the routed host within their lines.

CLX.

But nought by sovereign or Sobrino done,
Who, toiling, them with prayer or menace stirred,
To march, where their ill-followed flags are gone,
Can bring (I say not all) not even a third.
Slaughtered or put to flight are two for one
Who 'scapes,—nor he unharmed: among that herd,
Wounded is *this* behind, and *that* before,
And wearied, one and all, and harassed sore.

CLXI.

And even within their lines, in panic sore,
They by the Christian bands are held in chase;
And of all needful matters little store
Was made there, for provisioning the place.
Charlemagne wisely by the lock before
Would grapple Fortune, when she turned her face,
But that dark night upon the field descended,
And hushed all earthly matters and suspended:

CLXII.

By the Creator haply hastened, who
Was moved to pity for the works he made.
The blood in torrents ran the country through,
Flooding the roads: while on the champaign laid
Were eighty thousand of the paynim crew,
Cut off that day by the destroying blade:
Last trooped from caverns, at the midnight-hour,
Villain and wolf to spoil them and devour.

CLXIII.

King Charles returns no more within the town,
But camps without the city, opposite
The Moor's cantonments, and bids up and down,
And round, high-piled and frequent watch-fires light.
The paynim fashions ditch and bastion,
Rampart and mine, and all things requisite;
Visits his outposts and his guards alarms,
Nor all the livelong night puts off his arms.

CLXIV.

That livelong night the foes, throughout their tents,
As insecure and with their scathe deprest,
Poured tears, and uttered murmurs and laments;
But, as they could, their sounds of woe supprest.
One grief for slaughtered friends or kindred vents;
Some are by sorrows of their own distrest,
As wounded or as ill at ease; but more
Tremble at mischief which they deem in store.

CLXV.

Two Moors amid the paynim army were,
From stock obscure in Ptolomita grown;
Of whom the story, an example rare
Of constant love, is worthy to be known:
Medoro and Cloridan were named the pair;
Who, whether Fortune pleased to smile or frown,
Served Dardinello with fidelity,
And late with him to France had crost the sea.

CLXVI.

Of nimble frame and strong was Cloridane,
Throughout his life a follower of the chase.
A cheek of white, suffused with crimson grain,
Medoro had, in youth a pleasing grace.
Nor bound on that emprize, 'mid all the train,
Was there a fairer or more jocund face[26].
Crisp hair he had of gold, and jet-black eyes:
And seemed an angel lighted from the skies.

CLXVII.

These two were posted on a rampart's height,
With more to guard the encampment from surprise,
When 'mid the equal intervals, at night,
Medoro gazed on heaven with sleepy eyes.
In all his talk, the stripling, woful wight,
Here cannot choose, but of his lord devise,
The royal Dardinel; and evermore
Him, left unhonoured on the field, deplore.

CLXVIII.

Then, turning to his mate, cries; " Cloridane,
" I cannot tell thee what a cause of woe
" It is to me, my lord upon the plain
" Should lie, unworthy food for wolf or crow!
" Thinking how still to me he was humane,
" Meseems, if in his honour I forego
" This life of mine, for favours so immense
" I shall but make a feeble recompense.

CLXIX.

" That he may lack not sepulture, will I
" Go forth, and seek him out among the slain;
" And haply God may will that none shall spy
" Where Charles's camp lies hushed. Do thou remain;
" That, if my death be written in the sky,
" Thou may'st the deed be able to explain.
" So that if Fortune foil so fair a feat,
" The world, through Fame, my loving heart may weet."

CLXX.

Amazed was Cloridan a child should show
Such heart, such love, and such fair loyalty[27];
And fain would make the youth his thought forego,
Whom he held passing dear; but fruitlessly
Would move his stedfast purpose; for such woe
Will neither comforted nor altered be.
Medoro is disposed to meet his doom,
Or to enclose his master in the tomb.

CLXXI.

Seeing that nought would bend him, nought would move,
" I too will go," was Cloridan's reply,
" In such a glorious act myself will prove;
" As well such famous death I covet, I:
" What other thing is left me, here above,
" Deprived of thee, Medoro mine? To die
" With thee in arms is better, on the plain,
" Than afterwards of grief, should'st thou be slain."

CLXXII.

And thus resolved, disposing in their place
Their guard's relief, depart the youthful pair,
Leave fosse and palisade, and, in small space,
Are among ours, who watch with little care:
Who, for they little fear the paynim race,
Slumber with fires extinguished everywhere.
'Mid carriages and arms, they lie supine
Up to the eyes, immersed in sleep and wine[28].

CLXXIII.

A moment Cloridano stopt and cried;
" Not to be lost are opportunities.
" This troop, by whom my master's blood was shed,
" Medoro, ought not I to sacrifice?
" Do thou, lest any one this way be led,
" Watch everywhere about, with ears and eyes[29].
" For a wide way, amid the hostile horde,
" I offer here to make thee with my sword."

CLXXIV.

So said he, and his talk cut quickly short,
Coming where learned Alpheus slumbered nigh;
Who had the year before sought Charles's court,
In medicine, magic, and astrology
Well versed; but now in art found small support,
Or rather found that it was all a lie[30].
He had foreseen, that he his long-drawn life
Should finish in the bosom of his wife.

CLXXV.

And now the Saracen with wary view
Has pierced his weasand with the pointed sword.
Four others he, near that Diviner, slew,
Nor gave the wretches time to say a word.
Sir Turpin in his story tells not who,
And Time has of their names effaced record.
Palidon of Moncalier next he speeds;
One who securely sleeps between two steeds[31].

CLXXVI.

Next came the warrior where, with limbs outspread,
Pillowed on barrel, lay the wretched Gryll:
This he had drained, and undisturbed by dread,
Hoped to enjoy a peaceful sleep and still.
The daring Saracen lopt off his head,
Blood issues from the tap-hole, with a rill
Of wine[32]; and he, well drenched with many a can,
Dreams that he drinks, dispatched by Cloridan.

CLXXVII.

Next Gryll, Andropono and Conrad hight,
A Greek and German, at two thrusts he gored,
Who in the air had past large part of night
With dice and goblet; blest if at that board
They still had watched, till, clothed in amber light,
The radiant sun had traversed Indus' ford[33]!
But mortals Destiny would set at nought
If every wight futurity were taught.

CLXXVIII.

As, in full fold, a lion long unfed,
Whom wasting famine has made lean and spare,
Devours and rends, and swallows, and lays dead
The feeble flock[34], which at his mercy are;
So, in their sleep, the cruel paynim bled
Our host, and made wide slaughter everywhere:
Nor blunted was the young Medoro's sword,
But he disdained to smite the ignoble horde.

CLXXIX.

He to Labretto's duke, leaving those dead,
Had come, who slumbered with a gentle mate,
Each clasping each so closely in their bed,
That air between them could not penetrate.
From both Medoro cleanly lopt the head.
Oh! blessed way of death! oh! happy fate!
For 'tis my trust, that as their bodies, so
Their souls embracing to their bourne shall go.

CLXXX.

Malindo, with Andalico, he slew,
His brother, sons to the earl of Flanders they:
To whom as bearings (each to arms was new)
Charles had the lilies given; because that day
The monarch had beheld the valiant two
With crimsoned staves, returning from the fray;
And them with lands in Flanders vowed to glad;
And would, but that Medoro this forbad.

CLXXXI.

Rearing the insidious blade, the pair are near
The place, where round King Charles' pavilion
Are tented warlike paladin and peer,
Guarding the side that each is camped upon.
When in good time the paynims backward steer,
And sheathe their swords, the impious slaughter done;
Deeming impossible, in such a number,
But they must light on one who does not slumber.

CLXXXII.

And though they might escape well charged with prey,
To save themselves they think sufficient gain.
Thither by what he deems the safest way
(Medoro following him) went Cloridane
Where, in the field, 'mid bow and falchion, lay,
And shield and spear, in pool of purple stain,
Wealthy and poor, the king and vassal's corse,
And overthrown the rider and his horse.

CLXXXIII.

The horrid mixture of the bodies there
Which heaped the plain where roved these comrades sworn,
Might well have rendered vain their faithful care
Amid the mighty piles, till break of morn,
Had not the moon, at young Medoro's prayer,
Out of a gloomy cloud put forth her horn.
Medoro to the heavens upturns his eyes
Towards the moon, and thus devoutly cries:

CLXXXIV.

" O holy goddess! whom our fathers well
" Have styled as of a triple form, and wäo
" Thy sovereign beauty dost in heaven, and hell,
" And earth, in many forms reveal; and through
" The greenwood holt, of beast and monster fell,
" —A huntress bold—the flying steps pursue,
" Show where my king, amid so many lies,
" Who did, alive, thy holy studies prize."

CLXXXV.

At the youth's prayer from parted cloud outshone
(Were it the work of faith or accident)
The moon, as fair, as when Endymion
She circled in her naked arms: with tent,
Christian or Saracen, was Paris-town
Seen in that gleam, and hill and plain's extent.
With these Mount Martyr and Mount Lery's height,
This on the left, and that upon the right [35].

CLXXXVI.

The silvery splendor glistened yet more clear,
There where renowned Almontes' son lay dead.
Faithful Medoro mourned his master dear,
Who well agnized the quartering white and red,
With visage bathed in many a bitter tear
(For he a rill from either eyelid shed),
And piteous act and moan, that might have whist
The winds, his melancholy plaint to list;

CLXXXVII.

But with a voice suppress: not that he aught
Regards if any one the noise should hear,
Because he of his life takes any thought;
Of which bathed burden he would fain be clear;
But, lest his being heard should bring to nought
The pious purpose which has brought them here.
The youths the king upon their shoulders stowed;
And so between themselves divide the load.

CLXXXVIII.

Hurrying their steps, they hastened, as they might,
Under the cherished burden they conveyed;
And now approaching was the lord of light,
To sweep from heaven the stars, from earth the shade,
When good Zerbino, he, whose valiant sprite
Was ne'er in time of need by sleep down-weighed,
From chasing Moors all night, his homeward way
Was taking to the camp at dawn of day.

CLXXXIX.

He has with him some horsemen in his train,
That from afar the two companions spy.
Expecting thus some spoil or prize to gain,
They, every one, towards that quarter hie.
"Brother, behoves us," cried young Cloridane,
"To cast away the load we bear, and fly:
"For 'twere a foolish thought (might well be said)
"To lose *two* living men, to save *one* dead:

CXC.

And dropt the burden, weening his Medore
Had done the same by it, upon his side:
But that poor boy, who loved his master more,
His shoulders to the weight, alone, applied;
Cloridan hurrying with all haste before,
Deeming him close behind him or beside;
Who, did he know his danger, him to save
A thousand deaths, instead of one, would brave.

CXCI.

Those horsemen, with intent to make the two
Yield themselves prisoners to their band, or die,
Some here, some there, disperse the champaign through,
And every pass and outlet occupy.
The captain, little distant from his crew,
Is keener than the rest the chase to ply;
And, when he sees them hurrying in such guise,
Is certain that the twain are enemies.

CXCII.

Of old an ancient forest clothed that lair,
Of trees and underwood a tangled maze;
Of salvage beasts alone the wild repair,
And, like a labyrinth, full of narrow ways [16]:
Here from the boughs such shelter hope the pair
As may conceal them well from hostile gaze.
But him I shall expect who loves the rhyme,
To listen to my tale some other time.

NOTES TO CANTO XVIII.

1.

Unknowing how himself from thence to free.

Stanza xvii. line 1.

This picture of Rodomont, enclosed within the walls of Paris, and swimming the river to free himself from his enemies, is (it is hardly necessary to say) taken, in all its details, from that of Virgil's Turnus.

2.

As the high-couraged beast, whom hunters start
In the wild Nomade or Massilian chase.

Stanza xxii. lines 1 and 2.

Ceu sævum turba leonem
Cum telis premit infensis, atterritus ille,
Asper, acerba tuens, retro redit; et neque terga
Ira dare aut virtus patitur; nec tendere contra
Ille quidem hoc cupiens, potis est per tela virosque.

VIRGIL.

3.

Before the bloody carnage stank to heaven.

Stanza xxiii. line 6.

Di non far sì, che a Dio n' andasse il lezzo.

So Petrarch;

Hor vivi sì, ch' à Dio ne venga il lezzo.

And perhaps Shakespear, who was indebted to the Italians for many modes of expression, through contemporary translations, took from hence the king of Denmark's exclamation of

" Oh! my offence is rank; it stinks to heaven."

4.

She for those days she absent thought to be,
For her lieutenant left Hypocrisy.

Stanza xxvii. lines 7 and 8.

I have forborne all remarks upon this allegory of Discord, Pride, Hypocrisy, &c. as a subject which has been too much canvassed to require new comments in a series of notes, intended to be less critical than explanatory. But it may be remarked (since others *have not*, I believe, remarked it, though I have hinted at it in another place) how much of reality as well as of spirit has been given to all these very abstract personages, by the consistency and exactness of the details.

It is curious to observe the different means by which great poets work in a successful experiment. Virgil calling up a phantom, purely allegorical, as Fame, only shows her for an instant, lest we should detect her visionary character. Ariosto dresses up his fantastic personages with care, surrounds them with circumstance, and ventures to detain them on the stage, till by dint of gazing on them we almost believe them to be real. In this he imitated Boiardo, and Boiardo Dante, who has so *embodied* his allegorical phantoms as often to deceive his commentators. Dante again imitated Alphonso of Castile and Brunetto Latini, in their respective poems of the *Tesoro* and *Tesoretto*. Such was the descent of Italian allegory.

5.

As tiger rages, &c.

Stanza xxxv. line 1.

Ariosto would seem to have been in some sort indebted to

Poliziano for this stanza; but it is only for the general idea.

6.

He hurries with such speed, that not with more
The lizard darts at noon across the way.

Stanza xxxvi. lines 5 and 6.

So Dante in canto xxv. of the Inferno:

Come il ramarro sotto la gran sfersa
Dei dì canicular, cangiando siepe,
Folgore par, se la via attraversa.

The lizard so, beneath the burning ray
Of the fierce dog-star, changing hedge for hedge,
Seems lightening, if he dart across the way.

Suggested perhaps by the well-known passage in Horace respecting the serpent.

Si per obliquum, similis sagittæ,
Terruit mannos.

7.

Be sure the land
Is shut against you, wheresoe'er you speed.
Too high a wall to climb is mountain-steep,
The yawning sea a ditch too wide to leap.

Stanza l. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

They are not gifted with more lives than we;
Have but one pair of hands, have but one soul.

Stanza li. lines 5 and 6.

Imitated from Virgil's,

Mortali urgemur ab hoste;
Mortales totidem nobis animæque manusque.
Ecce maris magno claudit nos objice pontus,
Deest jam terra fugæ.

8.

And cleaves the head of Cornish Aramon.

Stanza lii. line 8.

Here Fornari, in a long note, informs us that Cornwall is a part of Wales. " L' Inghilterra, come s'è detto nel decimo canto, è nell' Anglia, Vallia e Scotia divisa. La Cornovaglia poi è della Vallia una parte." I suppose a horn of Wales.

In the next paragraph he states that the spider is a little animal who makes a net, &c.

9.

He thought that he beheld Horatius keep,
Singly, the bridge against all Tuscany.

Stanza lxv. lines 5 and 6.

The original of one of these two lines,

Horazio sol contra Toscana tutta,

is taken from Petrarch.

10.

Him humbly underneath the hips embraced.

Stanza lxix. line 4.

In the original,

E sotto l'anche ed umile abbracciollo.

So in Dante,

E umilmente ritornò ver lui,
E abbracciollo, ove il minor s'appiglia.

This servile sort of salutation is said to have originated in the Greek empire. It certainly exists at present in the country which was its seat; and I well remember that, riding in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, I had my thigh embraced by a Greek beggar, on whom I had bestowed three or four paras.

11.

That the third day he Tyre's famed city sees.
Stanza lxxiv. line 3.

Chè la terra del *Surro* il dì seguente
Vede.

The city of Tyre (says Fornari) is by the Jews entitled *Sor*, and hence the name of *Surro*.

12.

From Tripoli to Tortosa shapes her way.
Stanza lxxiv. line 7.

From Tripoli of Syria to Tortosa in Phœnicia; the Orthosia of Ptolemy.

13.

He towards Lidia and Larissa goes.
Stanza lxxvii. line 1.

Cities of Syria, as I am informed by Fornari.

14.

Marked with one stamp, and of one race are they.
Stanza lxxxix. line 2.

Segnati ambi d' un marchio, e d' una razza.

A metaphor taken, an Italian commentator informs me, from the practice of breeders of horses or other cattle, who branded those of the same race with the same mark.

15.

Bound is the wretch, but not 'mid grass and flower.
Stanza xciii. line 1.

Legar lo fanno e non tra' fiori e l' erba.

Petrarch says that Cleopatra bound Julius Cæsar *tra fiori e*

l' erba, and hence, perhaps, that eternal association of "grass and flower" which we witness in the Italian poets. Thus Marini—

Dormiva Endimion tra' fiori e l' erba, &c.;

and hence the champions, unhorsed in the Furioso, are so continually thrown at their length "amid grass and flower."

16.

And till her aged lover, once so dear,
Aurora roused, &c.

Stanza ciii. lines 5 and 6.

As Tithonus, the lover of Aurora, grew old, though gifted with immortality, he may be supposed to have survived her love.

17.

More to relate were labour ill bestowed,
I deem, nor further of the tale record.

Stanza cix. lines 5 and 6.

This adventure, the heads of which are only touched by Ariosto, is fully related in the Innamorato. I may observe, that one of Brunello's feats of this description, achieved before Albracca, has been imitated in the story of Don Quixote, where Gines de Passamonte steals Sancho's ass from under him. Indeed Cervantes has drawn many of his incidents from the romance of Boiardo.

18.

No wishful child more joyfully, 'mid all
The flowers of spring-tide, yellow, blue, and red,
Finds itself, nor at concert or at ball
Dame beauteous and adorned, than, &c.

Stanza cxii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Was perhaps suggested by some lines of Claudian:

Non sic virginibus flores, sic frugibus imbres,
Prospera non fessis optantur flumina nautis,
Ut suus aspectus populo.

19.

Of Luna he, &c.

Stanza cxxxv. line 5.

An old commentator says, that Luna was an ancient sea-port in the Genoese territory, on the remains of which another town was built, termed Sarazana. Its name is still perpetuated in an Italian marble quarried in its neighbourhood, which is denominated *marmo lunense*.

20.

The island of the amorous deity
Breathed upon them an air, in her first port,
Which not alone to man does injury,
But moulders iron; and here life is short;
—A marsh the cause,—and Nature certainly
Wrongs Famagosta, poisoning, in such sort,
That city with Constantia's fen malign,
To all the rest of Cyprus so benign.

Stanza cxxxvi.

The effect of the best sea-air upon modern iron in this country, would be that which the poet attributes to the worst in his southern seas. It is a different thing in the Mediterranean, and there is in Torzelo, an islet of the Adriatic, a church of the middle-ages, with stone window-shutters, hung upon iron pivots, which have undergone no oxidation. I do not know from personal observation, that the *malaria* produces the effect ascribed to it in the text; but think it highly probable, for there are some parts of Venice where plate tarnishes from the effect of the atmosphere; and this is considered by the inhabitants as a test of worse air than what prevails in places where it continues unsoiled. The partial prevalence of the *malaria*, which

is, generally speaking, notorious, is more especially remarkable in Cyprus.

After all, had not our ancestors a better mode of preparing iron? For the iron bars of Netley Abbey, situated close to the Southampton water, are in tolerably good preservation.

21.

. . . . . *One is good*
To lower.

Stanza cxliii. lines 5 and 6.

To lower (*ammainare*) is a common practice in Mediterranean vessels (the masts of which often consist of what appears to be a single stick), and it is a simple and excellent manœuvre in seas where the squalls are often as sudden and partial as they are impetuous. I was once in the sea of Marmora, then perfectly smooth, in a polacca, which ran two streaks of her deck under water, in *a white squall*; when at the magic word *mainar* (the contraction of *ammainare*) the sails came down bodily upon deck, and the vessel, righting herself, swam upon an upright keel.

22.

While Fortune on the sea annoys this crew,
She grants those others small repose by land.

Stanza cxlvi. lines 1 and 2.

This is the translation of the exact words, rather than of the exact sense, of

Mentre Fortuna in mar questi travaglia,
Non lascia anco posar quegli altri in terra.

For Fortuna in Italian means tempest as well as fortune. The double sense of the word, therefore (no great loss), is necessarily sacrificed in English.

A yet more curious extension of a derivative of this word

may be found in Dante, who terms a field of battle '*fortunata* terra.'

23.

Upon all parts, a freezing fear goes through
The heart-blood of each trembling paynim nigh,
When they amazed the fierce Rinaldo view;
Who charged the monarch with such enmity,
As might a lion, which a bullock, new
To stings of love, should in a meadow spy.

Stanza cli. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Frigidus Arcadibus coit in præcordia sanguis.
. . . . Utque leo, specula cum vidit ab altâ
Stare procul campis, meditantem prælia taurum,
Advolat, haud alia est Turni venientis imago.

VIRGIL.

24.

As languishes the flower of purple hue,
Which levelled by the passing ploughshare lies;
Or as the poppy, overcharged with dew,
In garden droops its head in pitcous wise.

Stanza cliii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo,
Demisere caput, pluviâ cum forte gravantur.

VIRGIL.

25.

To sit down with his loss he better gain
Esteems, than here to hazard purse and vest.

Stanza clvi. lines 5 and 6.

A metaphor, I suppose, taken from the gaming-table.

26.

Of nimble form and strong was Cloridane,
Throughout his life a follower of the chase.
A check of white suffused with crimson grain,
Medoro had, in youth, a pleasing grace;
Nor bound on that emprise, 'mid all the train,
Was there a fairer or more jocund face.

Stanza clxvi. lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Here we have an imitation of the story of the Nisus and Euryalus of Virgil; whom, indeed, Ariosto has imitated closely in almost all the night adventures which follow. The best, however, the affecting incident of Labretto, is, I believe, entirely his own.

Compare the stanza cited with the following lines:

Nisus erat portæ custos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides, comitem Æneæ quem miserat Ida
Venatrix, jaculo celerem levibusque sagittis.
Et juxtà comes Euryales, quo pulchior alter
Non fuit Æneadum, Trojana nec induit arma.

VIRGIL.

27.

Amazed was Cloridan a child should show
Such heart, such love, and such fair loyalty.

Stanza clxx. lines 1 and 2.

Obstupuit magno laudum perculsus amore
Euryalus.

VIRGIL.

28.

And thus resolved, disposing in their place
Their guard's relief, depart the youthful pair,
Leave fosse and palisade, and, in small space,
Are among ours, who watch with little care:
Who, for they little fear the paynim race,
Slumber, with fires extinguished every where.
'Mid carriages and arms, they lie supine
Up to the eyes, immersed in sleep and wine.

Stanza clxxii.

Illi

Succedunt servantque vices . . . . . .
Egressi superant fossas, noctisque per umbram
Castra inimica petunt. . . . . .
. . . . . Passim vino somnoque per herbam
Corpora fusa vident: arrectos littore currus:
Inter lora rotasque viros.

VIRGIL.

29.

" *Do thou, lest any one this way be led,*
" *Watch everywhere about, with ears and eyes.*

Stanza clxxiii. lines 5 and 6.

Tu, ne qua manus se attollere possit
A tergo nobis, custodi et consule longe.

VIRGIL.

30.

Who had the year before sought Charles's court,
In medicine, magic, and astrology
Well versed; but now in art found small support,
Or rather found that it was all a lie.

Stanza clxxiv. lines 3, 4, 5, 6.

Simul ense superbum
Rhamnetem aggreditur . . . . . .

. . . . . et regi Turno gratissimus augur.
Sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.

VIRGIL.

31.

Palidon of Moncalier next he speeds;
One who securely sleeps between two steeds.

Stanza clxxv. lines 7 and 8.

. . . . . Premit, aurigamque sub ipsis
Nactus equis, ferroque secat pendentia colla.

VIRGIL.

32.

Next came the warrior where, with limbs outspread,
Pillowed on barrel, lay the wretched Gryll:
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The daring Saracen lopt off his head;
Blood issues from the tap-hole, with a rill
Of wine, &c.

Stanza clxxvi. lines 1, 2, 5, 6, 7.

Though Ariosto has borrowed his drunkard's name from Homer, he is indebted to Virgil for the idea of Grillo's death, and for some of his details.

Se post cratera tegebat:
Pectore in adverso totum cui cominus ensem
Condidit assurgenti, et multâ cæde recepit.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, et cum sanguine mixta
Vina refert moriens.

VIRGIL.

33.

Who in the air had past large part of night
With dice and goblet; blest if at that board
They still had watched, till, clothed in amber light,
The radiant sun had traversed Indus' ford!

Stanza clxxvii. lines 3, 4, 5, 6.

. . . . . Illâ qui plurima nocte

Luserat, insignis facie, multoque jacebat
Membra deo victus: felix si protinus illum
Æquasset nocti ludum, in lucemque tulisset!
VIRGIL.

34.

As, in full fold, a lion long unfed,
Whom wasting famine has made lean and spare;
Devours and rends, and swallows, and lays dead
The feeble flock, &c.

Stanza clxxviii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Impastus ceu plena leo per ovilia turbans
(Suadet enim vesana fames) manditque, trahitque
Molle pecus.

35.

With these Mount Martyr and Mount Lery's height;
This on the left, and that upon the right.

Stanza clxxxv. lines 7 and 8.

Mount Martyr *(Mont Martre)* is known to every one as a suburban town of Paris, and situated a little to the north of it. Mount Lery *(Montlheri)* is a town, or rather, I believe, a city, with a high tower for its citadel, built also on a mount, about twelve or fourteen miles to the southward of Paris. It is distinguished as having been taken in the Burgundian wars, and as having been a place of battle between the royalists and leaguers. It is, however, yet more familiar to the Parisians from having been celebrated by *Boileau*, in the opening of the third canto of his *Lutrin*, who makes it the birth-place of his owl. His lines will be duly estimated by every one, who has travelled a long time within sight of a tower, from which it seems impossible to escape, and that of Montlheri may indeed be considered as the most *enduringly* visible of all towers, being built on an eminence in a country generally flat.

Mais la nuit aussitôt de ses ailes affreuses
Couvre des Bourguignons les campagnes vineuses,

Revole vers Paris, et, hâtant son retour,
Déjà de Montlhéri voit la fameuse tour.
Ses murs, dont le sommet se dérobe à la vue,
Sur la cime d'un roc s'alongent dans la nue,
Et, présentant de loin leur objet ennuyeux,
Du passant qui le fuit semblent suivre les yeux.
Mille oiseaux effrayants, mille corbeaux funèbres,
Dè ces murs désértés habitent les ténèbres.

But frightful night forthwith the shadow of her wings
O'er the vine-covered plain of the Burgundians flings,
T'wards Paris flies again, and, hastening her return,
Mountlery's famous tower already does discern.
Its walls, whose top withdraws itself from sight, aspire and shroud,
Built on a rocky mound, their turrets in the cloud,
And with their tiresome object still facing him who flies
From far, appear to follow the traveller's wearied eyes.
A thousand frightful birds, a thousand funeral crows,
Inhabit the dark void these deserted walls enclose.

36.

Of old an ancient forest clothed that lair,
Of trees and underwood a tangled maze;
Of salvage beasts alone the wild repair,
And, like a labyrinth, full of narrow ways.
Stanza cxcii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sylva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra;
Rara per occultos ducebat semita calles;
Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes.
VIRGIL.

END OF VOL. III.

ERRATA.

Page 95, in note 12, for *guirato*, read *giurato.*
121, line 7, for *rosy*, read *reedy.*
137, line 12, for *beast*, read *bust.*

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